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(*Frontispiece.*) THE CEDARS.

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

FRANK FORESTER.

(HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.)

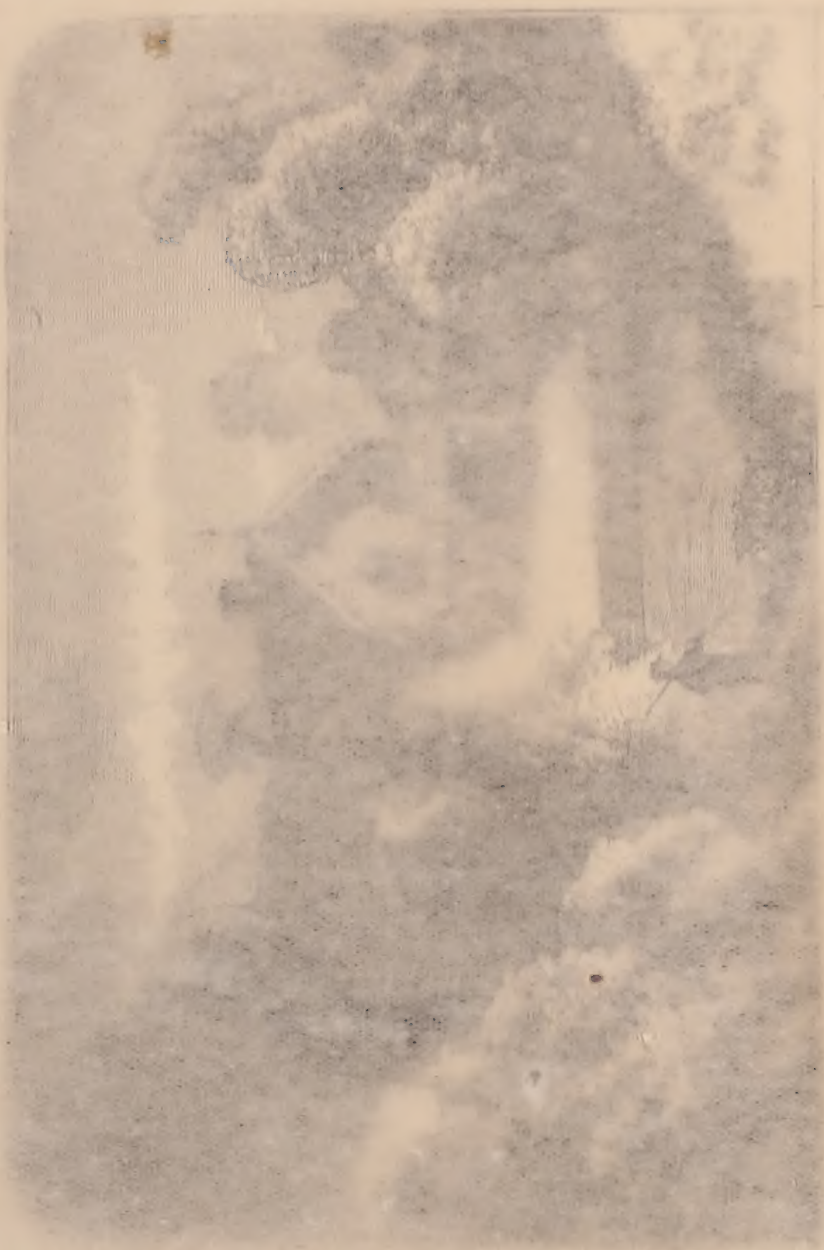
EDITED BY DAVID W. JUDD.

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.

EACH VOLUME COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

NEW YORK:
ORANGE JUDD COMPANY,
751 BROADWAY.
1882.



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THE CEDARS.

The first volume describes at length Herbert's life at "The Cedars," located on the right bank of the Passaic River, a mile or more from the City of Newark and adjacent to Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. About fifty minutes are required in reaching the spot by rail from New York. Horse cars lead down to it from the rail-road depot in Newark. This home, "The Cedars," was originally purchased by Herbert's father, the Dean of Manchester, and placed in trust with Anson Livingstone, of New York, and others, the title being vested for the benefit of Herbert's only child, William, by his first wife. Here, comparatively isolated from the world, Frank Forester composed the majority of his voluminous works. Following his decease, "The Cedars" rapidly fell into decay. A superstition prevailed in the neighborhood that the place was haunted. Owing to this fact, its isolation and proximity to a graveyard, no one could be found who would either pay rent for, or occupy the premises. At the request of the trustees, supervision was assumed by Mr. Kinney, of Newark, who had looked after Herbert's affairs following his death, among other acts, taking to his own home and keeping for many years the little dog Vixen, which was with Herbert when he shot himself. And so for years Herbert's home among the beautiful cedars on the picturesque Passaic, justly entitled to be regarded as an historical edifice, identified with culture in a novel school of literature remained uninhabited and regarded by many with a feeling bordering upon aversion. Finally when Willie, who had been sent a mere youth to England, became of age,

he consented to the sale and "The Cedars" became the property of a wealthy gentleman, a Mr. Sanchez. His first care was to renovate, enlarge, and embellish the pretty cottage, evidently with the intention of transforming it into the picturesque villa its original builder aspired for in his architectural dreams. [Herbert's lack of funds always prevented his carrying out his plans, constantly projected for enlarging and beautifying the building.] Now large sums of money were expended in realization of this transformation and, although wonderfully changed in general appearance, "The Cedars," through retention of its significant appellation, might have remained a graceful memorial to Herbert's memory.

Still, scarce had the improvements to the building and the surrounding premises been completed, than the edifice was destroyed by a conflagration of mysterious origin, whereby "The Cedars" was hopelessly devastated. As the reputation of Frank Forester gradually augmented with the new generation of sportsmen, a pilgrimage to "The Cedars" and its picturesque surroundings naturally suggested itself, and many enthusiastic admirers have, since the unfortunate author's demise, visited a locality, prolific only in traditional memories.

Herbert's little estate has been incorporated in the Cemetery previously adjoining his domain and separated from it simply by a rustic fence, through the gateway of which passed the small funeral procession conveying the suicide to his grave. This course was taken in pursuance of Herbert's ante-mortem request, as, at that gateway, the deceived husband affectionately embraced his wife and parted with her with a falsehood dropping from her lips—a deception hurrying him to a premature mortal ending. After Herbert discovered that his wife had left "The Cedars," not to return, he supposed that the loneliness of the place and the absence of society had caused her departure. It was with this impression that

he temporarily took rooms for himself at the Stevens' House, in New York, until he should be able, as he supposed, to find some attractive spot in New York, to which she would be willing to come and remain with him. Realization of the fact that she had left him, not to return, did not come home to him until several days afterward. Then it was that he decided to take his life.

Although of all personal memorials to Frank Forester there remains but the ruins of the wine vault, indicative of the genial hospitality he ever displayed to visitors beneath his modest roof, an elm, planted with his own hands, and a solitary cedar, survivor of the ornamental grove, with which he had ingeniously decked a barren hillside—in the immediate vicinity of "The Cedars'" desolated site, can be found the dwellings of several persons, familiarly connected with its deceased owner's domestic relations. In the porter's lodge erected by Mr. Sanchez, narrowly escaping destruction by the flames, now dwells Charles B. Holt, Herbert's confidential messenger, who, for years, assisted the author in transmission of manuscripts, proofs, and business missives, to and from publishers' offices and printing houses, a task of trust, as our writer was scrupulous, particular and essentially exacting in the transaction of his literary affairs. Mr. Holt, at present a fisherman on the Passaic, can relate many pleasant reminiscences and anecdotes touching the personal habits of his eccentric employer, the site of whose former home can be readily determined from the fact of the erection of a boat-house projecting into the river directly in front of the lawn in the midst of which "The Cedars" stood. Upon the top of the bluff, overlooking the ruined site, stands the residence of Mrs. John Flintoft, sister to the late Miles I'Anson, one of Herbert's warmest and most devoted friends and admirers, in whose burial plot his remains have been buried. Possibly, few men enjoyed the confidence of the misan-

trophic writer as did his hospitable and ever-obliging neighbor, a practical agriculturist, a man of genial nature, and a steadfast friend, whose society was, for years, a grateful relief to the monotony of a residence at "The Cedars" during the dreary winter seasons. By a singular coincidence Mr. L'Anson, who had evinced a fervent interest in the proceedings, died upon the day of the public unveiling of the head-stone, erected by the citizens of Newark eighteen years after this gentleman had donated, unsolicited, a permanent resting place for Frank Forester's otherwise neglected remains.

Upon the hill-side, across the Belleville road, which at one time, a bleak, forbidden, and barren bluff, had been intended to be converted into a counterpart of "The Cedars" by a literary associate, appears a handsome residence, conveying to the present visitor some idea as to the location and appearance of Herbert's house, as viewed from the river. The road, or rather lane, leading down from the main thoroughfare to "The Cedars," is now in a neglected condition, there being considerable timber and debris in the lower end of it. Stretching down to the bank, from the site of the former residence, is a beautiful carpet of green. The view up and down the river is exceedingly picturesque.

During his lifetime, Herbert complained that a delineation of his residence had not been published in the "Homes of American Authors," as he conceived it to be entitled to that distinction as a model domicile for a practical writer, combining picturesque comfort and financial economy. There was full justice in this complaint, inasmuch as, with the exception of Irving's home —"Sunny Side," no author's dwelling had grown more familiar by name to the world of literature on this continent than was "The Cedars."

"MY HOME."

"A home! a home! yes, yes! though still and small,
I have a home where soft the shadows fall
From the dim pine tree, and the river's sigh
Like voices of the dead wails ever nigh;
Nor hearth is there, nor hall, nor festive place,
Nor welcome smile of that bewitching face,
Nor the low laughter, nor the fond sweet tone
That made pain pleasant—yet it is mine own—
My heart's own home, where'er my foot may tread,
Oh! for my narrow house, and lowly bed!

"Let others turn, when each has ceased to roam,
To the calm pleasures of his childish home—
Let others turn when the day's hot toil is o'er
To that pure kiss which greets him at the door;
To that bright eye which kindles at the sound
Of their known footsteps, shedding glory round;
I have no childish home, nor earthly hold—
The kiss that breathed upon my lips is cold;
The eye that beamed for me is dimmed and dead—
Oh! for my narrow house and lowly bed!

"Earth has no home that can with mine compare,
For thou, my own lost one, for thou art there,
It matters not that they are sealed in death,
Those founts of light, and still the balmy breath

And wan the radiant lip and lustrous brow—
It matters not—for it is always thou!
It matters not how cold, if I at last,
On that true heart of thine, when all is past
May pillow once again my lonely head—
Oh! for my narrow house and lowly bed!

"Oh! weary, waste and weary is the day,
And weary is the night. Oh! will away!
For anguish weakens with the rising morn
And sleepless sorrow of the night is born!
And years must pass, long years, ere I shall run
To that dear spot, where fools are fain to shun,
The only home which now my soul doth crave,
Thy home—the long, the last—thine early grave;
Oh! that for me the bridal sheets were spread
Now in my narrow house and lowly bed."

MY FIRST DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING AT CAMBRIDGE.

My first day's snipe shooting at Cambridge! Alas! alas! how many reminiscences, bitter and bleak as the cold north-eastern storm that, even while I write, is bellowing without, fall heavy on my heart, as I indite those simple words. How many, many long years wasted; how many generous aims and lofty aspirations blighted; how many kindly deeds and goodly feelings written on sand, to be effaced as soon; how many faults and follies, recorded upon brass, perennial; how many warm hearts changed to sad, chill ashes; how many friends—dead, faithless, or forgetful! Alas! for those young days, and young feelings, flown forever, before there was a furrow on the brow, or a gray hair on the head, before disappointment had wrought agony, and agony been mother to the dark twins, distrust and despondency, near akin to despair.

That morning—I remember it as well as if twenty long and sorrowful years had not lagged along since it dawned gay with anticipated pleasure—so well do I remember it, that not a small detail of the room in which we met before our start, not a picture or trinket, nay, not the very colors of breakfast china have faded from my memory; and I believe that my tongue could re-word our whole conversation, and my steps retrace our whole walk, though I doubt not many a fair fen has been drained, and many an acre sown and harvested, across which on that day we picked our way from bog to bog, or waded ankle-deep in coffee-colored water, with now a snipe's shrill whistle, and now a mallard's harsh qua-ack—qua-ack saluting our delighted ears, making our youthful

hearts beat hard and hurriedly, and drawing rash, unsteady trigger-pulling from our yet inexperienced hands. That morning was a bright, calm, beautiful October's dawning, as ever awoke sportsmen, too young and ardent to be sluggards, from college beds too hard and narrow to be very tempting, long ere the earliest cock had crowed, or the last loitering reveller ceased from vociferating to something, which he deemed a tune, most redolent of hot milk-punch or fiery bishop,

"We won't go home till morning, we won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear."

I had refused an invitation to a supper party, at which a dozen jovial hearts now scattered over this world, or passed from it, were to discuss broiled bones and deviled kidneys, diluted by hot gin-punch of the strongest—refused it on the score of keeping my hand steady, and my nerves braced for the morrow, and had supped quietly in my own rooms, with my companion of the day to be recorded, on poached eggs, Edinburgh ale, and a single bottle of Carbonell's best port, brewed into negus.

With my companion of the day to be recorded—Alas! poor George Gordon! Ours was a strange introduction, whence arose an entire and uninterrupted friendship, unbroken by a single angry word, a single unkind feeling, proof against time and undissolved by distance, but severed long ago by the insatiate hand of the cold fiend, consumption.

We were both from the north, freshmen on our way to Cambridge. I from the West Riding of Yorkshire, he from the Highland Hills of Aberdeenshire; and in the old Highflyer we travelled all the way from Ferrybridge, two hundred mortal miles and eighteen weary hours, the only inside passengers to Cambridge. Each of us took the other for an old collegian, neither of us being exceeding verdant, and both cognizant of that excessive college etiquette which will not suffer a man to save a classmate,

unintroduced, from drowning, not a word passed between us; we both wished to be cruel knowing—both proved in that respect at least, to be cruel green. It was by odds the dullest and most tedious journey I ever have experienced—though I have travelled since over the half of two hemispheres, and though travelling, like misery, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

I never shall forget how glad I was when the coach stopped at the Harp Hotel, and I got out, trusting that I should never again encounter that stiff, stately Don, who could not even speak to a fellow, because he was a freshman.

And he, it seems, was all the while putting up the like orisons against all future meetings with myself, Frank Forester.

Six hours later we were sworn friends, and never were, and now never can be, hap what hap, aught else in this world.

It so happened that I was not acquainted with a single man of my own college, when I went up to the university, all my old brother Etonians being either Johnians or Trinity men, while I had entered at Caius. I had the blues, therefore, most awfully; felt as if I was alone in a new and perilous world; a shipwrecked mariner left all among the cannibals "a-galloping ashore;" and, when dinner-time arrived, it was only by a mighty exertion of energy and pluck that I put on, for the first time, those singularly unbecoming habiliments ycleped cap and gown, and sallied forth to brave, as I supposed, alone, unknown and unsupported, the criticisms and witticisms, and impertinent comments of my thereafter to be classmates.

After inquiring carefully of my gyp the way into hall, the particular table at which I was to sit, and all the etiquettes, not to be conversant with which is to a freshman the very fiend's arch mock—after taking especial care not to put on my trencher wrong side before, and to

arrange my gown in what I imagined to be a very devil-may-care fashion, forth I went, with about as pleasant a prospect as the gallows before me, but without the despairing pluck which enables the poor culprit to face that prospect manfully.

On I went, with my courage screwed to the sticking place, but I must confess with my heart thumping against my ribs prodigiously, when immediately under the low-browed archway—I have not seen it these twenty years and better; yet there it stands as palpable before me as if it were not a trick of memory—the low-browed archway giving access by an ascending stair to the hall redolent of six-year-old mutton, and by a descending flight to the college butteries and cellars, redolent of audit ale, and that most cloud-compelling compound, of hot ale, sherry, brandy, cloves, nutmegs, toast and cinnamon, which gods call nectar, and college men Caius copus—when under that low-browed archway, I say, of what should I become aware, but of my tall friend of the Highflyer, arrayed like myself in a cap and gown, which testified by their resplendent newness that he too was a freshman.

No words can, I believe, adequately describe the mutual delight of that recognition. He, it appears, was in precisely the same predicament with myself! He, like myself, had remained ensconsed in his own rooms, not daring to stir out and meet the animadverting eyes of junior and senior sophomores, until the summons of the dinner-bell, and the yet more imperative commands of an esurient stomach had driven him out, as they have many a hero before and since, to do and dare the worst.

Instead then of a morose and stately Don, steeped to the lips in scorn of verdant youngsters, each of us had before him an innocent, and equally imperilled, brother freshman. Confound all etiquette! there was no one near to see! so out went both our hands at once?

"Believe I had the pleasure of travelling from the north—"

"Think we came up together in the Highflyer—"

"Devilish little pleasure about it, however," said I, Frank Forester, mustering a little of the spice of the original fiend that possesses me.

"Deuced dull work it was, certainly, but, my dear sir, I took you for a Don."

"And I you—and for a mighty stiff one too."

"To tell you the truth," said the North Briton, "I have been thanking Heaven all the morning that I should never see that sulky little fellow again."

Little! confound his picture! I stand five feet ten in my stockings, and measure thirty-eight inches over the chest —but, sure enough, little I was beside him; for he was in truth a very son of Anak. Six feet four without his shoes, and yet so exquisitely fashioned, and in so perfect proportion, that unless there stood some one near him, against whom to institute a comparison, you would not have taken him for a six-footer. Alas! that very prematureness of perfect size and stature had perhaps sapped already the foundations of that noble piece of architecture, and foredoomed it to decay as speedy and untimely as its growth had been unduly rapid.

But no such thought as this at that time thrust itself upon us—we were young, bold, self-confident, free, fearless of the future, and dreamed of any thing, in our proud aspirations after all that was great and noble, rather than that which was so soon to befall us—untimely death the one, the other, long, long years of weary wandering.

"My name is George Gordon," said the Highland giant, "of Newton, near Old Raine, in Aberdeenshire."

"And mine, Frank Forester, of Forest Hall, near Wetherby, in the West Riding."

"Well, Mr. Forester, seeing that we now know one

another, suppose we eat our first mutton, side by side, in this hall of Caius, and send the Dons to the devil!"

"Agreed, Mr. Gordon, provided that the mutton ended, you will take your port with me, at No. 12 in the Fellows' Court. It is some of Carbonell's purple, and by no means to be despised, I assure you. It is a present from John L—, of fox-hunting celebrity in Yorkshire, whom you may perhaps have heard of, even so far as Aberdeenshire."

"Jack L—! who has not heard of him, I should like to know. I shall be too happy, Mr. Forester, the rather that my wine has not yet made its appearance."

"By the way, don't you think we might just as well drop the Mister?"

"And be—George Gordon?"

"And Frank Forester. And make these Caius snobs —I have no doubt they are snobs, if they were ten times Dons—believe that we have known each other these ten years."

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

And we shook hands again upon it, and went into hall, and discussed the six-year-old mutton, undaunted by the observation of the oldsters, and astonishing the youngsters by the off-hand way in which he talked of Kintore and Kennedy, and stalking royal harts with cupped horns on Braemar or in Glen Tilt; and I of Paine, of Selby, and Harry Goodrich, and brushing at bullfinches, and switching twenty-five feet brooks; while the pale snobs about us, with tallow faces and sleek hair, short, seedy trousers and black gaiters, were deep in the discussion of the Pons Asinorum, or exchanging experiences concerning tutors and morning lectures, chapels, and deans and proctors.

That evening, I will not say that we got fou', but this I will say, that my squinting gyp, old Robson, reported six fellow-commoners—*id est*, empty bottles—on the

hearth the next morning—and that neither of us went to evening chapel that night, or to morning chapel the next day; which cost each of us the writing of an imposition of 600 lines of Virgil, or rather three half-crowns paid to old Dick, the barber, for writing it in our stead.

Thenceforth we were sworn friends forever. Thenceforth, eschewing hall, which we voted very slow and bad feeling, we dined alternate days each in the other's room, the standing order being, soup, chops, or steaks, game, Stilton cheese and walnuts, and ever and aye four bottles to be aired before the fire.

Thenceforth, were we seen rarely at the lecture-room or chapel, but often at the covert-side, with Hadbury, or Charley Newman, of the East Essex, often with Lord Fitzwilliam, or the Oakley, aye, by'r lady, and with Osbaldeston's lady pack, in Northamptonshire, though to accomplish that, we had eighty miles of road-work to do in coming and returning.

Thenceforth did our guns often ring together o'er many a lowland fen, and in after days on many a Highland hill, and this brings me back to the point whence I have so widely wandered.

It was, as I have said, a beautiful, calm October morning, on which, as soon as the skies were well light, I sallied forth from the college gates, and took my way through Trinity street, in front of the proud gate-house in which, above the archway, is still shown the room wherein young Newton dreamed perhaps already of celestial marvels to be made patent soon by his immortal genius—in front of the brick turrets and square casements of dingy-hued St. Johns—turned to the left into Bridge street, and soon reached the snug lodging in which my friend roomed, within college rules, though without the time-honored walls of Caius.

There never was a more complete specimen, than the snuggery into which I was introduced, of a college sports-

man's room. It was not, it is true, above fourteen feet square; but into that small space was crowded almost every comfort and convenience that can be conceived. Above the mantle-piece, under the ample arch of which blazed a glorious sea-coal fire, hung a large, handsome looking-glass, between the frame and mirror of which were stuck a profusion of visiting-cards, summons to appear before the dean, buttery bills, and lists of hunting appointments. On each side of the glass was a dog's head, by the inimitable Landseer; and on the right-hand wall a large picture of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, by the same prince of modern masters. A large and luxurious sofa ran along the left-hand wall, on the crimson cushions of which were cast at random the black gown and trencher cap of the student.

Before the fire-place stood a table, which had once been amply furnished for the morning meal; but now the tea-pot stood with its lid staring open, guiltless of souchong or bohea; the voiceless urn sent up no spiral wreaths of sweetly murmuring steam; the egg-cups contained only shells; the massive silver dish, with its cover half displaced, showed only now, in lieu of the nobly deviled kidneys and turkey's gizzards, the scent of which "clung to it still," a little ruby-colored gravy, whereon floated a few rings of congealed fatness; the brown loaf was dismantled; the butter-pats had disappeared *in toto;* and the *tout ensemble* read me a lamentable lecture on the vices of procrastination and delay, the burthen of which was still the old college saw of *sero venientibus ossa*—"to the late comer, bones!"

Beneath the table, crouched, beautiful spectacle to a thorough-bred sportsman's eye, as superb a brace of setters as ever ranged a stubble, or brushed the dew-drops from the heather of a highland hill.

One of them was a red and white Irish dog, with large, soft, liquid eyes of the darkest hazel, a coal-black nose,

palate and lips of the same thorough-bred tint, a stern feathered almost as thickly as a fox's brush, but with hair as soft and lucent as floss silk; his legs were fringed two inches deep with the same glossy fleece, and his whole coat was as smooth and sleekly combed as the ringlets of a highborn beauty. The other was English bred, and in his own way scarce less beautiful; he was jet-black, without a speck or snip of white on forehead, breast, or feet; but legs and muzzle were of the richest and warmest tan. And he, too, showed in his well-ordered coat, bright eye, and cold, moist muzzle, the very perfection of care and science in feeding and kennel management.

Beside the board, alas! for me no longer hospitable, sat the tall sportsman, his blue bird's-eye fogle, his snuff-colored velveteen jacket, his scarlet kerseymere waistcoat, with pearl buttons, the very pattern of a garb for a winter sportsman; but, unaccustomed yet to the wet lowland shooting of the fens, he had arranged his nether man in loose trousers of brown corduroy, a most inconvenient dress for marsh shooting.

He was in the act of putting together his gun, a short, powerful, heavy, double-barrelled Manton, built to his own order, of unusual weight and calibre, a weapon of sure execution in safe hands, and of range almost extraordinary. I opened the door and strode in not without some considerable racket, but he never raised his eyes from the lock, which he was just screwing on, until he had accomplished his job; although, perhaps, knowing my step, perhaps guessed who it was from the increased wagging of the setters' tails, thumping the floor in joyous recognition, he said in a quiet voice, not untouched by a sort of dry humor.

"How are you, Frank? In time for once. Well, sit down, and get your breakfast. I suppose you have not fed yet."

"Fed, I should think not, truly. We don't feed in

the night in my country—none of us, at least, except the woodcocks! and as for sitting down, that I can do well enough, but for the breakfast—"

"Oh! ah! I had forgotten. I ate that," said Master George, looking up very coolly. "Never mind, Frank; I have ordered a capital dinner at eight this evening, and there is a cold pheasant, and a bottle of Duff Gordon's gold sherry in the well of the dog-cart, to say nothing of anchovy sandwiches. You must hold on till two o'clock, and then make up for lost time at luncheon. Next time you will be punctual."

"The devil take it, man," responded I; "I can no more walk thirty miles without my breakfast than I can leap a thirty-foot fen ditch without a pole. Breakfast—by George! I must have some breakfast, or no snipe to-day. Holloa! Eustace, holloa! I must have prog of some kind—what can you give me?"

"I will find something, Mr. Forester, I'll warrant you," replied the gyp, kicking the door open with his right foot, and pulling it to behind him with his left as he entered, both his hands being occupied in bearing a well-apparelled tray—fresh tea, kidneys red-hot, rolls smoking, and, to complete the whole, prawn curry.

"Now, then, be smart, Frank," shouted my comrade, "I hear the gray cob stamping at the door, and I don't keep him waiting over ten minutes—no not for the emperor of the Chinas!"

Within ten minutes the kidneys had disappeared, the prawn curry was not, the second teapot was empty, no crust or crumb of the hot rolls remained to hint to future generations what they had been; and to wash down the whole, and settle our stomachs for the day, George and I had absorbed a thimbleful apiece of the real mountain dew of Glenlivat.

The dogs were stowed under the seat; the guns, in their leather cases, strapped to the top-rail of the dog-cart;

our sporting toggery concealed from keen eyes of proctors by heavy driving-coats; and, within the given period of ten minutes, the lively little gray was stepping it out gallantly at twelve miles the hour, snatching at its steel curb, and tossing its proud head, as if it had not got some forty stone behind it.

Down Jesus lane we bowled, rattling over the rough cobblestones, and bringing all the helpers out of Sparrow's livery-stable to see what was in the wind, past Stourbridge Common, and up the hill toward Barnwell, hamlet of unclean notoriety, peopled entirely, of men, by dog-fanciers, rat-hunters, pigeon-shooters, and the lowest of that tribe yeleped the fancy; and of women, by those unfortunates, who have to ears polite no appellation. Through that ill den we rattled merrily, heedless of the clamors which followed us, and soon reached Paper-mill Bar, on the Newmarket road, with its high turnpike gates placed on the keystone of a one-arched bridge spanning a deep and turbid stream, flowing from the fens to the Cam in devious curves through the deep meadow-land.

Here Gordon pulled up for a moment, and while he was paying the toll, pointed to a bit of splashy ground, not thirty yards from the road-side to the right hand.

"If you will jump out with your gun, Frank—never mind taking a dog along—you'll flush a couple or two of snipe in that pool. Get a double shot if you can, but don't wait to follow them. We are behind time, even now."

No sooner said than done. Out I jumped, gun in hand, and walked forward briskly, with both my barrels cocked. I had not in those days attained the cool quickness which enables the sure finger to cock the piece, as it rises to the eye, without delay or hesitancy. Up they jumped, just as I had been warned, two couple close under my nose. Bang, went my first barrel, harmless,

discharged before the bird was ten paces distant from the muzzle. Skeap! skeap!—away they went, twisting and zigzaging their way up wind, as wild as hawks; but I had rallied already, and fired my second barrel coolly, and with better luck than I had deserved by my first miss.

The bird I shot at was keeled over clean, and quite dead, riddled by the mustard-seed at the true distance—it must have gone like a single ball at the first snipe—and, to my great astonishment, another, which, unseen at the moment when I pulled the trigger, was crossing the same line at some twelve yards further, went down winged-tipped. That was the first and last time that I ever have killed myself, or seen killed by another, two English snipe with one shot.

Well pleased, I jumped again into our dog-cart; and away we rattled five miles further to Dry Water, a large broad brook, along the banks of which is the best shooting in that district, and there, upon the bridge, we found awaiting us, with his fourteen foot jumping-pole, and his capacious game-bag, Jem Carter, the best guide and pole-man of the fens, surnamed the clean, *lucus à non lucendo,* from his exceeding filthiness, together with his brother, a smart, wicked urchin of sixteen. To the guidance of the latter we entrusted the gray cob, to be driven to the Rutland Arms, at Bottisham, and there installed at rack and manger, to await our coming. To the guidance of the former, through mud and through mire, we committed ourselves. I remember, as I said before, every turn and winding of that long, weary walk, every tussock over which we stumbled, every quagmire in which we stuck fast, every broad dyke into which, jumping short, we blundered; but these things would have small attraction to my readers. Much game we did not kill that day, assuredly; but we have killed some since, sarten! as Tom Draw says. And for the rest, it is neither for the shooting performed, nor for the miles trav-

ersed, but for the memory, never to be forgotten, of old frindship interrupted, and good fellowship ended forever, that I still cherish, and hold dear, in a deep angle of my heart, the recollection of "my first day's snipe-shooting at Cambridge."

MY FIRST DAY'S PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

At last I was eighteen years old. I had been in the sixth form at Eton more than six months; had been promoted from round jackets to long-tailed blue coats, the height and front of the Etonian's ambition; from a pony to a fifteen-hand thoroughbred hack—which I believed to be the best hunter in the island—and from my seat at my sister's governess's table to a knife and fork in the dining room; and now I was to be promoted from shooting rabbits, snipe, wild fowl, larks, and such other animals of the half-game order, to the dignity of a game certificate and a license to kill game in my own right throughout England.

I was already more than a fair shot, for it had been agreed between myself and the Governor that I should be entitled to claim a game certificate so soon as I could kill nine out of the first twelve skylarks that should get up before me—the skylark when he does not rise to sing flying low, very swiftly, close to the ground, by no means unlike a snipe, and quite as difficult to kill.

This feat I had accomplished some three weeks before the first; my certificate was bought; my first shooting jacket built; my gun cleaned for the tenth time within the last two days; my shot-pouch and powder-horn filled;

and I, filled full from head to foot with anticipation of distinguishing myself before the eyes of the Governor, went to bed, but not to sleep, on the night of the thirty-first of August.

I was awake and on foot by day-break, and it seemed hours, nay years to me, before my father made his appearance, rigged for the field, at about eight o'clock.

Well, to the field we went, in the home farm, and within five hundred yards from the house; in a fine turnip field, knee deep among the broad green leaves, the dogs came to a point. I had made some trivial wager with the Governor that I would bag my first bird, a dog-whip or whistle, or some such trifle; but my heart was as much set to win as if a million had been at stake.

Three young birds rose, two crossed the Governor to the right, and both fell to his two barrels killed clean. My bird fell, likewise, but he was wing-tipped only, ran and was not retrieved.

I had lost my wager, and my heart was heavy—the Governor chaffed me and laughed at me—I grew nervous—got out of sorts—blazed right and left at everything. I carried both barrels at full cock then; everybody did so in those days—missing it before it got five yards away—was quizzed and laughed at more and more, and came within an ace of being destroyed and rendered worthless as a shot forever.

Suddenly in a desperate situation, I took a desperate resolve: I would never again, while I lived, cock a gun till the bird was on the wing at which I was about to fire. No sooner said than done. I let my gun down to the half-cock and proceeded. The next ten birds that rose I put up my gun to my shoulder without cocking it—pulled—no fire came, and I got quizzed more and more, and, at last, actually scolded, as if I were holding back my fire purposely, because I could not get what I considered a true aim.

Then I was lectured on the beauties of a first sight, and on the inutility of picking after my birds and on the danger of becoming a pottering shot; all of which I knew, every iota, as well as my monitor. But not a word deigned I in reply, either in defense or in explanation.

At last I got the hang of it. I cocked my gun as I raised it, discharged it as it struck my shoulder, and of course killed my bird. I killed thirteen birds, one after the other, in unbroken succession, four of them double shots. Then I missed one bird, killing its mate with my second barrel, and five more in succession; then two misses and eight kills, each after each.

At nightfall I had bagged twenty-seven birds out of twenty-nine shots after missing some nineteen or twenty shots without a single kill in the morning. I have never done much better since. That morning made me all that I claim to be at this moment, a deliberately prompt shot. But you had better believe, gentle reader, that from that day forth, to this, I have never cocked my gun till I have seen my game fairly on wing or afoot; and yet more, till I have let it go, as far as I intend that it shall go at all; and I find that I can kill as many snap shots as most men. Let those who will, carry their guns cocked. I say let them—so that they don't carry their hammers down on their nipples—it is all one to me. If they do so, they don't shoot in my company no how; but for my own use give me the gun at half-cock and deliberate promptitude!

THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

It is now well nigh thirty years since my first day on the Yorkshire moorlands. I was then some eighteen years of age, and in the sixth form at Eton. In the preceding autumn I had been promoted for the first time to a game certificate, and had waged war on the gray partridge, *perdia cinerea*, with such success as as to kill my fifteen brace in one day's shooting, and to gain the repute of being a most promising young shot; for be it known I had practised first on hedge-sparrows, field-fares, skylarks and swallows, and afterwards on English snipe, water fowl and moor hen, which are not included in the category of game or prohibited to the landless and unlicensed gunner, until I had acquired the trick of bringing my stock to my shoulder, my barrel on a level to the eye, and drawing my trigger finger with a single motion, and that without either winking at the flash or shrinking from the recoil. In short, I was in a fair way to be as good as I was a keen shot, when few Eton boys had a soul above a cricket-ball or a boat race.

But the moors! the moors! the glorious twelfth of August! *Hoc erut in votis!* This it was that was to constitute me a *bona fide* sportsman; to make me the pride and envy of my classmates—my classmates! nay, but of the country gentlemen, the crack shots, the brag artists of the south country preserves, to whom a well-stocked turnip field or well-filled pheasant covert, was the noblest scene of their exploits with the gun.

How eager were my days, how sleepless my nights, as that day of days approached, which was in my own esteem to raise me to the level of a Cæsar! and when the missive was despatched to ask permission of the eccentric but

kind-hearted mistress of Fontague's abbaye and unnumbered acres of "heath and whin and bare wild moor," how did my heart leap to the sound of the postman's horn! how did I strive to anticipate the future, and when the reply arrived in the affirmative, where was there to be found one so happy as I? My gun cleaned and re-cleaned, locks taken apart and put together again, oiled and wiped dry and oiled again, till every one in the house was, or had good cause to be, utterly a-weary.

And then my rig for the twelfth—methinks I can see it as it lay before me now, just from the hands of the most approved artist in St. James street—point device according to Gunter. The russet-purple shooting jacket of light velveteen, precisely the shade of the blooming heather; the dun-colored tweed waistcoat and trousers, undistinguishable from the tints of the faded grass and ling; the stout yet light and easy shoes; the leather ankle-gaiters; the-purple cloth shooting cap, with a tuft of heather and withered fern in the band—all fashioned alike to excite the jealousy of the rival sportsman and to defy the most fastidious eye, while it should at the same time pass before the eyes of the vigilant and fearful moor-cock without awakening his observation—that all spectators should exclaim, "Capital get up indeed!" "Devilish well made, and in good taste too! not a bit overdone, like Aston's liveries there! no one can say that for them!"

At length the eve of the happy day arrived. The weather was in all respects propitious, and at daybreak on the eleventh we set forth, myself and the best and dearest of all earthly friends long since departed from this world of toil and trouble, in a light stanhope drawn by an active horse, encumbered by no baggage beyond our gun-cases and the changes of raiment necessary for our trip.

Old Harry Lee, the sturdy veteran game-keeper, who taught "my young idea how to shoot," and to accompany whom on his rounds I have been a hundred times from

my bed at daybreak or earlier, when the sun rises at three in the morning, had set out two days previously, leading a stout shetland pony laden with panniers, and taking with him four brace of as staunch and swift and beautiful dogs as ever dropped to shot, or stood staunch and still as death over a running bevy. There were Cynthia and Phebe, a pair of orange and white silky Irish setters, with large soft eyes and coal-black muzzles, feathered six inches deep on the legs and stern—Pierrot and Jason, two liver and white pointers, the former so lively a game-finder that the best shot with whom I ever pulled a trigger was used to say that he "half believed Pierrot could make his own game whenever he was at a loss"—Charon and Pluto, a brace of black and white Russians, fleeced like arctic bears, and with such a fell of matted wool hanging over their short bullet heads and grim faces, and almost quenching the light of their quick keen fiery eyes, that it was difficult to conceive how they could see daylight. They were the best retrievers I have ever yet shot over; the staunchest, keenest, most indefatigable and indestructible of dogs.

Charon was for years my own especial dog; him I was allowed to take out of the kennel alone without a keeper to accompany me, when I was, or was supposed to be, too young, too ignorant, and too impetuous to be trusted with any dog that could be damaged. "Even Frank," it used to be said, "could not spoil Charon!" and I believe the D—l himself could not, had he tried it.

He had been imperfectly broke, and if birds were killed, he would run in and fetch them; but even in his unsteadiness he was so staunch, and so unerring was his sagacity and instinct, that if a fresh bird lay in his route as he dashed in to fetch that which had fallen, he would invariably point it dead. I never knew him flush a single bird in his most impetuous rushes.

If a covey was missed clean, he would drop sulkily to

charge; but he would invariably look round and stare in your face with a sort of sullen grunt, as who should say, "What do you mean by such work as that?" If you missed three times in succession, menace and coaxing were alike unavailing. Home went Charon, and for that day was no more seen.

More extraordinary yet, he could distinguish by the eye when a hare was wounded, when no man living would have suspected that the animal was hit; and whereas if one went away cleanly missed he would charge like a rock; the instant he perceived, how I cannot imagine, that it was carrying away a load, he would chase like a devil. But, as in the other instance, I never saw him chase a hare that he did not bring it home; and he could no more have run down a fresh one with a twenty yards start, than I could run down an elk on an open prairie.

The fourth brace were a pair of coal-black setters, Death and Dream, beautiful as night which they most resembled, without one white speck on their lustrous coats, perfectly broken, tractable as lambs, fleet as deer, yet full of fire and spirit, fearless and tireless, and less fleet only than the wind.

Such was the Governor's kennel; and even as I never yet have seen such a shot or sportsman as he was, so never have I seen nor shall I see, so far as I expect, such a kennel of dogs, whether for staunchness, certainty, speed, or beauty,

All day long we travelled through scenes of the rarest beauty, by the castled crags of Knaresborough, frowning over the bright dark waters of the Nid, up the lovely vale of which lay our course to the moorlands—by the old fortalice of Ripley, where the lady Ingolby of that day received Cromwell, when he visited her at the head of his Ironsides, with pistols stuck in her apron string—by Hampsthwaite's rural homes, by Dacre pasture and the

oak woods of Darley, across Pately bridge and up to the brawling Nid unto the spot where Ram's ghyll pours its tributary torrent into the wider stream.

Here, after a homely supper, rashers of bacon, new-laid eggs, short-bread and home-brewed ale, to which fatigue had earned us eager appetites, we turned into the coarse clean sheets redolent of the bloomy heather on which they had been bleached, and lulled by the ceaseless brawling of the mountain brook which foamed down its gorge close beneath the window, I, for one, sank asleep so soon as my head touched the pillow, and dreamed of moorcocks until a light flashed before my eyes, a hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder, and the old game-keeper's voice aroused me from my soft slumber.

It was past three o'clock, and breakfast was ready in the parlor. The sun would be up before we could reach the moor, and the morning promised to be a fine one. I was on my feet in an instant, and my first day on the Yorkshire moors had begun—he who will, shall hereafter learn how it ended.

At length the long-wished-for moment arrived. The breakfast was duly honored, the panniers packed with luncheon, to return as we hoped, packed with moor-fowl, and slung on the Shetland pony, were despatched, together with two brace of dogs, the bitches Cynthia and Phebe, for the morning's work, and the Russians for the afternoon, under the care of the guide, to meet us on the verge of the moors.

It was not yet light when we started from the door of the little Inn, to scale the four miles of steep and continuous ascent, which led by a road liker far to the gulley of a mountain torrent, than to any path made by the hands of man, from the level of the beautiful bright river to the summit of the misty plateau which forms the base of the moors, the loftier hills rising above it in huge, rounded or square-topped masses, divided from each other,

sometimes by wide plains of the richest heather, sometimes by mossy bogs, whence steal the rills which, gradually swelling into burns, as the larger brooks are termed, pour down through the ghylls or gorges which they cut for themselves through the peat, the gravel, nay! even through the solid sand-stone and become the feeding tributaries of the lovely rivers of the West Riding.

The first pale streaks of dawn stole up the east as we ascended, the clouds, few, fleecy, and far between, hung lightly here and there in the pure dark sky, from which all the stars had faded except Venus, who still showed her waning lamp near the horizon, for she was now the morning star. As we reached the summit, where two dark, indistinct shapes were awaiting us, of boy and pony, at the swing gate which gave access through the high dry stone wall, to the wild, bare moor, on which many of the smaller landholders of the ghylls and dales had right of pasturage for their black-faced sheep, *in futuro* the finest of mountain mutton—and black cattle in proportion to the number of acres in their respective holdings, though the lord or lady paramount of the manor only has the right of shooting, or deputizing persons to shoot over the range; the gray clouds changed their tints to amber, to rosy-red, to crimson, to flaming liquid gold, as the east gradually flushed brighter and brighter, until at length the great sun rushed up like an orb of burnished gold, through the thin mist on the mountain heads, and, in an instant was perfect day.

What a scene, what a panorama was there;—beneath and behind us the long retiring valley of the Nid, winding away in a far perspective of hanging woods, rich emerald pastures, crofts bordered with their shadowy sycamores and village roofs and humble chapels peeping out between until lost in the blue mists of distance.

Before us unnumbered leagues of barrenness and deso-

lation, blue mountain beyond blue mountain, rolling away the vast earth billows of that moorland sea, without a spot of culture, an oasis of fertility, to the borders of Scotland, fifty leagues distance to the north-westward.

Around us knolls, hillocks, hummocks, hills, some round, some sugar-loaf, some rock-ribbed and crag-crested; deep treacherous morasses tempting the foot of the unwary visitor by their exquisite smoothness, and the unrivalled richness of their emerald verdure; deep, abrupt, broken gorges and ravines, with clear brooks brawling along their bottoms, but all pathless, seemingly untrodden of man, cursed, one would say, with irredeemable barrenness, and inhabited only by the few titlarks which faintly hailed the rising sun with hymns, scarcely audible amid those vast solitudes, and the snipes and curlews which rose now and then, screaming dissonantly, from the bogs and peat-holes, whence the turf had been cut for fuel, for we had not as yet reached the choicer portion of the moor, haunted alike by the black-faced quadrupeds, and the red-grouse allured ever to the same vicinity by the same succulent food on which their excellence depends—the young sprouts of the tenderest short heather, springing fresh from places over which the fire had run in the latest autumn of the past year. Nevertheless, with all the desolation, there was a sort of peculiar wild beauty, arising for the most part from the singular and variegated hues of the surface, where the young heather was in bloom, the whole superfices of hundreds and hundreds of acres was glowing with the most gorgeous hues of amethyst, garnet, and rubies; where the dry stalks and sere leaves of the later and older growth prevailed, all was deep tawney russet; where the fire had recently passed all was black as charred stumps, and the very peat soil, scorched to the bottom, could make it—then again, there were patches of green furze with their golden blossoms, and tracts of dark green, rushy, rank

grass, and gleams of the brightest emerald around the well-heads, and over all the treacherous morasses.

But now we had reached our opening ground, the boy with the pony and the second brace of dogs was ordered to the rear, with instructions to meet us by the side of a certain gray rock, and spring-head, on the northern edge of Kettletang, a huge bluff-headed hill, overtopping all his neighbors, at noon, when we should be there to refresh the inner man, and take up the fresh dogs for the afternoon.

This arranged, to work we went. The ground was a long swell of gentle hillocks, facing the morning and sun, and sloping gently down to the south-eastward. It was covered with short purple heather, in full bloom, with here and there a patch of soft, green grass, and now and then a well-head, with a small runnel oozing from it, and showing by the greener and lighter hues of the ling and grass around its course, how vivifying and beneficial were its influences.

It was precisely one of those ranges which the young broods love in the early morning, at the beginning of the season, and, in fact, the fleet bitches had not ranged five hundred yards, which they did at full speed, heads up and sterns down, crossing each other at every five hundred yards distance, turning unbidden, and quartering their ground beautifully, before Cynthia came on her game so suddenly that she literally threw a somersault as she set the birds, turning herself completely over, so that her stern was toward the brood, and that she pointed them over her shoulder. Phebe backed her at a quarter of a mile, as steadily as if she had been cast in bronze or carved in marble.

"Steady now, Frank!" said the Governor—"They are close under her nose."

Gingerly, but firmly we advanced, finger-nail on the trigger-guard, thumb on the hammer, till we were within

six paces of the bitch; she was trembling with intense anxiety, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, her brows corrugated, the slaver on her lip.

"Careful, Frank, careful!" said the Governor, "I fancy it will prove a brood of squeakers, too young to kill—don't shoot the old hen, if it be so."

But at the instant, as he spoke, being to the right hand of me, the old cock rose clapping his wings in defiance, and uttering a loud crow crossed me to the leftward. He was a splendid fellow. He rose so close that the bare scarlet granulated spots about his eyes, and his angrily erected crest were clearly visible, as well as the golden and deep red hackles on his neck, and the beautifully pied plumage of his brown, red, and black-barred back and wing coverts, his breast was partly turned toward me, and it was black as night. He proved afterward to be a three-year-old bird, and weighed but a few ounces short of four pounds weight,—for I was steady, let him get fifteen yards away, then raised my gun deliberately, drew trigger as the butt touched my shoulder—a stream of feathers drifted down wind, and with a heavy thud the noble cock fell dead among the short flowery heather.

Nothing rose at the report, and it was not till after much kicking and beating of the heather, that the old hen rose with seventeen squeakers, not bigger than six-weeks chickens.

Them, of course, we bade go their way rejoicing, as we did likewise, specially I—for had I not been cool, even by the Governor's *ipse dixit*, and killed my first heath-cock fairly?

Our next find was three old bachelors, as they are termed by the initiated, old cock birds, namely, which, not having paired or bred the last year, band together and become great pests to the breeders, beating off the young males, and disturbing the amorous couples.

They rose wild, at long range—but we sent two snap

shots after them, and two fell,—the Governor's killed dead, mine wing-tipped, but the bitches retrieved him cleverly after a mile's roading. The third rise was a well grown brood of twelve, with their parents, which also got up shy and distant, the heather being as yet too wet with dew to allow their lying hard. Yet I knocked one over, my father killing two—the old cock, a prodigiously long shot, with his second barrel.

But as the day improved, and the sun grew warmer, the birds lay better, and I did my work creditably, to my own satisfaction, and won moderate praise from the Governor, and huge *kudos* from my preceptor in the noble art of *collineation*, as poor Cypress, Jr., was wont to call it, old Harry Lee.

When we counted heads at luncheon I was only two brace and a half behind my companion, who, as I said, was the best shot, walker and sportsman, it ever was my lot to meet, having bagged my thirteen brace and a half, six brace of them being clever double shots, to his sixteen brace.

In the afternoon, with the fresh dogs, though I shot as well, or, considering the change in the weather and state of the game, perhaps better than before luncheon, I did not fare so well.

The day had become overcast, the wind had got up, the grouse had packed, and rose very wild and flew like hawks—still, when the sun set, and we knocked off work, I had shot eleven brace more, three golden plover, and a curlew—but the Governor, who always shot the best when the shooting was the hardest, had bagged seventeen brace more of grouse, a hare, and a brace of mallards, which sprung unexpectedly from a peat bog.

On the whole I had scored twenty-four and a half brace of moor-game, fifty-three head of game in all, against his thirty-three brace of grouse, and total of sixty-nine head —pretty well that for a green hand in his first season,

shooting beside one of the best guns in the three kingdoms.

There were twenty-nine guns on the moor that morning, and the Governor beat the two best, with fourteen brace to spare.

Was not I a proud and a happy man that night, when after quaffing a half gallon of new milk, with a modicum of Jamaica in it—was too tired to eat supper—I plunged into the thyme-scented sheets, and was asleep before my head was well on the pillow.

SUNSET ON THE HUDSON.

In the cloud-curtained chambers of the West
Serene and glorious he has sunk to rest—
Immortal giant—but his parting kiss
Hath steeped his earthly bride in holier bliss
Than when he sunned her in his rapturous ray
Of noontide ardor. Slow they glide away,
The gorgeous gleams that flash from Hudson's tide
And paint the woods that gird old Beacon's side;
Yet round the clouds that veil the bridegroom's head
A fringe of lucent glory still is spread;
While from the zenith, tints of deeper blue,
Steal o'er the bright horizon's azure hue,
Rob the broad forests of their verdant cheer,
And tinge the silvery brook with shadows clear.
The dewy rushes wave in arrowy ranks,
Now gilt, now gloomy, on the darkening banks;
And snowy sails, that stud the distant river,
Glance, and are lost, as in the breeze they shiver,
There is a thrill in the awakening flush
Of early morn—there is a breathless hush
In fainting noonday—but the fairy space
That parts the evening from the night's embrace
Breathes out a stronger charm, a purer spell,
Bathing the soul in thoughts, that fondly swell
Like sacred music's melancholy close—
Sweeter than grief, and sadder than repose,
And is it fancy's fond delusion only
That hallows so these woods and waters lonely?—

Or is there in each bold, majestic hill
A mighty legend ; in each tinkling rill
A whispering voice, and in the wind's low sigh,
Telling of days and deeds that ne'er shall die,
'Tis holy all, and haunted ! Each green tree
Hath its own tale, each leaf its memory ;
The streams, that knew the Indian's tread of yore,
The breezy hills, with rock-ribbed summits hoar,
The lordly river, with its ceaseless moan,
Have all a power more potent than their own,
For each and all, with echoing pride, have rung
To the wild peal which freedom's trumpet sung,
When forth, to shield his bleeding country's breast,
He stood—the Cincinnatus of the West—
The founder of a world—whose course was run
All bright and blessing !—like yon setting sun ;
Alone of men, his youth was spotless seen,
His manhood mighty, and his end serene ;
Without one blot to dim his deathless name,
Or bid the nations weep, that watch his fame.

THE WOODCOCK.

THE WOODCOCK.

Scolopax Minor, as he is judiciously termed by naturalists, to distinguish him from his European brother, *Scolopax Rusticola*, which is above one-third larger and heavier, in the ratio of sixteen to nine, the mud snipe, blind snipe, or big-headed snipe, as he is variously called in various parts of the country, may be termed an amphibious bird, and is nearly allied to the waders. He haunts woodland streams and swamps; sunny hill-sides covered with saplings, if contiguous to wet feeding grounds; wide meadows interspersed with tufts of alders or willows; and at times, and in peculiar districts, open and grassy marshes, quite destitute of underwood or timber.

With us, of the Northern States, he is a summer bird of passage, as he may be termed with propriety; although he pays us his annual visit early in spring; sometimes, in open seasons, before the last moon of winter has waned her snowy round, and defers his departure until the very end of autumn. In the Southern States, on the contrary, he is found only during the short and genial winter, quitting them altogether during the overpowering heats, which our water-loving friend finds unendurable. In reply to a question which I propounded some years since to the readers of the New York "Turf Register," "whether in soft and sheltered situations of the most northern of the Southern States, the woodcock may not be found throughout the year," I was informed, by an anonymous correspondent, that among the higher valleys of the Appalachian chain such is the case throughout the southern portion of that great ridge; and that in the northern parts of Virginia especially they are to be taken at all seasons of the year. For this fact, however, I can not vouch on my own knowledge, and, indeed, I am some-

what doubtful of its correctness. I prefer, therefore, to consider it as everywhere migratory; and of its migrations I shall speak hereafter, premising only that they are but partially understood as yet, that much mystery is connected with them, and that their circumstances are as interesting as they are curious.

To describe minutely a bird so well known throughout the length and breadth of the cultivated portions of North America, for it is a singular fact that he is never found in the wilderness, following everywhere the skirts of civilization, would be a work, it should seem, of supererogation. I shall say a few words, however, of his general appearance, in order to indicate the very bird I mean to my readers, beyond the possibility of a mistake; for mistakes are indeed possible, owing, as I have observed, to the confused nomenclature of game prevailing in this country; and of this I am a good witness, as I was once dragged up to the summit of one of the highest hills in Orange County, N. Y., by the reiterated assertions of a very intelligent lad, a farmer's son in the vicinity, that he could show me more than fifty woodcock in that unusual and remote spot; the woodcock proving, when I had climbed the ridge, breathless and spent, on a broiling July day, to be large red-headed woodpeckers! utterly worthless either for sport or for the table, and no more like to *Scolopax Minor* than was Hyperion to a Satyr.

This beautiful bird, then, varying in weight, when full-grown, from eight to eleven ounces, I have heard of but one instance of his exceeding the latter, is about thirteen inches in length, measured from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the toes, the bill alone exceeding one-fourth of the whole length, and eighteen in breadth, from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The curious instrument by which he obtains all his nourishment is of a highly polished, horny substance, stout at the base, and tapering

gradually to the tip, where the upper mandible, projecting considerably below the lower, is terminated in a knot of exquisite delicacy and sensibility. The head is somewhat triangular in shape, with the large, full black eye, constructed, as is the case of all birds which fly or feed by night, so as to catch and concentrate every ray of light, situate nearer the apex, or crown, than in any other bird; a peculiarity which, added to the unusual size of the head, gives a foolish and clumsy air to this otherwise beautiful little fowl. The brow of the adult bird is of a grayish white, gradually darkening until it reaches the crown, where it is shaded into the richest black. The whole hinder parts, from the neck downward to the tail, are exquisitely barred and variegated with a thousand minute wavy lines of black, ash color, cinnabar brown, and umber, the tail-feathers having a broad band of black close to their extremities, and beyond this a tip of snowy whiteness. The chin is white, but the throat and breast, nearly as far as the insertion of the thighs, are of a warm yellowish chestnut; the vent and thighs white. The legs, in the young birds, are of an olive green; in the adults, of a pale flesh color. There is no distinction of plumage, that I have been able to discover, between the sexes; nor has any been detected, so far as I am aware, on dissection; and the only difference between the young and old birds, size and weight excepted, is the change in the color of the legs, and the increased whiteness of the forehead.

This interesting bird is rarely or never seen by day, unless by those who are especially in pursuit of him; and by them even he is found with difficulty, unless when hunted with well-broken dogs. At nightfall, however, he may often be seen on the wing, darting athwart the gloom from the dry upland coverts, in which at many seasons he loves to lie, toward his wet feeding grounds. During the hours of darkness he is on the alert con-

stantly; by night he seeks his food; by night he makes his long and direct migrations, choosing for this latter purpose foggy weather, or at about the full of the moon.

By day he lies snugly ensconsced in some lonely brake, among long grass and fern, under the shade of the dark alder or silvery willow, and near to some marshy level or muddy streamlet's brink during the summer; but in the autumn, on some dry, westering hill-side, clothed with dense second-growth and saplings.

In very quiet spots, especially where the covert overhead is dense and shadowy, he sometimes feeds by day; and it has been my fortune once or twice to come upon him unsuspected when so engaged, and to watch him for many minutes probing the soft loam, which he loves the best, with his long bill, and drawing forth his succulent food, from the smallest red wire-worm to the largest lob-worm suitable for the angler's bait when fishing for perch or the yellow bass of the lakes.

It is by the abundance of this food that his selection of haunts is dictated, and his choice of season, in some considerable degree, controlled. On sandy and hungry soils, as that of Long Island for example, he is found rarely in comparison, and never in the large congregations which so rejoice the heart of the sportsman in more favored localities. Still more does he eschew sour marsh-land and peat bogs, wherein, by the way, the worm he most affects hardly exists; while on fat loamy bottom lands, whether the color of the soil be red or black, rich with decomposed vegetable matter, he may be found in swarms.

It must be understood, however, that after the young brood have left the parent birds, which departure occurs after the first moult, the woodcock is a solitary bird, acting and moving for himself alone, although the same causes may draw hundreds of them into one neighborhood, and never flying in flocks, or associating in any way with his fellows, unless in the breeding season.

Woodcock arrive among us, in the Middle and Northern States, from Pennsylvania so far eastward as to the western counties of Maine, almost simultaneously, in February or March, according to the earliness or openness of the season, often before the snow is off the ground. They arrive paired already, and immediately set about the duties of incubation.

The nest is rude and inartificial, consisting merely of a hollow in the ground, with a few straws or rushes carelessly gathered round it, the bill of the old bird doubtless proving an awkward implement for nidification. This nest is made, if made it can be said to be, under the shelter of a reedy tussock or stunted bush, on the verge of large wet meadows; and should the season be dry early, enabling the birds to sit on low ground, and should a sudden flood ensue, numbers of broods are destroyed; a casualty from which I do not consider them secure until the beginning of June at least, when, in an early season, the young birds are able to shift for themselves.

In such a nest, and in such situations, the woodcock lays from two to six bluish eggs, irregularly blotched with brown. How long the process of incubation continues, I have not been able accurately to ascertain; but I have seen the old birds sitting so early as the tenth of March, yet never have seen young birds able to fly earlier than the middle of May.

The ordinary number of a hatching is four birds, and if the first brood gets off early, the parents immediately proceed to a second incubation; the male bird in this case taking care of the first brood until the second gets off, when all associate together until after the moulting season, when all ties are dissolved, and they know thenceforth neither kindred nor kindness.

I am aware that the fact of the woodcock rearing two broods in the same season has been disputed, but I am thoroughly satisfied of the fact, having repeatedly killed

six and eight youngsters, and those of different sizes, with but one couple of old birds; and that, too, in places so small as to render it next to impossible that any should have remained unsprung, and on occasions when every bird sprung has been brought to bag.

A stronger proof than this I can adduce, involving, too, a pleasant anecdote concerning the maternal affection of this usually deemed stupid bird.

A few years since, I think it was in 1841, there was a deep fall of snow, covering the greater part of the State of New York, near eighteen inches deep, so late as the twelfth or fifteenth of May. It thawed, of course, immediately, and produced a complete inundation, the early spring having been rather uncommonly dry. From this I argued ill for the prospects of the shooting season. But fine weather followed, and by most persons the spring snow-storm and freshet were forgotten.

On the first of July I went with a friend, a good shot and eager sportsman, to a favorite shooting ground in Orange County, New York, on part of which, for it had a very large range, and contained many varieties of lying, we had bagged in the previous year a hundred and twenty-five birds in a single day's shooting.

We shot the first day on the low meadows, and killed hardly any birds, not, to the best of my recollection, above ten or a dozen, in a severe day's walking. They were well-grown birds, but not a single old one in the number. My companion, greatly annoyed, insisted that the ground had been hunted before that season, and all the birds killed off except the handful we had found. From this conclusion I dissented, arguing that if such had been the case, we should have found old birds, the young being the easier both to find and to kill, especially for cockney sportsmen, who alone may be presumed to hunt before that season. My friend grew almost angry, and asked me, "Where, then, are the birds?" I answered, "Wait until to-morrow

evening, when we shall have beat our other ground, and I will tell you."

The next day we did beat the other ground; wet swales, and sloping woods of small extent in valleys watered by little streamlets from the hills. The result was the same, a wretched day's sport, and no old birds, or at least hardly any.

As usual, each held his own position. My friend again asked, "How do you account for this?" I replied, "All the young broods have been destroyed by the freshet, except the very few which got off before the May flood. This accounts for the fewness of the birds, and for the uncommon size of those few. The old birds are now hatching their second broods on the ridges and hill-sides. I will show you that I am right, to-morrow." And to-morrow I did show him that the ridges and sapling coverts, sprouts, as the country people call them, were full of old birds hovering, and no young ones.

Still my companion was incredulous as to the second broods, until in the afternoon, as I was passing through a little clump of alders, not above two or three yards square, I flushed a bird, which flew out to him. He fired. I called out to inquire whether he had killed, and as he answered "yes," I heard the bird flapping its wings on the ground, in the death-struggle, as I imagined. Knowing that he could recover the bird in the open ground, I beat out the thicket thoroughly, and left it, satisfied that it contained no other bird, though I had some difficulty in getting one of my setters away from what I supposed to be a field-mouse. On joining my friend, he told me that the bird had flapped up, when he was in the act of laying his hand upon it, and had staggered away, seeming every moment on the point of falling, so that he did not care to fire at it again, until it had got out of shot; but that he had marked it down to a yard, in a thick brush fence, three or four hundred yards away. On go-

ing to the place, the dogs took the scent readily; but while they were trailing it, the bird rose, a hundred yards off, flapping and staggering about, as if severely hurt, and flew some three or four hundred yards farther from the thicket in which we first started it, and dropped again in a piece of thick hill-side coppice. I marked the bird accurately by the top of a pine tree, and off we set in pursuit, I more than half suspecting that the bird was unwounded. Scarce had we entered the covert, when up whizzed the identical bird, fresh and sound, from the very brake in which I had marked him, and away like a bullet through the tree-tops. So thoroughly convinced was I, that, though I could have killed the bird with ease, I would not fire at it; but, to convince my still doubting friend, we walked back to the little tuft in which we first sprung the cock, he promising not to fire if we should again flush her. My dogs were not well in the alders before the bird rose again, and was going away at her best pace, when my friend's shot stopped her, to my infinite disgust. He is a very quick shot, and in the excitement of the moment forgot everything except the game and the fury of pursuit.

Almost at the same moment, old Chance, he was the best retriever I ever saw in any country, picked up from the spot where I had supposed he was snuffing after a field-mouse, a young downy, unfledged woodcock, less than two inches long.

Chance was the finest retriever I ever saw, broke by Mike Sandford, of Newark, and would carry a hurt bird by the tip of his wing, without ruffling a feather; and though it will hardly be believed, I took the little fledgling from his mouth unharmed, and had the satisfaction of seeing him run away briskly, and hide himself behind a dock leaf.

That day we shot no more, nor indeed that summer; but before we left Orange County I went again to the

same brake, with the old dog, but without a gun, and flushed what I presumed to have been the male bird, which, by its simulated crippled flight, again drawing me away from the spot, convinced me that he was watching over his motherless little ones.

Had I needed anything to convince me that woodcock ought not to be shot in July, that scene would have convinced me; and since that day I have never ceased to advocate a change and simplification of our game-laws, which should prohibit the killing of woodcock until the first day of October; and make that one day the end of close time for all game whatever, except the ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, or partridge, the reason for which exception I shall give under the head of that fine bird, when I reach him in his turn.

I am satisfied that this change should be made; because the parent birds do not cease from sitting until the commencement of the moulting season, that is, about the first of August, when they disappear for a while, migrating, as some believe, yet farther northward, or, as I fancy, moving to the difficult mountain tops, and scattering themselves among the little swales and gulleys which intersect them. This is the first grand reason, and is in itself all-sufficient; for as close time is only adopted for the protection of the brooding birds, it should, of course, continue until the broods are out of danger.

A second reason is scarce less valid: that not one-tenth part of the young birds, killed in July, are half-grown, and consequently afford little sport to the shooter, and are, comparatively speaking, valueless on the table.

A third may be found in the extreme heat of July weather, which renders the sport a toil both to man and dog, and makes it impossible to bring home the game in a state fit to be eaten, even on the day which sees it killed.

Last, not least, the law, as it now stands, can hardly be enforced, so difficult is it to limit men to this or that day, when it appears to be a mere arbitrary distinction. Prohibit the killing of the bird at all during his spring and summer visit; strictly punish those who vend him during that period; let the cause of the prohibition be made thoroughly public, and you will enlist the now law-breakers in the cause of law-protection.

No danger of their anticipating the first of October by a few days or weeks, for this simple reason, that before that day the bird has not returned from his summer rustication, and, consequently, is not there to be killed.

These views I submit humbly, but with full conviction of their justice, to all sportsmen and friends of sporting; and earnestly do I entreat them to give them a fair consideration, if they would save the woodcock from the fate of the heath-hen, expatriation and extinction.

In my next paper I shall treat this question somewhat more fully, as connected with the short moulting migration, with autumn, or, technically, fall shooting; with the use and breaking of the dog; and with what will perhaps be new to some of my readers, the fire-hunting of the South, as applied to winged game, and shooting on the wing.

PART II.

The year has now arrived at the first week of August, and the earth is scourged with almost intolerable heat. The dwellers of large cities are all on the wing for the fresh breezes of the Atlantic Coast, for the mineral springs among the cold and quiet mountains, for the snug farm-houses in some green and shady vale.

Many of these, sportsmen in their own conceit, and that only, go forth encumbered with their Purdeys, or

their Mantons, and accompanied by their high-bred and well-broke dogs, in the vain hope of finding sport in the moist woodlands or the marshy meadows, that shall relieve the tedium consequent on change from the stirring habits, and the bustle of dense streets, to the monotonous tranquility and calmness of the country.

In the vain hope, I said. And wherefore vain? methinks I hear the reader ask, unlearned in the mysteries of wood and river.

Vain hope, dear friend, because, of all the months in the woodland year, this burning month of August is the most barren, to the gentle sportsman, of all legitimate occupation. No species of seasonable game is to be found, in this month, in sufficient numbers to render its pursuit exciting; while the fierce heat of the summer sun renders his sportive labor toilsome to the man, and the lack of game is apt to produce carelessness, headstrongness, and disobedience to command, in his four-footed comrade.

It is for these good reasons that the gun of the genuine sportsman hangs idle on the antlers in his hall, with pouch, and flask, and empty game-bag at its side, during this weary month; while his employment in the field is limited to keeping his dogs in exercise, and to preparing them, by steady house-breaking, for the sport of the more genial autumn.

During this month of August, the English snipe, having withdrawn from our latitudes in June, is luxuriating in the Arctic regions of Labrador and scarce thawed Greenland. The quail is protected by wise laws, raising her first bevy, if the season has been cold and backward; her second, if the times have been times of promise to the expectant sportsman. The ruffed grouse is protected likewise; but, as I think, improperly, holding, myself, this month to be the fittest of the twelve for his legitimate and pleasant slaughter. The woodcock, too, our

own woodcock, our present topic of discourse, hath departed, vanished from his haunts of last month, for a season, not to be found of dogs, or shot of men, until crisp frosts shall have embrowned the meadows, until the maple shall have changed his leafy green for hectic crimson.

It is strange that no naturalist should have noticed this brief migration; for none have done so, none, at least, of whose writings I am cognizant. It is scarcely less strange that, until very recently, even sportsmen, who knew and perceived the sudden disappearance of the bird, should have doubted or denied the fact of its migration at this period.

When first I began to sport in this country, some fifteen years ago, there were two theories current among sportsmen whereby to account for the fact that in woods where the birds swarmed in July, he was hardly to be found in August. Both theories, as I have proved thoroughly to my own satisfaction, are absurd and futile.

The first was this: That the bird did not, in truth, disappear at all, but remained on his old ground; though, owing to the fact of his being in moult, he gave out no scent whereby the dog could detect him; and from sickness, or inability to fly with his wonted velocity, refused to rise before the tread of his intruding enemy, the man.

This theory is answered in a word. The woodcock, while in moult, does give out as much scent, is pointed as readily by dogs, does rise as willingly before the frosts, and is as good upon the table as at any other season; facts which are easily proved, since, although the great mass of birds withdraw during August, and do not return before October, a few do still tarry in their old swamps, and may be found and shot; though so few in number, and at so great an expense of time and labor, as to render the pursuit of them toilsome, and productive only of weariness and disappointment.

I have, however, killed them repeatedly, while endeavoring to satisfy myself of the facts which I now assert, so deep in the moult that their bodies have been almost naked, and that they have fluttered up feebly and with a heavy whirring, on wings divested of one half the quill-feathers; and in that state I have observed that the dogs stood as staunchly, and at as great a distance from their game, as usual; and that the birds took wing as freely, though, in truth, half impotent to fly.

The other theory was this, which I have heard insisted on as strenuously as the former: That the woodcock, on beginning to moult, betakes himself to the maize, or Indian corn fields, and remains there unsuspected until the crops have been housed and the cold weather has set in.

That a few scattered woodcock may be found in wet, low maize fields, along the edge of woods, is true; and it is true, also, that they feed in such situations in great numbers, during the night, previous to their removal; but that they are ever to be found generally, or for any number of consecutive days or weeks, in such ground, is an utterly incorrect surmise, disproved by long experience.

I have applied myself carefully to the investigation of this circumstance; and in the last ten years have certainly beaten a thousand maize fields thoroughly, with a brace of as good setters as any private gentleman possessed, at the very period when farmers would tell me "they were as thick as fowls in the corn fields;" and I have not on any occasion flushed more than three birds in any one field; nor have I killed twenty-five on such ground altogether.

I think the reader will admit that the two theories alluded to above are, by these facts, indisputably controverted.

And now I must expect that it will be inquired of me,

"Whither, then, do they go? what becomes of them?" to which sage questions it is, I grieve to say, my fate to be unable to make satisfactory reply. I was formerly inclined to believe that when the moult is at hand, the woodcock withdraws to the small upland runnels and boggy streamlets which are to be found everywhere among our hills or mountains. That the moulting season is the signal for dispersion, and the termination of all family ties between the young and old birds, is certain. From this time forth, until the next February brings round the pairing time, the woodcock, whether found singly in a solitary place, or among scores of his kind, is still a lonely and ungregarious bird, coming and going at his own pleasure, without reference, undemocratic rascal, to the will of the majority.

In corroboration of this view of the absence of our bird during the early autumn, I was once informed by a gentleman, whose word I have no reason to disbelieve, that on ascending once to the summit of Bull Hill, one of the loftiest of the highlands of the Hudson, with the intent of showing the fine view thence to a city friend, he found the brushwood on the barren and rocky ledges, and even on the crown of the hill, literally alive with woodcock. This occurred, according to his statement, in the beginning of September, when no birds were to be found in the level and wet woods below. He further stated that he at first intended to revisit the hill the next day, with dog and gun, in order to profit by his discovery, but was prevented doing so by casual circumstances, until the frost had set in keenly in the woods. He then climbed the hill, and beat it carefully with dogs, without obtaining one point to reward his labor; and on the next day found the swamps below full of birds.

Not vouching for the truth of this tale, I tell it as 'twas told to me. The teller was a sportsman, and a man of average veracity, that is to say, I should have been

inclined to believe any fact he stated, where I could see no interest on his part which should lead him to attempt deception. In this case there was no such reason; not even the desire of prevailing in argument, for we were not arguing. I can not, therefore, well doubt the correctness of his information.

If truly stated, as I believe it to have been, this fact makes somewhat for my former opinion. I have also myself frequently found scattered birds on such hill-tops, and in such mountain-swales, while deer-stalking, in August and September, though not in numbers which would justify the belief in a general migration *en masse* to such localities.

If, however, my half-formed opinion, for it is no more, be correct, the birds are dispersed at this period of the year, and are only to be found, casually, in knots of three or four, and never in greater numbers.

The other, and, on the whole, perhaps more probable suggestion, is this: That, after rearing their young, driven by the heat of the weather, or, it may be, by the temporary exhaustion of food on their favorite grounds, they move farther northward, as does the English snipe yet earlier in the season, not to return until the premature cold of northern Canada drives them back, to tarry with us a few months on their way southward.

Should this prove to be the case, the woodcock, instead of being termed with us a summer bird of passage, must be regarded as a spring and autumnal visitant, like his congener, the snipe; with this difference, that the snipe rarely breeds with us, going northward to nidificate, while his fellow emigrant, our *Scolopax*, invariably rears his young before going farther toward the frosts of the northern pole.

Of these suggestions my readers must judge whether is the better of the two; one of the two I believe to be the only way for accounting for the woodcock's short disap-

pearance at this season. For the rest, as I leaned at first to the former, so do I now rather incline toward the latter belief, facts not bearing out the former to my satisfaction, although I do not think the question has been, as yet, fully tested by experiment.

It is to be regretted, here, that this question is yearly becoming, in these districts, more difficult of solution; and I am the more strenuous in noting this emigration, because things may come, ere long, to such a pass that it will become wholly undistinguishable.

When first I shot in New Jersey, and in the river counties of New York, the disappearance of the birds was evident enough; because, up to a certain day, they abounded, and after that, were not. Now, long before the second week of July, the woodcock are exterminated in their summer haunts for miles and miles around our large cities; too many of them, alas, slaughtered before the season, when scarcely able to fly, when nearly unfit for the table, when a game despicable to the loyal sportsman, and a victim easy to the pot-hunting knave, who goes gunning with a half-bred, half-broken cur, and a German fowling-piece, dear at a dollar's purchase.

Oh, gentlemen legislators—gentlemen sportsmen,

"Reform it altogether!"

Oh, ye choice spirits, who stood forth, after the long, hard winter and deep snow-drifts, quail-destroying, of 1836, to rescue that delightful little fowl from total extinction, stand forth in likewise now, in protection of the woodcock. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Railroads are ruining the hopes, the pleasures of the sportsman; our best shooting grounds now swarm, on the first of July, with guns more numerous than birds; the Warwick woodlands, once inaccessible to the pot-hunter and the poacher, may now be reached for fifty cents; may now be swept clear in a single day, nay, are swept clear of half-fledged younglings, by men, boys, and bung-

lers, and ruthlessly devoured before the season has set in, by ignorant, voracious cockneys.

"Reform it altogether!"

Enact that the woodcock shall not be slain, shall not be possessed, as Mr. Blunt possessed him, on plate or in stomach, until the first day of October. Every true sportsman, every sportsman whatsoever, will go hand and heart with the law, will watch and prevent the illegal sale of the bird; and then, ye gods of wood-craft! Sylvans and Fauns! and thou friend of the hunter, Pan! what sport shall we have in brown October, when the sere underbrush is bare of leaves to mar the sportsman's aim; when the cool, dewy earth sends up the odor of the game in fresh streams to the setter's keen and sagacious nose; when the pure air braces the nerves and fans the brow, delicious; when the full-grown, white-fronted, pink-legged cock springs up, not fluttering feebly now and staggering stupidly into the muzzle of the gun, to drop again within twenty yards, but on a vigorous and whistling pinion, with sharp-piping alarm note, swift as a rifle-bullet, soaring away through the tree-tops, or darting, devious with abrupt zig-zags, among the thick-set saplings.

Him no boy can blaze at his twenty times in half an hour, and slaughter after all with one chance pellet, or happily wearied down without one! Him can no German gun achieve, of cast iron, scattering its shot over an area of twenty feet, harmless at twenty yards! Him can no cur-dog flush in gun-shot of pot-hunting poacher.

No! gentle reader, him, whether he lies in the tufted fern and wintergreens, or the dry slope of some warm westering hill-side, among brown second growth of oak and chestnut; whether he wades among the shallow mud-pools, sheltered by fern, dock-leaves, and dark colt's-foot of some deep maple swamp, it needs the stealthy pace,

the slow, cat-like, guarded motion, the instinctive knowledge of the ground, the perfect nose, and absolute docility, which belong only to the thorough dog of the thorough sportsman, to find certainly, and stand staunchly! Him, whether he flap up, seen for one second only, among the leafless stems, and lost the next among the tufted tops of the yet verdant alders; whether he soar away, with his sharp whistle, far, far above the red and yellow tree-tops; whether he pitch, now here, now there, sharply and suddenly, among close saplings, it needs the eye of faith, the finger of instinct, the steady nerves, the deliberate celerity, the marking glance, which characterize the true sportsman, the crack shot, who, as poor Cypress averred truly, is born like the poet, not made like the orator, to cut down at his speed, not wing-tipped or leg-broken, but riddled by the concentrated charge, turned over and over in mid air, arrested mercifully by quick and unerring death, and falling with a heavy thud, which tells good things of ten ounces' weight, on the brown leaves of gorgeous autumn.

My words are weak to describe the full charm of this noble pastime, noble when followed, as it should be, in the true animus and ardor of the chase, but most ignoble when perverted to base, culinary, carnal, gluttonous, self-seeking; weak are they when compared with the vivid and heart-thrilling reality. Yet read them, gentle legislators; spurn not the bill of *scolopax*, long though it be, in no wise tedious, spurn not the humble petition of the sportsman. Enact! enact! and save our gentle, well-born woodcock; preserve our harmless occupation from the untimely end which threatens it. And ye, oh generous club, who hold your meetings under the sign and sanction of the noble woodcock, perpend and ponder. Judge if it be not for the best to adopt my plan for our bird's safeguard: one common day of killing in all our northern country, for all States, all counties, so we shall

shun all caviling, and that one day the first of October. And thou, Colonel D— P——r, famous although thy race of pointers, great although thy renown with the Manton, hear my words and repent; thou who, a member of that same sportsmen's club in Gotham; thou who, although thou didst, alas, know better, didst most feloniously and basely, taking advantage of a flaw in Jersey law, anticipate thy brother sportsmen and shoot woodcock long before the fourth day of July, on our friend Tom Dekay's fine farm, nigh unto Vernon, in good Sussex County. Oh, fie on thee! repent! repent, and be forgiven!

Oh! if there be a clause in the New Jersey statute permitting every land-owner to slay game, in or out of season, on his own farm, to wring the neck of the hen quail sitting upon her speckled eggs, to murder the hen woodcock hovering her helpless young, if that same clause empower that owner to authorize his friend to do like shameful murder, does it befit the gentle and the generous, the courteous and the chivalrous, for such should the true sportsman be, to avail himself of so miserable a pettifogging subterfuge? Ashamed to hear of it, thou wert, Col. D— P——r; for thou didst blush, confused, and stammer faint apology, when charged with thy misdoings. Why not ashamed to do it, gallant colonel? Or how shall we dare to enforce the law, or pray for legislative aid to save our proper birds from others, if one from among ourselves resort to small evasion, descend to dirty depredations?

I trust, indeed, that the day will ere long arrive, if not ere long, then will it never be, when all true sportsmen, and their name, in this land of guns, is legion, will set their faces steadily toward game protection, as steadily against those false brothers of the gun, who, crying out, "protect!" "protect!" yet lose, themselves, no opportunity, when unsuspected or unseen, of slaughtering for

the bag, and for the brag, at all risks, in all manners, and at all seasons.

There certainly is no more manly, no more salubrious, no more animating sport than the pursuit of game, with the trained dog and the gun. It naturally induces hardihood, and strength of limb, freeness of breath, vigor of constitution; it makes men familiar with those works of God, in the field and forest, which are unknown to the dwellers of pent cities. To the studious and sedentary scholar, it is a salutary change of habits, a better tonic and restorative than any bark or bitters; to the rich citizen, the man of wealth and luxury, and leisure, it is almost the only thing that shall save him from drivelling down into a mere gluttonous sensualist, or yet worse, a mere effeminate man-milliner. It leads us into the wildest and the fairest scenes of nature; it brings us quietly to think and ponder with ourselves; it teaches us the habits and instincts, of those inferior animals which we too much incline to undervalue; it causes us to weigh their instincts, to compare them with our own boasted reason; it discovers to us that the poorest bird, the humblest quadruped, has gifts and attributes greater than we possess, and exquisitely suited to its wants.

Does it not lead us, then, to self-examination in some sort and to humility? to the knowledge of ourselves, of our fellow men, and of the great works of our Maker?

I, for one, think so; and I never hear a greasy-faced, sanctimonious fellow declaim against the cruelty, the wantonness, and the unprofitableness of field-sports, but I set him down for an arrant fool, or an arrant hypocrite. But I long to assure him that, in the eyes of Heaven, and, God be thanked, even in this world also, some pursuits are held profitable besides that of the almighty dollar; and some amusements innocent besides cheating our neighbors in the street, and calling that business; or

slandering them by the fireside, and calling that conversation!

I believe, therefore, that field-sports, not carried to excess, but used in their proper places, and at their proper times, are very innocent, very creditable, and very profitable, and very improving pastime. For my own part, I know that they have ministered incalculably to the improvement of my bodily health; and I am sure, at least, that they have not deteriorated my mental faculties; nor do I conceive how any reasonable man can fail to discover that some inducement is necessary to lead men to take that degree of exercise which is necessary to the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano;* and that there can be no stronger or better inducement than this ancient and masculine amusement, which never was decried until these effete days, rich mainly in hypocrisy and humbug.

Xenophon said, of old, that there was no sport so suitable to the making of soldiers as this said sport of hunting; and to this day, it is true that the ability, nay, not ability only, but willingness, to endure all extremes of heat and cold, of thirst and hunger, of fatigue and watchfulness, to which the sportsman must inure himself, is that precisely which in the highest degree constitutes the aptitude of the citizen to be the soldier. Nor is this all; for the readiness of hand and quickness of eye, the instinctive rapidity of thought and glance, and the coolness under surprise, which the sportsman must needs acquire if he would be successful, are qualities more requisite than any to the warrior.

Depending, as America does mainly, if not entirely, for her defence, on the facility of converting her citizens into soldiers, I think that all consistent means should be taken to prevent that of which I fancy there is some danger, at least in the great cities; the growth, I mean, of luxury and effeminate habits among the rising generation.

Destroy game, abolish field-sports, and you abolish the most manly of exercises; you leave the lounge in fashionable streets, or the drive in easy chariots, as the sole out-of-doors amusement of the wealthy man; and to the poor man you leave none at all, but rioting and what is termed rowdyism, if these can be called amusements.

For all these reasons, therefore, I think it highly advisable that the extermination of game in the vicinity of our large cities should be prevented if possible; and that it can only be prevented by the speedy interposition of the States' Legislatures, backed by a truer and more single spirit than now exists among those who are proud of the name, even when they possess too few of the attributes of honorable sportsmen, I hold certain.

To these, therefore, I appeal in protection, especially, of the woodcock, which will, most assuredly, before ten years have elapsed, be as utterly exterminated, within fifty miles of New York, and within the like circuit of all other large cities, as are the deer and the heath-hen, nay, the wild turkeys, which once peopled our own hunting-grounds.

In conclusion, I find, on reference to my last article on this subject, that I made allusion to a mode of killing the woodcock commonly practised in the Southern States, which is so singular, and so completely at variance with all our ideas of sporting in these regions, that it deserves mention, and will, I doubt not, be interesting to many readers who may never have heard of such a process, which, unheard of, they certainly never would imagine.

This process is termed fire-hunting; it is carried on, of course, at night, and arises from the habits of the bird in that section of the country, which differ wholly from its usages while here.

In Louisiana and Mississippi, where, chiefly, this mode of sporting prevails, the woodcock lies during the day-

time entirely in the dense canebrakes and impenetrable swamps which intersect and divide the cultivated lands and rich plantations, and wherein it would be almost impossible, and altogether weary and unprofitable to attempt to follow him; as he could hardly be killed on the wing in such covert as is there found, while the toil would be incomparably greater than the pleasure of the pursuit.

No sooner is it dark, however, than out the woodcocks come by thousands, from their fastnesses, and pitching down on all sides in the old fields and maize stubbles, apply themselves to nibbling and boring in the soft, rich loam for their succulent worm diet.

Hereupon the fire-hunt commences. With gun and game-bag, powder-flask and shot-pouch, and all appliances and means *secundum artem*, the sportsman sallies forth; but no silky-haired, high-strung, sagacious setter, no satin-skinned, rat-tailed, obedient pointer follows his master's heels. In lieu of Don or Sancho, an old, crafty, grizzle-pated, merry negro comes forth, equipped with the brazen vessel of a warming-pan, or the like instrument, set erect on a pole of some ten or twelve feet in length, and filled with light wood, pine-knots, or such like bright-burning combustibles.

Arrived on the feeding-ground, a light is applied; the quick fuel sends out a broad, ruddy glare; and as the bearer slowly circumambulates the field, a circle of intense lustre is shed for ten yards around him, rendering every object more clearly visible than at noon-day. The shooter walks close to the fire-bearer, on his right hand, and ever and anon, as the circular glare passes along over the surface of the ground, his eye detects the woodcock, crouching close to the earth, and gazing with its full, fascinated eye upon the strange illumination. The next instant, up it springs, dizzy and confused; and soaring upward toward the light, it is seen for a second, and then

is lost in the surrounding darkness; but of that one quick second the sportsman takes advantage, and by a snap shot cuts him down with a light charge, never killing a bird at above ten paces distant, and often bagging his hundred in a single evening's work.

This mode of cock-shooting arises, as it is evident, *ex necessitate rei*, and may, for a while, be sufficiently exciting. It must, however, lack all that variety which is the great charm of northern shooting, variety which arises from the working of the emulous, obedient, and well-trained dogs, in observing whose exquisite instinct, fine attitudes, and beautiful docility, *me judice*, lies half the pleasure of field-sports; variety which, together with the lovely scenery, the brisk, breezy air, and the exulting sense of personal independence and personal power, springing from these, and from the glow of cheerful exercise, renders these sports, to active, energetic, and enthusiastic minds, the first of pleasures, and almost a necessary relief from the dull monotony of every-day existence.

THE QUAIL.

THE QUAIL.

Tetrao Coturnix, Lin.; *Coturnix Virginianus*, Latham; *Ortyx Virginianus*, Sir William Jardine. The Quail, of the Eastern and Middle, the Partridge, of the Southern States.

This beautiful little bird affords one of the most remarkable examples of those errors and confusions in the nomenclature of game, to which I alluded, in the first paper of this series, as being so general in this country. It would appear, indeed, at first sight, and I suspect not quite untruly, that we have derived the names of all our game, and many of our common song-birds, from the rude and unpolished men who, for the most part, first settled the woodlands of the United States, and who, from a desire to cultivate some pleasant memories of home in their new country, gave to such varieties as they found here, having the slightest affinity to the unforgotten animals of Europe, names often incongruous and unfitting. This bird is one of the instances in question; and consequently, we find that it has, in fact, no name at all in the United States, its appellation being made to depend altogether on that of another bird in no wise connected with it, the ruffed grouse, namely, *tetrao umbellus;* which it has pleased the original nomenclators to call variously partridge and pheasant, to neither of which species does it bear much more resemblance than does an owl to a woodcock, or a game-fowl to a turkey.

Where the ruffed grouse is called a partridge, the bird of which we are now speaking is called a quail, only, I believe, because it is smaller than the other, and because, in England, the quail is the next gallinaceous fowl in size after the partridge. Where the ruffed grouse is called the pheasant, our bird becomes the partridge, from precisely the same analogy in size, and in that only, to European game.

With regard to the ruffed grouse, there can be no question for a moment by what name he should be called; for he is a distinct variety of a well-known genus, several varieties being found in the United States, and yet others in the British Possessions and the Oregon Territory. He is neither partridge nor pheasant, but a distinct feather-legged grouse, and properly called ruffed or tippet grouse, from the beautiful long neck feathers, which, though pendulous in the unexcited state of the bird, are set up in the form of a magnificent ruff, while the tail is fanned like that of a peacock or turkey, by the amorous male during the breeding season. It is, therefore, equally unsportsmanlike and unscientific to call the bird pheasant or partridge; and it is, moreover, as needless as it is a stupid barbarism, since the bird has an excellent good name of its own, by which it should invariably be styled, whether in writing or in conversation, by every one claiming to share the spirit of the gentle sport.

As concerns our little friend, whom I judge it best to designate as quail, for reasons which I will briefly give hereafter, this is not altogether the case; for, singular as it may appear, he is so unfortunate as to possess no legitimate or scientific English name whatever. Formerly, he was classed by naturalists as a variety of the quail, *Tetrao Coturnix* of Linnæus, and as such was denominated *Coturnix Virginianus*, Virginia Quail, owing to the fact, doubtless, than in Virginia he was found more abundantly, perhaps only, on the first landing of English settlers in America.

It has been, however, more recently determined, and I presume correctly, that this bird is not a variety of quail, but a distinct species, peculiar to the New World, and situate about midway between the tribes of partridges and quails; and the investigators of these differences, which consist in the greater hardness and peculiar shape of the bill of the American bird, and in some dissimi-

larity in the shape of the wing, have agreed to designate the new variety, scientifically, as *Ortyx Virginianus*, but have assigned to him no name whatever in the vernacular.

I may here be permitted to observe, that the new term, *ortyx*, as a designation of a new genus, or sub-genus, is absurdly ill-chosen; since the old name, *Coturnix Virginianus*, signifies Virginian Quail, in Latin, while *Ortyx Virginianus* signifies precisely the same thing in Latinized Greek.

Now, it is partly for this reason that I would retain the old English name of quail, in preference to that of partridge, for this American species; since I consider the choice of the title, by the distinguished naturalists who have adopted the designation *ortyx*, to indicate that the bird is, in their opinion, more nearly allied to the quail than to the partridge.

Again, the size, weight, haunts, and habits of the American bird all very nearly resemble those of the European quail; while they are exceedingly unlike those of European partridges, of which there are two varieties, the gray, or English, and the red-legged, or French species.

The American bird is, perhaps, an ounce heavier than the European quail, while it is full one-half lighter than either of the partridges. The American bird, like the European quail, frequents bushy ground, and the skirts of woodland, and often takes to the tree, and perches. The European partridges are very rarely found in the shrubbery or coppice, and are never known to perch. The American bird, like the European quail, is migratory. The European partridge never removes, unless in consequence of unrelenting pursuit, far from the fields on which he is bred; and lastly, the cry, the flight, and the plumage of the American bird very closely resemble those of his compeer, the quail of Europe.

Hence I consider quail to be his correct name, in com-

mon parlance; I should wish to see American quail adopted as his title in works on ornithology; and I sincerely trust that I shall live to see one general name, and that name quail, adopted by all sportsmen in the United States, thereby avoiding the palpable absurdity of shooting, I will suppose, twenty of these birds, and two or three ruffed grouse, in the morning, in New Jersey, the former being quails and the latter partridges; and, in the afternoon, walking across a bridge over the Delaware, and shooting more birds of each kind in Pennsylvania, which shall there and then have become partridges and pheasants. Heaven save the mark! When it is as clear as day that there is not a single variety of partridge or pheasant to be found on the whole continent of America, North and South.

The pheasant is an Asiatic bird, like the peacock; originally found on the southern shores of the Black Sea, and thence imported into Europe, where it has thriven wonderfully; so that in Germany and France, and yet more so in England, it has become indigenous and abundant. Many attempts have been made to naturalize it in this country, but entirely without success; owing, I fancy, to the want of moisture in the climate, and to the summer drouths, rather than to the severity of the winter season.

Having premised thus much concerning his name, I will describe our bird briefly, and then proceed to his habits and haunts, which are both curious and interesting; and indicative of a higher degree of instinct than is usual to birds of this tribe, and seemingly more nearly allied to reason.

The quail is about nine inches in length, from the tip of his bill to the extremity of the toes, by twelve in width, from wing to wing, when extended. Though apparently much smaller than the woodcock, he is not much lighter, for not only are his feathers closer and more compact, but

he is rounder and plumper in proportion to his length; and when well-grown and full-fed, weighs from seven to nine ounces, although he rarely attains the maximum.

His bill is strong and horny, the upper mandible considerably arched; and the whole instrument constituting an apparatus calculated to break the shells of the hardest seeds, as well as a weapon capable of inflicting severe wounds on its rivals; for he is scarcely less pugnacious than the game-cock; and is still kept for the same purpose by the Chinese and Malays, as he was of old by the polished democrats of Athens.

His eye is large, black, and very lively. The back of his head, neck, shoulders, wing-coverts, and rump, are all beautifully mottled with brown, black, and chestnut, each feather having a yellowish margin, and a dark, irregular line, diverging from the point towards the stem. The quills and tail are of a rich, reddish brown, broadly barred with black.

In the cock-bird, the cheeks and chin are snow-white, with the exception of a dark streak, running upward from the angle of the eyes. In the hen they are a bright ochreous yellow. The breast, in both, is white, speckled with wavy lines of black, something like arrow-heads in shape, pointing downward toward the tail; the legs are protected by strong scales, of an olive brown, and the male bird has rather a formidable spur.

Otherwise there is no distinction between the sexes, which are similar in eye and shape; except, perhaps, that the colors of the hen are somewhat less vivid and distinct than those of the male, as is generally the case in the animal creation.

It will be seen at once from this description, that our American quail is a most beautiful little bird; but his beauties do not consist merely in his plumage, but in his gait, his pretty, pert movements, his great vivacity, his joyful attitudes, his constant and cheerful activity.

He is in all respects the most social, the merriest, the most amiable of his tribe. During the breeding season he alone, of the gallinaceous tribe, makes wood and mead resound with his shrill, merry whistle, whence our country folk have framed to him a name, Bob White, from some fancied similarity of sound, cheering his faithful partner during the toils of incubation.

Afterward, when the bevies are collected, as he runs from the huddle in which he has passed the night, he salutes his brethren, perhaps thanks his Creator for the pleasant dawn, with the most cheerful noise that can be fancied, a short, quick, happy chirping, "and seems to be," to borrow the words of the inimitable Audubon, I quote from memory alone, "the happiest little creature in the universe."

Unlike the young broods of the woodcock, which are mute, save the twitter with which they rise, the bevies of quail appear to be attached to each other by tender affection. If dispersed by accidental causes, either in search of their food, or from being flushed by some casual intruder, so soon as their first alarm has passed over, they begin calling to each other with a small plaintive note, quite different from the amorous whistle of the male bird, and from their merry day-break cheeping, and each one running toward the sound and repeating it at intervals, they soon collect themselves together in one happy little family, the circle of which remains unbroken until the next spring, with the genial weather, brings matrimonial ardors, pairing and courtship, in the hope of future bevies.

If, however, the ruthless sportsman has been among them, with his well-trained setter and unerring gun, so that death has sorely thinned their numbers, they will protract their little call for their lost comrades, even to nightfall; and in such cases, I know not if it be fancy on my part, there has often seemed to me to be an unusual

degree of melancholy in their wailing whistle. Once this struck me especially. I had found a small bevy of thirteen birds in an orchard, close to a house in which I was passing a portion of the summer, and in a very few minutes killed twelve of them, for they lay hard in the clover, and it was perfectly open shooting. The thirteenth and last bird, rising with two others, which I killed right and left, flew but a short distance and dropped among some sumachs in the corner of a rail fence. I could have shot him certainly enough, but some undefined feeling induced me to call my dogs to heel and spare his little life; yet, afterwards, I almost regretted what I certainly intended at the time to be mercy; for day after day, so long as I remained in the country, I heard his sad call from morn until dewy eve, crying for his departed friends, and full, apparently of memory, which is, alas, but too often another name for sorrow.

The quail is not only the most sociable of his tribe in reference to his fellows, but is by far the most tamable and friendly in his disposition as regards the general enemy and universal tyrant, man.

In the winter season, when the ground is so deeply covered with snow as to render it impossible for them to obtain their customary food, the seeds, namely, of the various grasses which they love the most, or the grains which lie scattered in the stubbles, they come naturally into the vicinity of man's dwelling, and it is by no means an unusual sight to perceive them running about among the domestic fowls in the barn-yard, and flying up, if suddenly disturbed, to perch under the rafters of some barn or out-house, seemingly fearless and confident, in such seasons, of protection.

At this moment, I have a bevy of thirteen birds lying within three or four hundred yards of the room in which I sit writing, under the shelter of a rough wooded bank whereon I have been feeding them with buckwheat since

the heavy snows have fallen, and they have now become so tame that they will allow me to approach within twenty paces of the spot where they are fed, running about and picking up the triangular seeds, perfectly unconcerned in my presence. As soon, however, as the spring shall have commenced, and the bevy separated themselves into pairs, their wild habits will return upon them, and I shall see no more of my little friends until I meet them next autumn in the brown stubble-field, no longer in the light of a protector.

The quail pairs early in the month of February, if the winter has been a mild one and the ground at that period is free from its snowy winter covering. If, on the contrary, the spring be late and backward, his courtship is deferred until March, sometimes even so late as to the beginning of April.

As soon as he has chosen to himself a mate, the happy pair retreat to wide, open, rushy meadows, where the conformation of the country affords them such retirement, among the tussocks of which they love to bask in the soft spring sunshine. Where the land is higher, and is broken into knolls and gulleys, you will find them at this season on the grassy banks beside some sheltered hedge-row, or along the green and shrubby margin of some sequestered retreat, but never in thick woodlands, and rarely in open fields.

Most birds, so soon as they have paired, proceed at once to the duties of nidification and the rearing of their young; it seems to me, however, that the quail spends some time in pairs before proceeding to this task; for I have frequently seen them paired so early as the twentieth of February; yet I have never found the hen sitting, or a nest with eggs in it, during spring snipe-shooting, though I have often flushed the paired birds on the same ground with the long-billed emigrants.

I have never, indeed, seen a quail's nest earlier than

the middle of May, and have often found them sitting so late as the end of July.

Their nest is inartificial, made of grasses, and situate, for the most part, under the shelter of a stump or tussock in some wild meadow, or near the bushy margin of some clover-field or orchard. The hen lays from ten to two-and-twenty eggs, and is relieved at times, in hatching them, by the male bird, who constantly keeps guard around her, now sitting on the bough of the nearest tree, now perched on the top rail of a snake fence, making the woods and hills resound with his loud and cheery whistle.

The period of the quail's incubation I do not know correctly ; the young birds run the moment they burst from the egg, and it is not uncommon to see them tripping about with pieces of the shell adhering to their backs.

The first brood hatched and fairly on foot, the hen proceeds at once to the preparation of a second nest ; and committing the care of the early younglings to her mate, or rather dividing with him the duties of rearing the first and hatching the second brood, she devotes herself incessantly to her maternal duties.

So far as I can ascertain, the quail almost invariably raises a second, and sometimes, I believe, a third brood, in a single season. Hence, if unmolested, they increase with extraordinary rapidity when the seasons are propitious ; and hence you frequently find young birds, in two or three stages of maturity, in a single bevy, and under the protection of a single brace of parents.

The quail cannot endure severe cold weather, hence he is never found far to the eastward of Boston ; I have never heard of his being found at all in the States of Maine and New Hampshire, and can assert of my own knowledge that, in the former State, he does not exist, if elsewhere, east of the river Kennebeck. In Lower Canada he is unknown ; and it is only within a few years that

he has become abundant, and a continual resident in the upper provinces, along the northern shores of the Niagara and of Lake Erie.

I cannot, however, satisfy myself entirely that this is the effect of climate, as it may be the consequence of cultivation, on the skirts of which only is the quail found, with one exception, the great prairies of the West, which, whether natural meadows, or, as some persons believe, the remnants of aboriginal civilization, present to the quail all the comforts which he desires from cultivation and the vicinity of man's dwellings, grass-seeds, I mean, and open sunshine.

In the forest the quail is never found, unless when that forest is girded about with settlements, and interspersed with partial clearness and buckwheat or corn fields, when he will ramble away during the heat of summer noon-tide into the cool, green retreats of mountain woodlands.

I have never seen, nor have I heard of a nest placed in a wood; and, were it not for the prairies, which I suppose to have been their haunt and feeding ground for ages, I should be at a loss to conceive where either the quail or the woodcock existed, when all the sea-board of America, and for leagues upon leagues inward, the whole face of the country was covered with primeval wilderness, since neither of the birds, as I have before stated, are ever found in the wild forest, and both make their appearance almost immediately when sunshine is let into those deep solitudes by the settler's axe, and the brown stubble has succeeded to the leaf-carpet of the dim and steamy wilderness.

But a few years ago, the woodcock was found in Maine, only in the vicinity of Portland and the oldest settlements; he is now killed abundantly in the intervales, as they are called in that region, on the Kennebeck, and is extending himself slowly but surely eastward, as the forest recedes before the lumberman. He is, however, a

rare bird on the waters of the Penobscot, though there are ranges of swampy coverts, miles and miles in length, of that very soil and nature which he loves the best; and though I have never seen lying or feeding grounds in New Jersey superior to the oak-islands, above Indian Oldtown, upon the beautiful river I have mentioned.

Five years have passed, however, since I shot in those regions, and found it hard work to bag a couple or two of cock on ground which here would have yielded forty or fifty birds; and I should not be surprised to learn that, in the interim, they have become plenty in those very woods. That it is not climate which influences the woodcock, is evident from the fact that they have abounded for many years in the vicinity of Windsor and Annapolis, in New Brunswick, where the climate is much colder; but the reign of cultivation more widely extended, because far older, than in the eastern parts of Maine.

It may, then, in some measure, be attributed to the same cause, namely, the prevalence of unbroken wilderness, and the absence of large grain fields, that the quail is not found in our easternmost States; and if it be true, as Latham states, that the quail is found in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, this might be assumed, and not climate, as the established cause of his aversion to the north-eastern country.

But I believe it is not true; for, of many good and staunch sportsmen, with whom I am acquainted in St. John, and elsewhere in the British Provinces, I have found none who have shot this bird therein.

I have said above, that the quail, in propitious seasons, increases with extraordinary rapidity; I will now add, that in unfavorable years, he often comes to the very verge of extinction. Long, severe snows, when the country is buried many feet deep, and he can procure no sustenance, save from the precarious charity of man, fam-

ishes him outright; heavy drifts, especially when succeeded by a partial thaw, and a frost following the thaw, stifle him in whole bevies, encased in icy prison-houses.

It is the peculiar habit of this bird to lie still, squatted in concentric huddles, as they are technically called, composed of the whole bevy, seated like the radii of a circle, with their tails inward, so long as snow, sleet, or rain continues to fall. So soon as it clears off, and the sun shines out, with a simultaneous effort, probably at a preconcerted signal, they all spring up at once, with an impetus and rush so powerful as carries them clear through a snow-drift many feet in depth; unless it be skimmed over by a frozen crust, which is not to be penetrated by their utmost efforts. In this latter case, when the storm has been general over a large extent of country, the quails are not unfrequently reduced so nearly to extinction, that but a bevy or two will be seen for years on ground where previously they had been found in abundance; and at such time, if they be not spared and cherished, as they will be by all true sportsmen, they may be destroyed entirely throughout a whole region.

This was the case especially through all this section of the country, in the tremendous winter of 1835–6, when these birds, which had been previously very abundant, were almost annihilated, and would have been so, doubtless, but for the anxiety which was felt generally, and the energetic means which were taken to preserve them.

Another peril, which at times decimates the breed for a season, is a sudden and violent land-flood, in June and July, which drowns the young birds, or a continuance of cold, showery weather in those and the preceding months, which addles the eggs and destroys the early bevy. This is, however, but a partial evil, as the quail rears a second brood, and, as I have before observed, sometimes a third; so that in this case the number of birds for the season is diminished without the tribe being endangered.

The open winters which have prevailed latterly have been exceedingly favorable to the increase of this beautiful and prolific little bird. Never, perhaps, have they been more abundant than they were last autumn; and though there has been more than an average of snow thus far during the present winter, it has not been heavily drifted for the most part; it has not laid on the ground many consecutive days, and it has not, hitherto, been crusted once. The sun is now beginning to gain considerable power; the season is rapidly advancing toward spring, and, with a little care in feeding and preserving the birds from poachers and trappers, we have every prospect of yet a larger supply next autumn.

In my next paper, for I feel that I am running somewhat out of bounds, I shall point out where, in my opinion, the present laws for their protection are inoperative and inadequate, and how they may be simplified and amended. I shall touch upon that much-disputed point, their domestic and internal migrations, in relation to which I have collected some curious facts, which are not, I believe, generally known, and which may prove interesting; and, lastly, I shall dwell at length on the best method of quail shooting, with the results of some days' sport, from Connecticut so far southward as Maryland, which is the southernmost limit of my sporting experience in the United States.

PART II.

The migratory habit of the American quail has always been in some degree a disputed point, among both naturalists and sportsmen, and I know many of the latter who deny it altogether.

Notwithstanding this, I am myself thoroughly convinced of the fact that the bird is, to a certain degree, migratory during some weeks of the autumn; and I

think I can establish this fact from my own personal observation, as well as from the statements of others worthy of high credit. The reason of the doubt on this subject arises from two causes; first, that the migration of this bird is short, irregular, continuous, and, apparently, causeless; and, secondly, that it is not nearly so distinctly marked in this district of the country as it is in the Western States, where the bird is infinitely more abundant than in these regions.

When I state that the migration is irregular and continuous, I mean to say that the bird, at no season, entirely leaves any section of the country; but that there is a constant movement of successive bevies in the same direction, which is invariably eastward; and I am perfectly satisfied that this is more or less the case everywhere, and that it is more conspicuously so the further west we travel.

Audubon, than whom no better authority exists, for he writes from personal observation, states that on the banks of the western rivers, he mentions, I think, particularly the confluences of the Ohio, these beautiful little birds may be seen regularly in the autumn, running eastward in great flocks, not single bevies, and crossing the large streams on the wing, always in the same direction. During a discussion which took place in the pages of the New York "Turf Register," originating between that excellent writer and most estimable man, Wm. P. Hawes, and an anonymous author using the signature "H.," of Marietta, and subsequently enlisting, on one side or the other, half the sporting writers of the country, some new and striking authorities were elicited on this fact; these I shall here present to my reader, and, in corroboration of these, apply some recent observations of my own, which can not, I think, but prove conclusive.

The first of these authorities is a very distinguished writer on turf affairs, under the signature of "Alpha,"

whose testimony is the more valuable on this point, that he is in some measure an unwilling witness.

Quoting from an article of mine, he says: "'The quail is known to be a bird of passage.' Ours is not so generally known to be; at least I doubt it very much. They seem to me, in the fall, to be taken with a sort of crazy rambling fit, which lasts for so short a time as not to allow of a very distant emigration. Some people say they always fly east."

The writer then proceeds to speak of the large flocks in which the quail is said to travel in autumn, declaring that he has heard of the fact, but never seen or believed it..

The testimony of "Alpha," therefore, proves all that is asserted, namely, that there is a general migratory movement, which he graphically describes as "crazy and rambling," in the early autumn, and that it is thought to be eastward. This paragraph brought out another witness, the celebrated "N.," of Arkansas, than whom there exists no person better qualified to speak to any fact concerning field-sports in America.

He testifies distinctly, that he has seen, with his own eyes, vast congregated flocks of quail; and knows, of his own knowledge, that in his own State, and throughout the Western States, there is an annual eastward autumnal migration.

So clear and positive is he on this subject, that the writer from whom I quoted first, admitted in a subsequent paper: "'Alpha' must give up to 'N.,' of Arkansas. I know 'N.' of old, and although he is no very great sportsman in the little bird line, he knows what he sees; and like the young Persian, 'when a boy he learned to shoot, ride a horse, and speak the truth.'"

The admissions of these Western writers, who have every opportunity, which we lack, of observing the manners and disposition of this bird, when combined with

the paramount authority of Mr. Audubon, settle the question, as it appears to me, so far, at least, as the Western country is concerned.

Now, as it might be replied to this that the quail is migratory in the West, but stationary here, I will adduce two circumstances which have fallen under my own immediate observation, and which I think indisputably show that the migratory character of the bird is unchanged in this region of the country.

It will be remembered by all sportsmen that the winter of 1835–36 was one of extreme and unusual severity; that the ground was covered with snow to the depth of several feet, from the early part of January until the middle of April; and that much apprehension was entertained that the quail would be entirely destroyed throughout this section of country. Precautions were taken very generally to guard against this misfortune: live quail were sought during the winter by many gentlemen, and carefully preserved until the spring; and some were even imported from South Carolina.

Among others engaged in this work of solucrine love, I bought myself, and kept in New York, a hundred brace of these birds; and on the tenth of April turned them out in the vale of Warwick, my favorite shooting-ground at that time, on the farms of two different friends, by whom I was very confident they would be preserved.

It so happened that I spent the greater part of that summer, from the middle of June until the end of August, in the immediate neighborhood of the place where the birds were turned out, and, feeling a good deal of interest in the matter, watched them regularly during the whole breeding season.

The consequence was, that I knew the existence and locality of above twenty nests, no one of which contained less than a dozen eggs, all of which were hatched safely,

and got off early, by the old birds. There must have been, of course, many other nests which were not discovered at all; and many of those birds whose first broods I saw, must unquestionably have raised second bevies.

Naturally enough, I was delighted with the result of my experiment, and augured great things concerning the autumn shooting of that year. I was on the ground at daylight on the first day of the season, with a party of friends, whom I had seduced into accompanying me by the promise of admirable sport; we had undeniable dogs with us, in considerable numbers; we spent ten days in thoroughly rummaging the country; and, without vanity, I believe I may say that we knew sufficiently well what we were about, not to leave many birds behind us.

The result was that we had no sport whatever; two or three bevies were all that we found over a wide tract of country; and, from that day to this, the race of quail has run so nearly extinct in that region, that it is not worth looking for them.

The explanation of this fact is, I think, easy enough. The native breed of quail were, as we had expected, nearly exterminated; those which were turned out, emigrated to a bird.

It is proper that I should add, that the Warwick shooting grounds were at that time shot over by no sportsman but myself, and that the people of the place hardly knew what it was to shoot flying. Birds of prey were scarce, and could hardly, however plentiful, have destroyed the whole broods of a hundred brace of old birds.

The second anecdote which I have to relate, is yet more conclusive.

The summer and autumn of 1844, I passed at the pleasant village of Bristol, on the western bank of the Delaware; and with my friend Mr. B——, an excellent and thorough sportsman, had a good deal of shooting at quail, woodcock, and grass-plover, in their seasons.

Having little else to do, I was out shooting certainly three times a week, and for some days previous to the commencement of the quail season, had beaten all the country for several miles up and down the river and westward, for woodcock.

In doing this, I became satisfied that there were no quail, to speak of, in the vicinity; not, at the utmost, above two or three bevies; and our sport, after the close time expired, corroborated my opinion in this respect.

Shortly afterward, when the cold weather set in, not an evening passed, but bevy after bevy came, about dusk, into the gardens and orchards of the village, and into all the surrounding coppices, and might be heard calling in every direction until nightfall.

Morning after morning, as soon as it was light enough to shoot, I was afoot, expecting to get sport; but not in a single instance did I find any birds, though I subsequently learned that a few, who knew their habits in that district, crossing the Delaware to the Jersey shore, had good shooting on these very birds, which, it seems, invariably crossed the river, there scarcely a mile in width, as soon as the morning twilight was growing gray.

This migration is perfectly well known to all the sportsmen in that district; it takes place regularly every autumn; commencing with the first sharp frost, and continuing from three to six weeks; it is invariably from the west eastward; and the countrymen will tell you that the birds are making their way to the Pines, on the Jersey shore, which I do not believe. Lastly, I could not learn that any counter-migration, from the east westward has ever been observed, though several intelligent persons, whom I questioned, informed me that they had looked for such a thing annually, but in vain.

The birds, I should add, are constantly seen flying across the river by early laborers and fishermen; and occasion-

ally, if the wind should be adverse, the weaklings of the bevy fall into the broad stream and perish.

These facts, in my opinion, thoroughly establish the fact that the quail does migrate, though of all migrations it appears to be the most strange and mysterious.

Contrary to all expectation, at the commencement of the cold season the quail runs, for unless in crossing large streams or sheets of water, I am satisfied that the journey is made on foot, from the warmer west to the colder east.

Food can have nothing to do with the change of locality, since that abounds most where the climate is mildest.

Appropriateness of breeding-ground is not involved in the movement, for it takes place at the very opposite season of the year.

Lastly, it cannot be ascertained whither the passengers go, or where their wanderings terminate.

The consequence of this annual eastern migration ought to be, at least, a temporary accumulation of bevies in vast numbers to the eastward; since, as I have stated in my last paper, there is an eastern limit, and that not very distant, to the existence of the bird at all.

No such accumulation is known, however, or rather no such accumulation exists.

It is almost certain, therefore, that after what "Alpha" calls its "crazy rambling fit," the quail again returns westward, though to say the least, it is strange in the extreme, that constantly seen, as it is in all parts of the country, on its eastern movement, it has never been heard or seen when working its way backward.

Of one thing only we are certain, that no instinct of the humblest of God's creatures but has its meaning and its use, and I know nothing which should lead us so much to doubt our own boasted intellect and superiority, as the conviction which must force itself upon us the more strenuously as we examine the more deeply, how little we

can comprehend of the wonderful nature and wisely constituted habits of what we term the inferior animals.

Every year, it is true, brings something to our little stock of knowledge, and if sportsmen, and gentlemen residing in the country generally, would note down the time and incidents which they observe with regard to natural history, whether of birds, beasts, fishes, or flowers, and would occasionally give these to the public, it is incredible how much information might be collected, and in how short a time.

I will now proceed to the existing laws for the preservation of this beautiful little bird; to the alterations which I would desire to see effected in them, and without which I despair of ever seeing game adequately or properly protected.

The object of the game-laws of this country, different entirely from those in Europe, which reserve the right of killing game to privileged classes, is intended merely to protect the animals from annihilation, by guarding them during the periods of nidification, incubation, and the immaturity of the broods, and their operation is consequently limited to prohibiting the killing of game during certain seasons of the year.

The great difficulty which has hitherto resisted the efforts of all those who see the utility of protecting game, has been found in the impossibility of getting farmers to enforce these laws. Misapprehending their object, and overlooking their own interests in the matter, they have never as yet been willing to prosecute the offenders, or to prohibit their own neighbors from killing, in season and out of season, although they have, perhaps, at times enforced the law against strangers.

The reason of this seeming perversity lies, I believe, mainly in the inadequacy and absurdity of the laws themselves; which, having been framed without any proper understanding of the subject, naturally appear to the

land-owner useless, vexatious, and made for the pleasure of the men of cities, as opposed to that of the countryman and farmer.

I have shown, in my articles on the woodcock, that the law does not protect the bird sufficiently long, for the broods are not half-grown in July, and that the woodcock is consequently on the verge of absolute extermination. I have shown that July shooting is obnoxious to the farmer, because it leads to the damage and destruction of his standing crops, and I will now add that it is unfair toward him in its operation, because the summer is his busy season, and before the autumn, when he has leisure to enjoy field-sport, the woodcock are all destroyed by loafers and pot-hunters.

I have proposed, therefore, that the close time during which woodcock may not be killed, taken or sold, shall be extended from the first day of February until the first day of October.

This alteration will save the immature bird from slaughter by mere cockneys; will act as a guard to the crops of the farmer; and, lastly, will give a fair opportunity of enjoying field-sports to him who has the best right to enjoy them, the owner and occupant of the land whereon the game is bred and reared.

I now come to the quail; and, for reasons which I shall presently give, as well as to produce simplification and uniformity, qualities which always tend vastly to the practicability and enforcement of the law, I would propose that the close time for this bird shall be the same as that for the woodcock, from the first of February, namely, until the first day of October.

The laws at present prohibit the killing of quail in the State of New York, except between the twenty-fifth day of October and the first day of January; in the State of New Jersey, except between the first day of November and the first day of January; and in the State of Pennsyl-

vania, except between the first day of September and the fifteenth day of January.

Now the first day of November and the twenty-fifth day of October are both needlessly late in the season; and the first of January is needlessly early in the season for the termination and commencement of close time.

The great majority of the bevies of quail are quite full-grown on the first of October; except in very backward seasons, and except in the case of a very few third bevies.

Let it be observed that I do not say that all the bevies are full-grown: but that they are so in the proportion of three bevies out of four, will not, I think, be disputed.

Now the object of the law is chiefly to prevent the depredation of pot-hunters, poachers, idle boys and village or city loafers, who will kill game at all times when they can sell it. The good sportsman, if he falls upon a bevy of half-grown birds, calls off his dog at once; because such cheepers, as they are technically named, afford him no sport in the field and are not fit to serve up on the table.

The very class, moreover, from whom all danger accrues to the half-grown bird, I mean the prowling market-shooter, compusorily spares the half-grown quail, because the victualler will not buy it.

The victualler will buy the half-grown woodcock, because at the period when the law allows them to be killed and sold, he can get none other, eight-tenths of all July birds being half-grown younglings of that summer; the quail, however, he will not buy half-grown at all, because he has always the option of purchasing full-grown birds at the same period of the year.

Hence I argue that the quail runs no danger whatever from anticipating the present shooting season by one month; since the sportsman will not kill the young bevies, from true sportsmanship, and the poacher will

spare them because they are of no use to him when killed; and because to shoot them is, therefore, a mere waste of powder and shot.

It will, on the contrary, be a farther protection to them; since the farmer, as the law now stands, clearly perceives the absurdity of prohibiting the killing of perfectly mature birds at the very season which is the most agreeable for out-of-doors' exercise and the most suitable for sporting.

Still worse is the prohibition to kill quail during the month of January, a prohibition grounded on a total ignorance of the habits of the bird.

It never pairs, under any circumstances, earlier than the beginning of February, and in backward years not earlier than March, and even April.

It was only yesterday that I counted fifteen birds in bevy within fifty yards of my door.

I will now cite a fact to show the evil operation of such capricious and useless legislation.

My notice was called, a fortnight since, to a protest, by some highly respectable farmers in the vicinity of Newburg, exclaiming against all game laws as oppressive, vexatious, and made so as "to restrict not only the liberties, but the legal rights of one class of society, for the exclusive pleasure, and not for the benefit of another," and giving notice that they will kill game on their own premises at all such times as their convenience, pleasure, or interest may dictate.

This protest contains the remarkable passage: "But why prohibit the killing of game after the first of January? Clearly because the weather is then too uncomfortable for the loafers to leave their grog-shops, and because that is the only season when the farmer has leisure and can take such recreation."

Now, these gentlemen are in error, it is true; but only as to the intention, not as to the operation of the law.

The prohibition to kill game after the first of January is useless, vexatious, absurd, and oppressive to the farmer; though certainly it was not intended to be so by those who framed it.

The only chance there is to having game-laws enforced is not only in seeing that they be just, but that they seem just.

They are now unjust, and appear to be more unjust than they are.

Put them in their right form, and no such question as the above will be asked; or, if asked, it can be answered at once by a statement of the actual fact, that the close time is intended to protect birds during the breeding season, and during that only.

Therefore, I say, open the season for killing and selling quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, *vulg.* partridge, and rabbit from the first of October to the first, or, if thought better, even until the fifteenth of February. We shall then protect each of these animals during the whole time in which they need protection, and no longer; we shall avoid the appearance as well as the reality, of partiality and injustice; we shall ultimately enlist the farmer as a law-preserver, instead of a law-breaker; and in the end, we may hope to have fine autumnal shooting throughout the land, instead of seeing all the species of game utterly exterminated.

I have two more observations to make under this head, with which I shall close this somewhat, I fear, over-long paper.

The first is addressed to those gentlemen who procured the passage and were engaged in the framing of the law as it now stands. Their object was, doubtless, to extend the utmost possible preservation to the quail, fearing the extinction, during the deep snows of winter, by trapping and the gun.

Now, the fact is that the quail is in far less danger of extinction than the woodcock.

Farmers, seeing the quail bred and wintered on their land, accustomed to see them daily feeding on their stubbles, and during severe storms taking shelter in their barn-yards, regard them in some sort as poultry ; do to a certain degree protect them ; and frequently forbid the pursuit of them, while they offer no objection to the hunting of the migratory and swamp-haunting woodcock.

The woodcock, moreover, is much more easily killed, particularly during the absurd and barbarous summer shooting; and lastly, it is a matter of fact that, while for fifty miles around our large cities, and even our considerable villages, the woodcock has become almost extinct within the last ten years, the quantity of quail has very slightly declined, if at all, during the same period.

Deep snows and severe weather may thin them for a time, but one or two prosperous seasons bring them about again, and the stock is as numerous as ever.

With regard to the woodcock, on the contrary, I know fifty swamps myself, wherein, ten years ago, it was an easy thing to kill twenty birds in the morning, in which there has not been a solitary cock seen for the last six or seven seasons.

There is no fear, therefore, of injuring the quail by extending the open season for shooting, while certain annihilation must fall on the woodcock if summer shooting be not instantly abolished.

My second appeal is to the farmer, to whom I desire to point out that it is vastly for his interest to enforce the game-laws, even if he care nothing about shooting himself.

The fondness of field-sports has increased much of late, and the quantity of game diminished so greatly, that if in any section of the country, where game of any kind abounds, two or three owners of adjoining farms

would combine to preserve their game strictly, allowing no person to shoot it at any season, and rigorously prosecuting for every trespass and every breach of the game-laws, they could readily let the exclusive privilege of shooting, over every thousand acres so preserved, for two to three hundred dollars a season, or, perhaps, even a larger sum.

Advertisements in the papers, offering the right of sporting such tracts of land so preserved, would be readily taken up by companies of two or three gentlemen, supposing that strict reliance could be placed on the strict protection of the game against all interlopers.

There is no doubt, therefore, that in good game countries every farmer owning two hundred acres of land can, by combining with his neighbors to enforce the game-laws, realize his fifty dollars, and from that to a hundred a year, without the expense of a dollar or half an hour's trouble.

I know myself at least fifty gentlemen who would gladly combine in parties of three, four, and upwards, to hire the privilege of exclusive shooting on good tracts of sporting ground. I would myself willingly enter into such combinations; and should any farmers think this suggestion worthy of notice, would gladly assist them in negotiating such arrangements.

I have no hesitation in saying that for certain tracts of land, such as portions of the drowned lands in Orange county, New York, the Big Piece on the Passaic river, the Long Meadow, the Little Piece, in the same vicinity, the Chatham meadows in New Jersey, the quail grounds near Sparta, in the same State, and the like, if resolutely preserved by the joint owners, many thousand dollars annually could be realized merely for the exclusive right of shooting over them.

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SMELT.

MEMOIR ON THE SMELT OF THE PASSAIC RIVER.

In the earlier investigations of the natural history of the animated tribes of this continent, it was the practice to refer all the individuals of the same family and order to the similar or cognate species, recognized and classified in the older countries of the eastern hemisphere, as if they were identical.

In this slovenly, inaccurate, and unscientific method, all small discrepancies, and permanent variations of structure, habits, etc., on which all true distinctions are founded, were either entirely overlooked, or summarily dismissed, as being accounted for by climatic degeneracy. An absurd doctrine, which, invented in the main by that fanciful theorist and incorrect observer, the Count de Buffon, has been adopted more or less generally by all writers, until the present generation; by which a far deeper and truer method has been introduced in all the departments of science. So that to the most careful observation of facts, the most rigorous examination of the narratives of observers, and the holding to the strictest accountability all relators of their experiences and discoveries, a thorough comparison of data and critical analysis of causes and results have been superadded.

In those days, eloquence, plausibility, a bold elaboration of brilliant and fanciful theories, imperfectly grounded on a few partially considered and inaccurately recorded observations, assuming general facts where no such facts existed, or perhaps inventing them for the purpose of

according with some preconceived theory, and at the same time proving its truth, were esteemed the great qualifications of the naturalist.

Hence, we constantly find, during this period, the terms ingenious naturalist, ingenious writer, fanciful and brilliant historian of nature, applied as conveying the highest praise, to a class of writers, from whom, least of all authors, are ingenuity, fancy, invention, and brilliancy to be looked for; and in whom, if they are found, they must be regarded as grave defects, not as qualities worthy of applause or imitation.

Patient investigation, careful and minute observation, close analytical comparison, and an earnest and scrupulous record of facts, ever self-doubting, and fearful of recording one atom too much, of assuming any thing however small which is not absolutely proven, and always distrusting evidence the more, the more it seems to establish his own foregone conclusion, or embryo theory, these are the true qualities which fit a man to become a useful observer, a practical student, and an earnest and genuine historian of nature.

These qualities it is, which have given immortal celebrity to the names of Cuvier, Buckland, Agassiz, of Wilson, Audubon, and Richardson, and others who have followed, and are daily following, in their footsteps, with the same painful and diligent inquiry after facts, the same persistency in truth, and the same love of science, for its own sake unadulterated, though it may be with less genius and acumen.

To these qualities it is moreover, of these great men, great naturalists, that natural history is becoming daily more and more an exact science, and that the love and true comprehension of it, instead of being limited as of old to a few bookish men, elaborating unproved theories in their studies, are gradually extending themselves to thousands of votaries, in the field, in the forest, in the

arid desert, on the herbless granite, among the awful glaciers,

> i' the difficult air
> Of the iced mountain's top,

who are gradually learning how profitably to observe, and how understandingly to record, minute and isolated facts, each of which is a connecting link in the great chain of philosophic evidence to the truth of nature. Hence it is, that no student, however humble, should hesitate to use his own eyes in seeing, and to set down briefly and truthfully what he sees, however trivial it may appear to him; for he must know that from a great accumulation of trifles, great truths are established; and that what may appear trivial to his uneducated eye, might flash the great Eureka of a suspected system, to the penetrating glance of a Cuvier, a Lyell, a Humboldt, or an Agassiz. To return, however, to our starting point—

To the first vague and unscientific belief in the specific identity of the similar and cognate tribes of the American and Eastern continents, there gradually succeeded the conviction, founded on long and patient examination of structural and anatomical differences, of various habits, relating to parturition, nidification, incubation, food, migrations, times and seasons, that few indeed of the American quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, and reptilia, however closely allied to the congenerous animals of the old world, even where to the common eye the identity would appear complete and unquestionable, are really identical with them.

The few instances which do exist of absolute identity are to be sought and found—of course no reference is here had to the domestic animals, the tribes of which were obviously imported hither by early colonists, and have been constantly maintained, renewed, and reinvigorated by subsequent introduction of stock—among the migratory animals, which haunt the extreme northern

regions, within or closely adjacent to the Arctic Circles, where the two continents being conterminous and almost contiguous, and the climate, seasons, and products of the soil identical, no obstacles exist to the intermigrations of the neighbors of the animal creation.

The list of those animals, however, which are absolutely identical in the two hemispheres, is brief. It is limited, for the most part, to a few birds and fishes. Of the former, some of the northern *anatidæ* and *grallatores*, ducks and waders, a few *rapaces*, eagles, falcons, and diurnal hunting owls, and perhaps one or two of the *rasores*, in their glacial form of ptarmigans, with a very limited number of the finches and hard-billed seed-eaters, may be enumerated; not forgetting numerous gulls, terns, puffins, auks, petrels, and other sea-fowl. Of the fishes the identical species are probably more numerous, though, for obvious reasons, the history of the movements and migrations of these creatures, the majority of whose lives, being spent in a different and to us uninhabitable element, is, of course, in a greater or less degree, inscrutable and unknown.

Many of the family of *salmonidæ*, however, are known to frequent the shores and inlets of both hemispheres; as are many of the cetaceous animals, as also several of the *squalidæ*, including many varieties of shark and dog-fish, besides crustaceous shell-fishes, and others on which it is unnecessary now to dwell.

Of quadrupeds the number is infinitely smaller, and is in process of daily reduction, as the habits and structure of the denizens of those remote and difficult regions are becoming better investigated and more thoroughly known. The greater polar bear, the blue and white foxes, and probably the white wolves, of the Arctic Circle, are common to the northern part of both hemispheres, as are also many varieties of the seal, walrus, and amphibious cattle of the great northern deeps.

Whether the actual identity of the northern quadrupeds can be traced any further, is more than doubtful; the common wolf, the brown bear, and the lynx, or loup cervier, of the Canadas and northern United States, though closely congenerous, are indisputably distinct from the cognate animals of northern Europe, the same is the case with the foxes, varying hares, and murine and mustiline, mouse and weasel families, of the American, European, and Asiatic continents.

The common deer are also distinct. That singular animal the musk ox of the high American latitudes, is unknown in the eastern Arctic regions; the beavers are distinct congeners; the European bison, or bonassus, *bos urus*, differs completely from the bison, misnamed buffalo, of the West; and, though unhappily the elk and reindeer of Europe and northern Asia have not been as yet sufficiently compared by competent examiners, with the moose and reindeer of this continent, to justify the enunciation of a positive opinion, as to their difference or identity, everything that is known concerning them tends to the belief that they are not identical.

It sometimes happens, however, that while the two hemispheres possess each a distinct species peculiar to itself, that of the one occasionally wanders to the other locality. This has been found to occur with several of the duck family; that careful and accurate observer, Mr. J. P. Geraud, having seen at least one specimen of the English widgeon, *anas Pendope*, as distinguished from the American species, *anas Americana*, shot on Long Island; while I have myself, on four different occasions, killed the green-winged teal of Europe, *anas crecca*, as distinguished, by the absence of the white lunated shoulder-bar, from the species *anas Carolinensis*, peculiar to this country.

This, I suspect, will prove to be the case with the reindeer; for recent travellers lean to the opinion that there

are more than one species or permanent variety of this animal found in America; and that the deer frequenting the "barren grounds," on the Saskatchewan, Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers is essentially different, beside being smaller and lighter colored, from the cariboo of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and the British provinces, which latter I have long since satisfied myself to be one-third larger than the domesticated reindeer, *arcus Tarandus*, of Lapland and Finland.

That this is the case with the delicious little fish, known as the smelt, it is the object of my present paper to show.

The smelt, *osmerus*, is a small fish, with the capelan of the northern coasts, the smallest of the salmon family; being identified with that family by its second fatty dorsal fin, its dental structure, and other peculiarities, which fix it irrevocably as a salmon.

Until recently, as was almost universally the case, owing to want of careful and accurate comparison, the smelt of North America, which abounds along the eastern and north-eastern coasts of the British provinces and the United States, at the breaking up of the ice in the rivers in spring, was confounded with the similar fish of Europe, and was accordingly set down in all the earlier books as *osmerus Eperlanus*, the smelt.

It was, I believe, Cuvier who first distinguished the fish of the north-eastern waters, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence so far westward as the Connecticut and Hudson rivers, as the American smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, which name he gave to it, from the far deeper shade of green which prevails on the back, fading down to the lateral line, of the American fish. Its other structural differences are decisive; and it may be added that its size, which is superior by nearly two-thirds to that of the European smelt, its inferior delicacy on the table, and the far lesser intensity of that peculiar odor of

cucumbers, which it exhales when freshly caught, and whence its name *osmerus*, as derived from the Greek ὀσμή, "to give forth a perfume," are too remarkable to be overlooked.

In this classification and nomenclature all succeeding naturalists and ichthyologists have acquiesced, as Dekay, in his Fauna of New York, Agassiz, and others of competent authority; it is remarkable, however, that Richardson, in his *Fauna boreali-Americana*, speaking of the smelt of the St. Lawrence, seems to doubt the necessity of the distinction, perhaps for reasons to which I shall allude hereafter.

It would seem, however, that these distinguished authors have gone one step too far, in denying to America, while they have vindicated her claim to a peculiar smelt of her own, the *osmerus viridiscens*, the possession of the smelt of Europe, the far-famed *osmerus Eperlanus*.

It was long ago pointed out to me by two gentlemen, of greater celebrity perhaps as epicures and critics on the noble art of good-living, than as students of natural history or judges of the art piscatorial, that the smelt of the Passaic and Raritan rivers of New Jersey is an entirely different fish from the smelt of Eastern waters, with which the New York markets are ordinarily supplied by the Boston fisheries, and the mouth of the Connecticut and other Eastern rivers.

The fact is also well known to the fishermen of New Jersey; and the smelt of the Passaic command an infinitely higher price than those from the Sound, in the New York markets. On my first taking up my abode on the shores of the beautiful river on the margin of which I write, my attention was more particularly attracted to this fish; and its differences from the common smelt of America became more evident the more closely they were examined. These, as appearing to the common and un-

scientific observer, were: 1st, the far inferior size of the Passaic fish, which begins to run up this lovely stream so soon as it is clear from ice, in order to reproduce its species in the clear, cold, highly-aërated waters of its tributaries.

Of five hundred specimens of this fish, closely examined, and accurately measured, wherever one presented itself of magnitude at all unusual, but one was found which came up to ten, and only five to nine inches in length; a majority were under six inches, many not exexceeding five and even four inches, and seven would certainly be above a liberal average.

2d. Their color, which could in no sort be called greenish, *viridiscens*, the whole fish being of the most brilliant pearly silver, with the slightest possible changeful hue of greenish blue along the ridge of the back, while the specimen was living, fading when dead into a very faint, greenish yellow, on the upper parts, above the lateral line, so faint, indeed, as to be scarcely perceptible.

Observe, in this particular, that the eastern smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, which certainly averages eleven or twelve inches, rarely falls short of nine or ten, and is often found up to sixteen and even eighteen, is of as dark and rich a mottled shade of cærulean green, from the dorsals to the lateral line, as a freshly run salmon, *salmo salar*, with the same silvery whiteness of the lower regions.

3d. The peculiar cucumber odor, in the freshly caught fish, and the extreme delicacy of the flesh, both of which are so far superior in the fish of the Passaic, as to be obvious to the least inquisitive observer.

I early suspected this Passaic smelt to be identical with the European fish, *osmerus Eperlanus*, with which I am very familiar, from its being largely taken in the Yorkshire river, the lovely and romantic Wharfe, on whose sylvan banks the happiest of my years were spent. But

in the spring of 1852, when the run up the Passaic was far above the average, I examined above a thousand specimens, made accurate drawings of several of the finest—one, a correct fac-simile, by accurate measurement of every part, even to the number of fin-rays, and dissected at least twenty individuals.

In every particular, I found the smelt of the Passaic to agree with Yarrel's and Richardson's description of the European smelt, *osmerus Eperlanus*, the form of the opercula, or gill-covers, the number of rays in every fin, the form and system of teeth, the number of scales on the lateral line, the length of the intestines, the number of cœca, and above all the attachment of the sharply-toothed tongue to the fauces by a short bone margined with small recurved teeth, being precisely the same.

I at the same time dissected several of the large eastern fish, procured from Winderst's well-known restaurant in New York, which had been obtained from the eastward, and found them to agree in all the distinctive points, on which the classification and nomenclature of the American smelt, *osmerus viridiscens*, are made to depend, with that fish of the American authors, and to differ in all of them equally from the British fish of Yarrel and from the fish of the Passaic and Raritan.

Of both species I had made careful anatomical preparations, beside preserving both fishes in spirits; and I took careful and minute notes of every part, intending to forward the whole to my friend, Professor Agassiz; but truly it is said that *homme propose, mais Dieu dispose;* for being unluckily called from home on that *dies nefasta*, Saturday, devoted to the confounded dispensation of house-cleaning, an extremely painstaking, and painfully fastidious Betty thought proper to cast all my choice preparations, which she profanely designated as "nasty carrion rubbish," into the ash-hole, whence there was no resurrection. As if to complete the fatality, after care-

fully preparing for Graham, a year since, a fuller and more elaborate counterpart of this paper, wherein weight, numbers, measurements, and all the facts were minutely set down, I destroyed the *disjecta membra* of the notes, and trusted—alas! vain trust of man! to the certainty of Uncle Sam's mail for the safe deliverance of my labors. Hence there remains only of my travails a wood-cut of life-size, which was copied faithfully from the life to the smallest particular, and this veritable memoir of a perished paper.

In the springs of 1853 and 1854, scarcely any of these delicious fish ran up the rivers, owing, I am satisfied, to the establishment of a chain-ferry at the *embouchure* of the river, about a mile above the opening of Newark Bay. The apparatus of this ferry consists of three parallel chains reaching from shore to shore, the two on the outside acting as guides to the boat, that in the center working on a drum, and acting as the propelling power of the boat. This boat crosses the river, on an average, once in every ten minutes, from 4 o'clock A. M. until 10 P. M., so that these chains are kept in a constant state of vibration, that created by one passage not having entirely ceased before a fresh motion is communicated to it.

Since the establishment of this ferry no school of fish, either shad or smelt, has run up the river, though they are still taken below the obstruction, though in diminished numbers. It is seriously apprehended that, unless legislative aid be extended to the maintenance of the fisheries, this delicate and curious fish will be lost to America; as has already, within the memory of men now living, that noble variety of *salmo*, the Sebago trout.

I may here add, that it is an established fact that both these species may be taken with the scarlet Ibis fly; that capital sportsman and scientific angler, Moses H. Pesley,

of St. Johns, N. B., having experienced grand sport with them, in the Gulf, and off Prince Edward's Island; and I myself having killed them thus on the Passaic.

I have recently noticed an illustrated article, descriptive of the taking of the Eastern smelt, with bait through the ice. This I believe to be an error, originating in a confusion of the smelt with the frost-fish; since I never have heard or read of an authentic instance of a smelt being taken with bait. If, however, it prove to be correct, it will be another distinction between the American and European or Passaic smelt, which not only never takes bait through ice, but is known never to run under it.

[After Frank Forester wrote this article, Smelt almost disappeared from the Passaic River. In later years, however, they are reported to be returning.—Ed.]

HEREWARD, THE HUNTER.

The evening of a summer's day was rapidly approaching, and though the sun was still above the horizon, filling the heavens with a soft and rosy light, he had yet sank so low, that his long rays were intercepted by the gigantic trees, which, at the period of our tale, flourished in one unbroken tract of forest over the swampy plains, now bare and woodless, of Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely. Dreary and desolate as is the present aspect of those vast, open marshes, which have succeeded to the boundless woodlands, far gloomier and sterner was their character in the first century, reckoned from the Norman conquest. So wild, indeed, and savage was the nature of these solitudes, that, till the hapless day when England yielded to the fierce and tyrannous foreigner, no foot but of the roaming hunter ventured to tread their black and treacherous morasses; which, although bearing a thick growth of alder, and marsh willow, with here and there a group of mighty ash trees towering above the stunted underwood and tall rank sedges, offered no sure foundation to the tread of man or beast, and held forth no inducement save in the myriads of aquatic fowl which had bred, almost undisturbed, for ages, in their sequestered pools and perilous quagmires. But when the insatiate victor had seized upon the fairest and fattest of the land, as lawful spoil of war—when it was found by the unhappy Saxons that neither the mail-shirt of the warrior, nor the gray cassock of the monk, was proof against the rage of Norman persecution—thousands of outlaws fled for safety to those impenetrable fastnesses, wherein they dwelt for many a year, defying the relentless enmity of the usurpers, fearless and free, and happier far than those of their own race who, seeking by submission, and on sufferance, to hold precarious tenure of the lands once

their own, dragged out a wretched and degraded life, the serfs and bondmen of their imperious conquerors.

Into the depths of this stern wilderness, the boldest of the Norman barons had never even dreamed of venturing; and if, at times, necessity compelled them to traverse any one of the few roads which had been carried through its borders, they marched as in a hostile country, with scouts and prickers in advance, with vizors closed, in complete panoply, and even thus, in awe and apprehension, so daring and so dauntless were its dwellers, when in the limits of their own impregnable demesne.

It was by one, the most frequented, of these roads leading through Huntingdon from the metropolis to the more northern districts, at the hour we have just described, two men were lying in concealment, watching, as it would seem, for the approach of travellers. The spot was one, if their intent were violence or plunder, as something in their aspect seemed to indicate, most singularly adapted to their purpose. The narrow causeway, floored by rude logs, with the black loam forced up through their interstices at every step that pressed them, was skirted on the left by an extensive fen; the soil of which, half mud, half water, could evidently bear the weight of no more bulky visitor than the curlews or herons which flapped over its surface, or waded in its slimy waters. On the right hand the earth was firmer, as might be judged from the dense thicket which embowered it, with many a timber-tree, of venerable age, and bulk proportionate, lifting its dark head, clearly defined, against the ruddy sky; but from this island of the marsh, the road was separated by a wide, sluggish stream, soaking its way through moss and mire, between deep banks of tremulous unstable bog. Beside this stream, concealed by the thick foliage of the alders, lurked the two men alluded to above—both Saxon by their aspects, for both were strong and muscular of limb, blue-eyed, and yellow-

haired, with fair complexions, where their skins had been defended from the summer's sun and winter's storm, which had tanned all parts exposed to their inclemency into one general tint of ruddy brown. One of the two, and, as it would seem from the deference shown to him by his companion, the superior person, was, indeed, of size, almost gigantic; considerably above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested, with muscular and brawny limbs, he yet gave promise of activity scarcely inferior to his strength—his features were decidedly, although not eminently, handsome, with a frank, open, and intelligent expression, and animated by a glance of bold and reckless daring. He wore above his close-curled auburn hair, an open morion or bacinet of steel, once brightly polished and adorned with curious carving, but now completely embrowned with the rust, which had been suffered to encroach upon its surface, partly, it might be, because its present dinginess of hue was more congenial to the habits of its wearer, than the ostentatious brilliancy with which it had once glanced to every wandering sunbeam. The remainder of his dress was a steel-shirt or hauberk of the antique and uncouth form peculiar to the Saxons, consisting of rude rings of iron, not linked into each other, but sewed upon a leather cassock edgewise, with hose and buskins of tanned deer-skin; about his neck was slung, by a stout chain, the ponderous *gisarme*, or double-headed bill, which had been from the earliest times, the weapon of the Saxon race, a long, broad, two-edged wood-knife, thrust carelessly into his girdle, and two short, massive boar-spears, in his hand, completed his equipment. His comrade was attired in garments similar in shape, though of materials even coarser, consisting chiefly of the skins of animals, dressed, for the most part, with the hair upon them—he, also, wore a headpiece and offensive weapons, like those of his superior, but no coat of mail or hauberk.

The eyes of both were fixed intently on the farthest point at which the road was visible toward the south; and by their attitudes, and the expression of their anxious and excited countenances, it could be seen at once that they were listening anxiously for some expected sound.

"'Twas but the wind, again!" exclaimed the younger of the two—"'twas but the wind stirring the tree-tops, Hereward! The sun is sinking fast; we shall not have them here, I trow, this evening."

"Tarry awhile—they will be here anon, good Elbert; two of their horses would fall lame, I know full well, this morning—that would delay them somewhat. Americ de Bottetourt is not the man to halt, or turn aside, till he have reached his harbor for the night—especially with his bride, that should be of the company! He will not rest, I warrant thee, till he has lodged her safe with the proud priests of Huntingdon. No! no! good Elbert, tarry and list, awhile, they will be here anon. Hist! hist! what sound was that? Sure 'twas the click of steel."

"'Tis but the chain that holds yon ash from falling. Ringan, let slip a link! but tell me, Hereward, what bride doth Americ lead with him? I knew not that he was wedded."

"Nor is he," replied Hereward, in a deep voice, that actually quivered with the violence of his excitement—"nor, by the soul of Hengist, shall be! but, an' he could, he would wed Edith, the bright daughter of old Lancelot Valletort—and she, they say, abhors him. A curse upon the base marauder! He knows no more of courtesy or gentleness toward dame or damsel, than of good faith, or truth, or mercy toward men! May his soul find no rest hereafter, for his vile carcass I will take order with it, and that speedily! And lo, I hear the tramping of their horses!" and as he spoke, he laid his ear close to the margin of the sluggish stream. "I hear them now, distinctly; they have already passed our station! Hist,

Ringan, hist! be ready. Hie to our comrades, Elbert; when they shall hear me shout, let them cast loose the lashings, and cut clear the trees, as speedily as may be—but till I cry St. George, let no man quit his covert, and as ye love your lives, let no man harm the lady. I care not if by chance, or by design, but whoso harms one hair of her, dies ere he may crave mercy!"

Before he had well finished speaking, his follower left his side, and instantly lost to sight amid the tangled branches of the thicket; at the same moment a loud and long-drawn cry was heard at a considerable distance southward, and while its echoes were yet ringing through the forest, a crash, as of a huge tree falling suddenly, arose from the same quarter, and instantly a second and a third report of the same nature, were heard in quick succession.

The party, which had been expected by the foresters, might now be seen threading the perilous and toilsome windings of the road, and as the distant yell rang on the summer air, and was succeeded by the echoes of the falling timber, Hereward—known far and wide through England, as the most free and fearless of his persecuted race, known to the Saxon as the boldest and most uncompromising friend of his unhappy kinsmen, and to the Norman, as the most dangerous and deadly foeman they had found, since first they landed on the white cliffs of Sussex—Hereward, surnamed the Hunter, looked forth with eager scrutiny to note what the effect should be of these unwonted sounds on his approaching victims. He might behold them pause, and halt irresolutely for a moment, moving up close together as if to hold brief council. Ere they moved on again, a horseman dashed up at hard gallop from the rear, and held some converse with the leader of the little party, which, as it seemed, consisted of some ten or twelve armed men, well-mounted and accoutred in the complete panoply of the victorious

Normans, besides two waiting-women riding among the spear-men on mules or small-sized hackneys, and a horse-litter, with close curtains, the usual conveyance, in that early age, for ladies of distinguished birth. Scarce had he noted these particulars, before the outlaw saw that the Normans once again had put themselves in motion. Three men—whom his quick eye at once detected, by their less cumbersome accoutrements, and the long-bows they bore, already bent, with arrows on the string, to be the far-famed archers who had performed such fatal feats upon his countrymen at Hastings—led the advance at a pace as quick as the roughness of the unsafe causeway would permit; these were succeeded, at a short distance, by the same number of those light-armed horsemen, called hobblers, from the small, active animals which they bestrode, with their long lances in the rest—the center, which consisted of Sir Americ, mounted on his barbed war-horse, with his esquire, and two veteran men-at-arms, all sheathed from head to heel in complete harness, rode close behind the hobblers, the females bringing up the rear under the escort of two more stout archers. It was, indeed, though small, a gallant and a formidable body; and on firm open ground, with enemies to meet them "manfully," as the phrase ran, "under shield," they would have cut their way, unscathed, through five times their own number of assailants, fighting on foot with bill and bow-spear. But he with whom they had to do, knew well the irresistible, and fiery valor of the Norman onslaught—knew well the dogged hardihood of his own stubborn countrymen!—closely had he considered, and with accurate and wary calculation noted the disadvantages to which each mode of fighting was most liable—and, with a full appreciation of the high courage of his enemies, and of that practice in the use of arms which rendered every Norman confident and secure of victory, he had so laid his plans, as, while exposing to

every possible risk and disadvantage the detested Normans, to bring out the peculiarities of the Saxon character and their undisciplined but daring energies with the most powerful effect.

"Mine! mine!" he muttered, as he saw them entering the toils, "they are all mine, already! Soul of my father, triumph! Mother, thou art avenged!—He, whose accursed hand quenched with your blood the embers of the hospitable hearth, that never warmed a villain till on that hapless night when he craved food and shelter—craved entrance only to betray—shall glut the raven and the fox, ruthlessly slaughtered by his weapon whom he made an orphan. Triumph! rejoice, I say. Souls of the murdered dead!—ye are avenged already!"

Well was Sir Americ de Bottetourt known, and widely, and with good cause, was he dreaded through the green confines of that lovely and unhappy island, which he and his usurping comrades had watered with the best blood of its natural owners. In his first youth, when his red field was fought which had consigned fair England to the Norman race for ever, he had yet ridden through the bloody fray side by side with the bravest; and, gifted forthwith by the Duke, with a rich fief torn from its right possessor, he had, in fact, been trained up from his very boyhood to deeds of barbarous and unrelenting cruelty. He was, indeed, that rare occurrence among men, even partly civilized, a human monster. Though at this period, when the conquest was in fact but half accomplished, all Norman Barons were tyrannical and grasping, and, if not actually cruel, reckless at least, of bloodshed, none equalled Americ de Bottetourt for dread intensity of evil. To him, a Saxon life was as that of a boar or deer, or even of less value. The slightest pretext was sufficient to justify the utmost violence to all of that degraded race—the temporary tenure of a few fertile acres, or the supposed possession of a few hoarded angels, was

ample cause for the death-warrant of a Saxon Franklin; while beauty or accomplishment, or even youth itself, was held excuse for the worst injury to his defenceless family. Skillful, no less than brave, in fight, this savage Baron had continually risen in the estimation of the successive monarchs who had held sway in England; had constantly received fresh fiefs, fresh appanages; but still the wealthier and more powerful, the more ambitious he became of greatness, and the less scrupulous of means or measures. Licentious as he was avaricious—when he had passed already the mid-years of manhood—when age, no less than fiery passions, and exposure to the scorching heat of summer, and the keen frosts of winter, had plowed a thousand deep, deforming wrinkles on his harsh features, and sprinkled his dark locks with snow—he had cast on the lovely Alice de Valletort an eye of fierce desire. What were the secret links, none knew, by which the fierce and overruling spirit of Sir Americ had trammelled the whole soul of this lady's father—a man, who ever of a timid and avaricious, rather than bold or grasping spirit, now, in his age, had yielded himself up altogether to the direction of his sterner neighbor, whom, even while he tremblingly obeyed his slightest mandate, he did not even feign to honor, much less to esteem. Her absolute reluctance to the marriage, nay, more, her utter hatred of the man, had been, for months, the topic of almost universal conversation; for so widely had the fame of her unrivalled charms been circulated, that in that age of chivalry and generous adventure numerous were the young and gallant cavaliers who would have deemed it no slight privilege to be permitted to adopt the colors of the lovely Alice at tilt or tournament; and whom, not even the fierce jealousy and savage prowess of her avowed admirer, could deter from offering at the beauty's footstool, the tribute of their admiration. All their endeavors were, however, vain; and when it was

discovered that the bright damsel, though she had eyes to glance, and lips to smile at times upon some favored gallant, had yet no heart to yield—or if she had, possessed not the poor option to bestow it where she pleased—when it was seen that if she caught the dark eye of Sir Americ gazing upon her unwonted mood of merriment, she broke off like a guilty thing detected in commission of some desperate offence, and voluntarily, as it would seem, submitted herself to his imperious will—men ceased to strive for that return of courtesy, at least, if not affection, which, while it could be sought for only at considerable risk, it seemed impossible to gain. Such had been now, for many months, the state of matters between the lady and her lover, if lover it be right to term him, who had no mood of gaiety or softness, even for a moment's space—who never offered any admiration, never showed any kindness, never feigned any courtesy, much less affection. Such, then, for months, had been the state of matters, when it was suddenly announced that on a near-appointed day, Alice would be surrendered by her father into the hands of Sir Americ; for the purpose, it was understood, of being under his protection, conducted in all honor to a well-known and celebrated nunnery of Yorkshire, the abbess of which was sister to the puissant Baron—there to remain till such time as she should submit herself with no more of reluctance or delay to the high destiny which waited her. The route by which they must proceed, lay, for a space, along the outskirts of the desolate and dreaded tract of fen and forest, which was in those days tenanted so wildly by the unconquered Saxons; and as Sir Americ's name was hated by these savage foresters with no small or unmerited degree of detestation, it had been deemed advisable to travel northward with a powerful and well-armed escort—more, perhaps, as a matter of precaution, than of necessity, for, although, since they had been led by Hereward, the

Saxons had increased amazingly in boldness—although they had in many instances surprised, and pitilessly slaughtered those of their oppressors whom they found wandering alone, or with but slight attendance, in pursuit of the woodland game among their perilous fastnesses—they had not yet attained to such a pitch of absolute audacity as would have prompted them to attack men-at-arms, equipped in complete panoply of war, and on their guard no less against the hidden ambush, than the bold front of violence.

It had been Americ's intention to pass the dangerous morass, in which, if any where, he might expect to meet with interruption, at a much earlier hour of the day than that at which he reached it. Two of the horses of his train had fallen lame upon the route, and much time had elapsed before he had been able to replace them; still, he had hoped to cross the causeway before the sun should set, and therefore had pressed onward, having, in truth, no alternative but so to do; for after he had left Cambridge, which was already miles behind him, there was no hostelry or even cottage on the road, wherein it would have been advisable, or even possible, to pass the hours of darkness.

It was, then, in no placid mood that Americ de Bottetourt saw the sun gradually sinking behind the tall trees, which now fringed on every side the darkening horizon; and little was his hope of making good his passage without blows and bloodshed; for he was not unconscious of the bold valor of the Saxon outlaw, nor of the deadly cause he had for waging war to the last extremity against himself, especially, as the most hated individual of a detested race.

Drawing up, therefore, his small band according to the method most approved in those days of incipient discipline, he clasped his vizor, felt that his ponderous sword was ready to his grasp, and advanced, not without some-

thing of unwonted trepidation, at a hard trot into the perilous defile. Already was above one half of its length safely passed; and already had Sir Americ begun to deem the apprehensions, he had of late entertained, causeless, and all unworthy of himself—when from his rear, wildly re-echoed from the thick-set stems of a dim grove which he had just cleared, without hearing sound or seeing sight that could have lead him to suspect the presence of a living being, there rose a long, loud yell, succeeded instantly by the quick clang of axes, and, ere a moment had elapsed, by the tremendous crash of falling timber. Scarce had Sir Americ paused to listen to the unusual and unwelcome sound, before the keen and crafty veteran, whom, in consideration of those very qualities, he had appointed to bring up his rear, dashed up at a hard gallop to his side.

"We shall be set upon, sir, instantly," he cried, the moment he was near enough to suffer his words to be audible. "There be a score or two of Saxon varlets down in the thicket yonder, and they have felled some three or four tall trees across the causeway. Retreat is hopeless!"

"Retreat!" echoed the haughty Baron. "Who would retreat before a Saxon! forward, brave hearts, and if the dogs find heart to show themselves, 'fore God and our Lady, but we will pin them to the earth with our good lances. On, archers, and look sharp—let not a villain show his head above these cursed bushes, but mark it with a cloth-yard arrow. Forward! Saint Genevieve for Americ!"

Such were the words with which the Norman, adopting the array which has been heretofore described, dashed onward—while from behind, nearer at every instant, and more near, rang the wild whoops and yells which had in the first instance announced the presence of the enemy.

"Damian, they be behind us yet," he said, addressing himself in a whisper to the veteran 'squire who rode be-

side his rein—"behind us all. Beshrew me, but I think we shall outstrip them!"

"Look! look! Sir Americ," shouted the old 'squire, almost in the selfsame instant, pointing with his long lance toward the ash-trees of which Hereward had spoken. "Look! my good lord, a chain. Yon ash is half cut through—if it fall we are lost!"

Even as he spoke, the chain which up to this time had sustained the mighty tree, swung free—the branches swayed and cracked, and the gigantic trunk groaned, as it reeled and tottered to and fro.

"On, archers!" shouted Americ—"on, archers, for your lives; get past yon ash-tree into the open glade—on! for your lives—and shoot your deadliest, or we are but lost men!"

Then from the thicket in the front rose, long and loud, the same portentous yell, which had alarmed them from the rear, while, nearer still and nearer, on every side of it was repeated, showing that now they were entirely surrounded; and fast and frequently might be heard the ringing clatter of the axes, and the stern voice of Hereward urging the outlaws to their toil. Instantly, as Americ spoke, the archers dashed their spurs into their chargers' flanks, and sped at a pace actually fearful along the rough and broken causeway, driving at every stroke the mud and slime high into air behind them. If they might but succeed in passing, ere the large tree should fall, it was most probable that the whole party would escape; for, cutting on the causeway at right angles, not half an arrow-flight beyond the thicket, an open glade extended with firm soil and good footing quite to the rear of the Saxons; so that, the angle gained, the volley of the Norman archery would have commanded their position, and rendered it impossible for them to carry their annoyance farther. On they went, gallantly and fast—scattering, however, as one horse outstripped the other—with their

long-bows already bent, and arrows notched upon the string. Fearful, indeed—it was a fearful moment—the mighty ash-tree rocked and cracked audibly—one archer has already passed it—lo! he has halted—raised his bow to his eye—that twang has rung the knell of one of the assailants—St. Genevieve, St. Genevieve, for Americ!" The second reaches it—even now his charger—goaded to his full speed—is springing past the butt—he is safe—and the third close behind!—No! no!—a louder, deeper groan of the huge tree! and down—down it came, thundering to the earth! Heaven, what a fearful sight—even as it fell, the hapless Norman who rode second, dashed into the dread space, and on the instant, horse and man were crushed by the resistless weight into one shapeless mass of quivering and gory carnage—the third man close to the ruin, had yet the time to note it, and with a desperate effort succeeded in arresting the speed of his fiery horse—and now he stood, the noble animal quivering in every limb with terror, its head curbed to the very chest by the strong rider, who, unmoved even by that fearful peril, watched with a steady eye for the appearance of a foeman. Not long did he wait, for, ere the echoes of that thundering shock had passed away—cheerily shouting to his comrades, Hereward sprang upon the fragment of the tree, which stood upright in the ground, as if to overlook the field.

"Down with another tree, my men! One more," he shouted, "and they are ours, beyond hope of rescue!"

The moment he appeared, the arrow whistled from the bowstring of the Norman, but whether it was that his nerves were shaken by the appalling sight he had that instant witnessed, or that the Saxon, as men said of a truth, bore a charmed life, the shaft sung past his head, and, quivering, stood fixed in a tree hard behind him, buried there almost to the feather.

"St. George for merry England!" shouted the outlaw

in return, and without pausing even to take aim hurled the short boar-spear which he held in his right hand, against the archer. Hurtling through the air, it smote him at the junction of the gorget with the breastplate, and driven with resistless force, pierced through and through the neck, and hurled him headlong from his saddle, a dead man ere he touched the earth. At the same point of time, the clatter of the hoofs of the third archer who had passed the tree, and in whom all their hopes of safety were now vested, might be heard, telling of his flight and their abandonment.

They were entrapped almost beyond hope of redemption or resistance!—Before them and behind, the road was barred by masses of felled timber, which hours of labor would hardly suffice to remove—on their right hand a deep and fordless rivulet, with its banks guarded by the ambushed Saxons, and on their left, a dark impassable morass. Yet, still in this extremity, Sir Americ displayed his wonted gallantry and conduct. "Down with your lances!" he exclaimed, "there be no use of them! Out axes, and dismount! You, Damian," he continued, "with Lancelot and Raoul, hew away at yon timber as you best may, to clear a path—we, with God's aid, will guard ye!"

Down from their saddles sprang the men-at-arms, and in the face of dreadful odds, went steadily, and even cheerfully, about their work. The light-armed spearmen clustered about the person of their leader, who, with his long two-handed sword unsheathed, sat perfectly unmoved on his tall war-horse. The two remaining archers had fallen back with the females to that side of the causeway nearest the morass, and therefore least exposed to instant peril. But the plot thickened—for the instant the first blow fell upon the timber, a dozen Saxons showed themselves on the farther side, and with their bills and boar-spears, commenced so violent an assault upon the

men-at-arms, as checked entirely their progress. At the same instant, Hereward stepped forward—with a javelin in his right hand, and his huge *gisarme* in his left—beyond the bushes of the thicket directly in the face of Americ; while half a score, at least, of his rude followers, half-armed, and utterly undisciplined, but hardy, bold, and goaded into fury by unnumbered wrongs, appeared behind him.

"Sir Americ de Bottetourt," exclaimed the Saxon, as he saw his foeman, using the *lingua* franca, then the sole medium of communication between the hostile races, "this day your hour is come! 'Twas this night, seven years—"

"It was," replied the Norman, interrupting him, "this very night, seven years agone, that this hand slew each living dog of thy accursed race, save thyself, only, who escaped me then, but to fill up my triumph now. Come forth, and meet thy death, dog, an' thou darest, in fair fight with a Norman noble!"

"Heaven judge betwixt us," Hereward hissed between his teeth close-set, and launched his second javelin full at the speaker's body. This time, however, his aim was less true, than before, for grazing the thigh of his enemy, the boar-spear pierced through demipique and housing of the Norman's charger, bearing him earthward in the agonies of death.

"Callest thou this fair fight?" shouted the now infuriated Baron, "callest thou this fair fight?—then will we drive ye from your 'vantage! Gilbert, thy light-armed hobbler hath cleared a broader trench than that before thee; over, and charge the dog—there is, I trow, good footing!"

Without one word, the young and daring spearman spurred his horse at the fearful leap—the fiery charger faced it gallantly, but in the very act of springing, the treacherous footing failed, and, though he made a noble

effort, his fore-feet barely reached the farther brink, while his hind quarters were engulfed in the tenacious quagmire—the rider struggled up for a moment from the miry ditch, but it was only for a moment—the ponderous axe of Hereward fell like a thunderbolt upon his head-piece, and crushed the very skull beneath it.

"St. George! St. George for merry England!" and planting one foot firmly on the back of the exhausted horse, Hereward sprang across the streamlet, followed by all his dauntless comrades, and was assailed immediately by Americ. The fray was ended in ten seconds between the vassals of the Norman and the impetuous outlaws, who, caring for neither wounds nor death, bore them down to the ground by the mere weight of numbers, and unmercifully slew them to the last man.

Not so, however, nor so rapidly, was the encounter ended between the Norman Baron and Hereward, the Hunter. Both men of power and muscular strength almost unrivalled, both animated by unusual fury, one fighting for his life, the other, dearer to him than life, for vengeance, they struggled long and desperately. Many and dangerous wounds were interchanged, before Sir Americ's two-handed sword was shivered to the hilt, and himself beaten to his knee by one blow of the Saxon *gisarme.*

"Not so!" cried Hereward, "not so! with weapons in thy hand shalt thou die, savage Norman! Thou shalt not boast in hell that Hereward was cowardly avenged —give him an axe, good Elbert!"

His order was obeyed without dispute, though evidently with reluctance, and armed anew by his foe's mercy or contempt, Sir Americ renewed the combat. Not long, however, did it now last—for less accustomed to the bill than to the sword, Americ failed to parry the third blow, which, glancing from his head-piece, clove deep into his shoulder, and was immediately succeeded

by a fourth, which crushed the helmet like a nutshell, and laid the tyrant at the feet of the avenger, a quivering and lifeless corpse.

The last rays of the sun barely sufficed for the conclusion of the fierce encounter, but the pale moon was gleaming through the forest, before the outlaws, with the lady and her female followers, their honorable captives, and treated with due honor, turned to the shelter of their woodland fastness, leaving, as Hereward had boasted, to the raven and the fox, the bodies of their vanquished conquerors.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Ours is no native bud, nor cultured gem,
Nor in the forest glade
Brief offspring of some frail deciduous stem
Was ever meant to fade;

Nor waits the genial call of peeping morn
To ope its modest eye;
Nursed not by zephyr, nor of slumber born
To bourgeon, and to die.

It shall not perish by the nipping cold
When skies are drear and dun;
Nor tremble at the tempest's summons bold,
Nor droop i' the noonday sun.

Only it dreads the blight of bitter tongue
And critic's censure rude;
For ever prompt, since Theban Pindar sung,
To blast the bright and good.

Oh! guard it ye, who do the muse revere,
This fragrant thing and frail;
Nor suffer it unwept to wither here,
Pinched by cold envy's gale.

So, in young dalliance with the balmy May,
When early flowerets bloom,
Fairest and first its leaflets shall display
Their rich and rare perfume;

So, in the glare of August's fiercest glow,
When every grove is hush,
It still shall boast its cup of stainless snow
Without or blame or blush.

And, when December storms are raving shrill,
Its deathless prime shall wave,
Though all beside are marred by frost-winds chill,
O'er nature's annual grave;

So shall it live, nor ever fear to die,
'Spite wind and winter's rages;
Nearer, each season, to its parent sky,
A Phenix flower of ages.

THE RED FOX.

This well-known and widely distributed animal is one of the few species, whether of birds or quadrupeds, that is not peculiar to this continent, but co-exists, identical in all its characteristics, in Europe and America.

It is not, indeed, a fact perfectly established that the red fox is originally indigenous to this country ; it being well ascertained that it was largely imported, as a beast of chase, by the founders of the Cavalier settlements of Maryland, shortly after their arrival, in order to minister to their sporting propensities, for which purposes its craft, courage, and endurance, adapt it far more than its congener, the gray fox, which is peculiar to the western hemisphere.

This circumstance, together with the fact that the red fox of America is not to be distinguished, in any structural points, from the European animal, has induced the belief among many well-informed persons, that the red fox was unknown in America before the arrival of the white man, and that the whole race with which the continent, in its northern portions especially, abounds, are all descendants of those imported by the settlers of Lord Baltimore, such as were fortunate enough to escape the fox-hounds of the gallant cavaliers.

Without asserting positively that this derivation is true, it may be well to state that it is by no means, as some persons have maintained, impossible ; since, notwithstanding the vast increase, in a comparatively short period, which must be assumed in order to account for the wide diffusion of the race at the present day, such an increase is by no means inconsistent with the laws of nature as regards the propagation of animals, where they are entirely, or in a great degree, unmolested.

It is, moreover, worthy of remark, in this point of view, that the red fox, though in no respect domesticated, or, perhaps, susceptible of domestication, is yet the attendant and concomitant of man, extending his range as the range of civilization is extended, and rarely, if ever, occurring in the interior of the native wilderness.

The English rabbit has in this manner become indigenous to parts of Florida, where, I am informed, they are now abundant, of all colors, being sprung from a few pairs of the domesticated variety; while it is notorious that the countless droves of cattle and wild horses which people the pampas of South America, are sprung from individuals turned loose by the Spaniards, and that many uninhabited islands in the Pacific and elsewhere actually swarm with European animals, the descendants of single pairs set ashore by beneficent mariners for the benefit of humanity at large.

The limits inhabited by the red fox of America are, as I have stated above, very widely extended, embracing all the settled parts of the United States, but more especially the central portions along the sea-board, and to the eastward. In Florida and further south they are far rarer. The red fox is thus described in Dekay's Fauna of the State of New York :—

"*Characteristics.* — Reddish above, whitish beneath. Ears behind, and anterior part of the legs varying from light brown to deep black. Length, three to four feet.

"*Description.*—From a large male killed in Queen's County, Long Island, New York.---Snout, small and pointed. Length of head, seven inches.

"*Color.*—Anterior part of the head, the flank, and back, bright reddish, more particularly along the back and foreshoulders, where the color is more intense. Margin of the chin and upper jaw, pure white. Throat, breast, and a narrow space along the belly, whitish, mixed with brown on the latter. Fore and hind feet black in

front, the black on the latter extending up on the outside of the thigh. Toes margined with fulvous. Brush, ample, reddish, composed of two sorts of hairs, the one black at the base and reddish at the tips; the other, much longer, entirely black, giving to the whole tail a dusky appearance.

Head and body,.....	29.0
Vertebræ of tail,.....	12.0
Ditto tips of hairs,.....	16.0

"The red fox varies considerably in weight and size; the specimen above described weighing eleven pounds; and I have heard of others weighing fifteen pounds, but such are not common; the more usual weight is from eight to ten pounds. Although this fox burrows well, yet it is not uncommon to find them taking possession of the burrows of the shunk for the purpose of rearing their young. Richardson states that it burrows in summer, and in winter takes refuge under a fallen tree. It brings forth from four to six young, about the latter end of March or first of April, in the State of New York. These are at first covered with a smoke-brown fur. In a litter I once saw the tips of the tails in all were white, and, like the dog, were blind for some days after birth. They feed on the smaller quadrupeds and birds, and are accused of destroying lambs. They make occasional forays upon the barn-yard, but in this respect are not so daring as the other species, and, perhaps, in some measure compensate for their injuries by destroying field-mice and other noxious vermin. Its flesh is rank and disagreeable. It is to this species we refer two strongly marked varieties, which have by naturalist been treated as species:

"1. *The Cross Fox—Decussatus.*—The color of the preceding, with a dark stripe on the neck from the head to the back, crossed at right angles by another dark stripe over the shoulders. This cross is sometimes only feebly

distinct, and at others well defined. It has the size, form, habits, and fur of the red fox, and is always considered by the hunters as a variety. The caprice of fashion has attached a great value to this skin. While the red fox skin is valued at about two dollars, the cross fox has been known to sell for twelve, and sometimes as high as fifteen dollars. It occurs in every part of the State, but more particularly in the northern districts.

"2. *The Black Fox.*—Godman, vol. I., p. 274, pl. fig. 1—Almost entirely black; the end of the tail and spots on the breast occasionally white, sometimes intensely hoary. This is very rare in this State. I have never met with it, but have been assured by hunters in the northern counties that they have sometimes killed it. Richardson, page 94, asserts that its fur fetches six times the price of any other produced in North America. Its value, doubtless, increases with the intensity and purity of the black color."

It is the existence of these two varieties only—for it appears to be conceded by all the best naturaltists, that there are no specific distinctions between the red, cross, and black foxes—that inclines me to the belief that the American and English, or European red fox is not identical; since no such varieties are to be found in the other hemisphere, as might be expected, were we to regard them as mere freaks of nature.

The fox is proverbially cunning, both in his predatory movements, and in the instinct of preservation, which prompts him to startegems, when closely pursued by hounds and hunters, so sagacious as to baffle the scenting qualities of the finest dogs, and to outwit man's penetration.

He is bold, hardy, and indefatigable, whether in pursuit of game, or in escaping from his enemies. In the latter category I have myself been in the field more than once, when a celebrated and well-known fox, easily dis-

tinguished by the loss of a portion of his brush, amputated in a steel trap, has stood before a good pack of hounds from ten o'clock in the morning until it became too dark to finish the chase, across an open country, without wood or coppice, covering about forty miles of distance during that time, and thoroughly tiring out every horse in the field.

It was my fortune to be present at the last run afforded by this gallant fox, and to assist, as the French call it, at his death. On being found, he took his usual line from the covert which he haunted, due westward across a fine grazing country, consisting for the most part of forty and fifty-acre pasture fields, inclosed by dry stone walls, from four-and-a-half to six feet in hight. There had been a warm rain over night, but not enough to render the country deep or heavy; and a strong but mild west wind was blowing directly in the teeth of the fox; circumstances the most favorable that can be conceived to the hounds, and *vice versa* to the quarry—since the same gale which impedes his progress conveys his effluvium fresh and reeking to the olfactory organs of his pursuers, lending them redoubled stimulus of speed and vigor.

Consequently, in many years of fox-hunting, I never saw hounds run so fast as they did on that morning, topping the walls, ten or twelve abreast, and unable to give tongue, beyond an occasional whimper, owing to the tremendous pace they were going.

Thirteen miles were done in one hour and seven minutes, before the gallant fox was run into, without a check, a turn, or a double, in the whole line, in the middle of a large grass field; only five horses, out of the seventy or more which started from the covert side, being on the spot when the woo-whoop was given—all the remainder had come to a stand still, some farther, some nearer, along the entire course of country traversed,

and not a few were rendered entirely useless by the exertions of the day.

This is one of the most remarkable runs with fox-hounds on record, so far as speed is concerned; twelve miles an hour being considered the utmost rate of speed attainable, even for short distances, by either hounds or horses, across an inclosed country; and the maintenance of that pace for thirteen consecutive miles being a circumstance almost unparalleled in the annals of sporting. The fences were, moreover, unusually severe, as, being of solid stone, they afforded the hounds no opportunity of passing through, or *mensing* them, as it is technically termed, but compelled them to scramble over their tops, as it did the horses to take them in their strides.

The introduction of finely bred and fleet hounds, and of thorough-bred horses, instead of the slow, staunch old Southern breed of dogs, and the short-barrelled, punchy, half-bred hunters of the last century, has effected as complete a revolution in the style of English fox-hunting, as the introduction of steam has done with the system of travel.

Instead of meeting in the gray of a chill November morning before the sun has risen, the modern Nimrods muster at the covert-side at half-past ten or eleven o'clock; and, if the scent be good and the sport in proportion, the day is over by two or three, and both hounds and horses have an ample sufficiency of work, and the riders of excitement, in the death of a brace of flying foxes, in a couple of sharp, short and decisive bursts, with a kill at the end, each of forty minutes' to an hour's duration. While in the days of old, six or seven hours' slow tracking and trailing, by which the fox was fairly wearied and worn out, and badgered to death, was the order of the day. The length of time occupied was then the test of a good run; staunchness and endurance the crowning praise of a pack; and the prize of sportsmanship belonged

to a man who, after trotting about lanes and by-ways, nicking the turns of the chase, and cutting off corners, without perhaps crossing one field in company with the hounds, or leaping a single fence, came in at the death after all.

The number of miles run in a minimum of time, a burst without a check, and a kill in the open, are now the grand desiderata; extreme fleetness, superadded to high scenting qualities, is the chief merit of hounds; and the best rider is he who lives, as it is gnostically termed, from the beginning to the end of the run, in the same field with the pack, riding nearly abreast, and taking every fence in his stroke, as it occurs, without craning or faltering.

In the Northern and Eastern States of this country, fox-hunting is not pursued generally as a sport, but rather as a method of destroying a noxious animal, and the gun is for the most part called in aid of a brace or two of slow, old-fashioned southern hounds.

In the Southern States, however, Maryland, Virginia, both the Carolinas and Georgia, fox-hunting is pursued with much eagerness and delight, if with less system and accuracy of appointment, as in England.

Many regular packs of hounds are kept by individual gentlemen in these States, and scarcely any planter is without his well-known blooded hunter wherein to join the chase.

In the less thickly settled States of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, the favorite sport is deer-hunting; and in any of these it is scarcely possible to travel a day's ride, without hearing the jocund chorus of the hounds, and the merry shout of the hunter re-echoing through the forest.

A yet more general method is the formation of subscription packs, each gentleman in a neighborhood keeping two or more couple of hounds at walk, which readily rally

to a bugle blown at head-quarters on hunting mornings; and, in the wild woodland counties, which constitute the greater surface of the hunting grounds, do their work as satisfactorily as more regularly constituted packs, where, from the nature of the land, equality of speed, size, and symmetry are less needed, since it is rare that hounds can run abreast, than in the clear and cultivated champaigns of old England.

To this cause, moreover, it is to be ascribed, that here, as in England of the olden day, staunchness and endurance are qualities more demanded than extreme speed; for the character of the country and nature of the soil gives the fox every opportunity of dodging, running his own back-trail, and otherwise baffling the hounds, while the great extent of woodlands, and the extraordinary severity of the dense, tangled, and thorny coverts, prevent the sportsmen from riding up to the hounds, and make it necessary for them to follow often by hearing rather than by view.

Of all sports there is none so fascinating, none so madly exciting, as fox-hunting, with a full cry of hounds making the sere woods crash with the melody of their woodland chorus—hounds, horses, men alike rejoicing and exulting in the hot chase, and the full development it calls into existence of their power and pride. Long life to it wherever it exists, and health and happiness to all who honor it!

GERTRUDE VON HALEN;

OR,

THE BOAT-RACE OF BROUVERSHAVEN.

The sun had set, red and lowering, over the inundated meadows, that lay stretched for miles on miles around the beleagured walls of Ziriczee—beleaguered by the fierce Spaniards of Mondragone thirsting for blood and insatiate of plunder—nor was it the great natural sun only that had this evening sunk beneath the horizon, the grand light-giver and adorner of the world; but hope likewise, that sun of the moral and intellectual world, had set to the brave men of Zealand.

Everything thus far had favored the besiegers, and the undaunted resolution of Mondragone, in marching his tremendous and irresistible legions through wide arms of the sea, and overcoming natural obstacles deemed hitherto impregnable, if it had not broken down the valor, had yet dispirited the souls of the stout Protestants of Schowen, and led them to consider resistance, although it were their duty, a point of honor only and religion, but wholly desperate and vain.

The wily leader of Philip's Spanish veterans, at that time the finest and most famous infantry in Europe, although as cruel and licentious as they were valiant and determined, knew far too much of strategy to risk his men in rash onslaughts against works defended by men rendered desperate by the sense of intolerable wrongs, and fighting for their hearths and homes, their own lives, and their women's honor. He left them to a foe more cruel and unsparing even than the sword of the Castilian Papist—to hunger, and, its companion ever in besieged

and crowded cities, the pestilence that slays at noon-day alike, and in the silent night.

When the amphibious Zealanders broke down their dykes, and suffered the wild waters—which for years it had been their labor to exclude, and their pride to conquer—to pour in over their cultivated fields, drowning their valuable cattle, sweeping away their rich harvests, covering their choice lands with the barren ooze and bitter marl of those stagnant seas, destroying in one hour the fruit of centuries, the Spanish general had drawn off his men, and posted them in strong forts built everywhere along the margins of the artificial deluge, and mounted with the heaviest ordnance, determined that no food or succor should be thrown into the starving town, and confident that sooner or later it must surrender to his arms.

The efforts, on the other hand, of the Prince of Orange and the confederates had been from the beginning to introduce men and provisions, at it mattered not what risk of life, to the unhappy city.

For this purpose a small canal had been cut from the great arm of the sea, separating the island of Schowen from Duveland, which had been forded by Mondragone in his first advance, and the banks of this lesser cut had been so strongly fortified by the Zealanders that, while they retained possession of their works, they could introduce flat-bottomed vessels capable of traversing the inundation from the Grevelingen Channel, which was occupied by their admiral, Boissot, in considerable force; and so long the citizens of Ziriczee were well supplied and cheerfully determined in resistance.

After awhile, however, by his great skill in expedients, Mondragone contrived to lock up the mouth of the small canal, stationing his great ships where the water was deepest, and drawing a stacado from each side through

the shallows, which he united finally with strong iron chains, and so rendered all access impracticable.

When this was finished it became necessary for the Protestants to discover some new means of giving assistance to their friends, and, with his wonted energy, the Prince of Orange had strained every nerve to do this by means of another cut, made from the same canal; but here too the Spaniards anticipated him, occupying the greater part of their forces, and planting heavy batteries on the edge of the cut, so that a few days before the commencement of my narrative they had beat off Count Hohenloe, a German nobleman of most unquestionable spirit and resolution, with great loss, and established permanent fortifications on the spot.

On the morning which gave birth to this red and stormy afternoon, the hopes of the men of Ziriczee had been raised to the highest pitch of expectation—and it was time that they should be raised, for it was many days since the soldiers even and defenders of the place had tasted anything but the flesh of dogs and horses, while the burghers and those that were useless in action had fared even more wretchedly, on rats and mice and the weeds that grew on the ramparts, and even on soup made from shoe-leather and sword-belts—the women only of the place and the sick had been supplied with an ounce or two of flour and a small modicum of wine daily, but even these miserable supplies had now failed; and of the filthiest and most sordid food there was not now enough left to supply the garrison for another day.

On this morning, however, their hopes had been raised by the arrival of two carrier-pigeons with letters from the Prince of Orange, announcing that at noon he should attack the Spanish force at the village of Dreischer with such a power as would, he hoped, ensure success, and warning them to hold their gates in hand in readiness to receive the supplies at an early hour of the afternoon.

From daybreak they had been on the alert, and when, at about ten o'clock, they heard from the right direction heavy discharges, and then the sustained and regular roar of a constant cannonade, and that too seeming to approach nearer and nearer, their hearts became glad and jocund, and they felt certain that they were relieved already. At one o'clock a third pigeon was seen winging its way toward the city from the dense smoke-clouds which had mantled the horizon to the northeastward in the blackest gloom. Welcome as Noah's messenger, when it came back with the olive branch, this bird brought, like those which preceded it, good tidings! The prince had succeeded in his first attack, had thrown the Spaniards into confusion, and carried off the cannon from one of their batteries—there could be now no doubt of his success, for he was winning his way everywhere at the pike's point.

The walls of Ziriczee rang loud and long with wild and repeated cheering, the towers and steeples were dressed out triumphantly with flags and streamers, and in the churches the Te Deum was sung permaturely for the defeat of the Spaniards, and the aid vouchsafed to them from on high.

It was sung prematurely, for long, and loud, and evenly balanced, continued throughout the greater part of the day the roar of the cannonading, and hopes rose and fell alternately; but toward night it was clear that the sounds of firing were advancing no longer toward the city, nor stationary even, but now receding rapidly toward the Grevelingen Channel, and down that seaward, as if the confederates were flying from Outdorp or Goeree. As it grew darker, the glare as of some great conflagration could be distinguished far off to the eastward, and within two hours a boat with a white flag approached the water-gate of Ziriczee, and proclamation was made, after a long pacific flourish from a Spanish

trumpet, "that the confederates had been entirely defeated; the admiral, Boissot, with his flag-ship and all his crew cut off and killed, and the prince now in full retreat, and at this moment lying off Brouvershaven, to repair his shattered squadron previous to bearing off for the Texel." To this intelligence was added an offer, from Mondragone, of more favorable terms than had been as yet granted to any of the revolted cities, the lives and property of all the citizens being guaranteed to them on the general's honor. But with the offer was coupled a positive declaration that, in case of the town's holding out beyond twenty-four hours, the garrison should be put to the sword, the city plundered for a week, the burghers decimated, and the women given up to the mercy of the Spanish soldiery—and Naerden and Haerlem had taught men well to comprehend the meaning of those words, "Spanish mercy."

The governor of the place, Adrian von Halen, had hurried to the walls as soon as it was known that a communication from the besiegers was at hand, and when he heard the fatal news the tears streamed down his withered cheeks to his gray beard, and he beat his steel breastplate with his bare hands till the blood gushed from beneath his nails in the violence of his emotion, unmarked and unheeded. In a moment or two, however, he in some sort recovered his equanimity, although he well knew that longer defence was hopeless, and that but little confidence could be placed in the good faith of any Spanish treaty.

Directing then his trumpeter to reply with a note of parley, he asked permission to send out a boat's crew, unarmed, with a trusty person on board, to whom a safe conduct should be given together with a hostage, in order to ascertain the fact of the confederates' discomfiture and retreat.

"And, in case," he continued, "all that you tell us is

confirmed by our own countrymen, we will submit ourselves at noon to-morrow, and open our gates to Count Mondragone, trusting to his good faith and honor, and to God's everlasting mercy, for our preservation according to the terms you have offered."

"And if we refuse this permission," shouted a harsh voice from the boat, "how will you help yourselves then, I pray you?"

"I will tell you," replied the old man; "we will cut off our left arms and feed upon them, and fight you with our right hands only, and when that food shall fail us, we will kill our women and children, and set our town on fire, and sally out and fall sword in hand, harming our enemies, at least, to the end, and die, if needs be we must die, killing!"

"Try it—try it, at once!" replied the voice. "Go home and sup on your left arm to-night, I trow it will be but gristly and unprofitable food; for we will grant no such permission. No! you must trust in this, likewise, to our Spanish honor—for the confederates are beaten, and Boissot slain too, that is certain. If I had thought of it, we could have satisfied your doubts right easily, by bringing his head with us and pitching it over your walls."

"That is the reason why we doubt you," replied Adrian; "we cannot very well believe that had you conquered, as you say you have, you would not have brought down some prisoners to crucify, or hang up by the heels, at our gates."

"We made no prisoners, not one!" replied the voice; "we killed them all—as we shall kill you if you do not yield, and that too to-morrow."

"Then, you will not grant—" began the governor, desirous of gaining his end by any means, but he was interrupted immediately by the same stern, rough voice—

"No! no! I tell you no! The terms offered now are too good for ye—heretic and rebellious boors!"

"Then, we will not surrender upon any terms—and look you to it, for it shall cost you many lives to overpower our despair."

And, without any farther words, he turned silently and sadly from the walls, and walked toward the marketplace among a constantly increasing concourse of pale, emaciated wretches, wasted and worn with pestilence and famine till scarce a semblance of humanity or life was left on their wan and haggard features. Yet each one of those weak and staggering, nay, almost dying! creatures was girt about with harness and war-weapons, was resolute to the last gasp for his country, his religion, and his privilege to worship God according to his faith and conscience.

At length, when he had reached the open space in front of the Maison de Ville, one of the crowd cried out to him, "Speak to us, Adrian—speak to us, noble Adrian von Halen—tell us what we shall now do."

The magistrate had already mounted two or three of the steps leading to the Gothic doorway of the town hall when this cry arose and was reiterated by two or three faint voices, and followed by a feebler cheer. Immediately the old man turned about, and addressed them in a high and resolute tone.

"Brethren," he said, "and fellow-sufferers, we are of a truth very hard beset, and, save in the Almighty, we have no hope left of any succor or salvation; and, before Heaven, where I trust we shall all soon be reassembled, I know not well how to counsel you. Haerlem and Naerden, my friends, teach us how Spaniards keep their faith with those who capitulate; and loth should I be to confide whom I love to their honor, or their mercy. Moreover, brothers, I believe not altogether the truth of this their proclamation. If it be true, why should they

offer us conditions so seeming fair and honorable that, for that very seeming, I but the more suspect their falsehood? My advice, therefore, is, at least, to hold out until to-morrow. I think they will not hurl themselves needlessly against the edge of our despair by assaulting us, and if they should, why we can yet make a pretty hash of them, few as we are and feeble; and it is better always to die like heroes on a well-defended breach, than to be slaughtered, slave-like, in our cellars or our garrets. Let us, I say, hold out until to-morrow, and then if we should learn that the prince is indeed driven back we can submit; or, if they then refuse us terms, we can set fire to our houses, die to a man in the last ditch, leave to our oppressed and groaning countrymen a proud example, and to our overwhelming foes a solitude which, if they will, they may call peace." *

"Well said, well said, Adrian von Halen," replied fifty voices from the multitude; "well hast thou said, and as thou sayest we will do."

"War to the last!" screamed one who had lost the power to shout. "Death rather than submission to the treacherous Spaniard!"

"But tell us, Adrian," exclaimed another, cooler and more thoughtful than the rest, "how shall we know if William of Nassau have indeed retreated?"

"That is what I go now to deliberate with the council," replied Adrian; "the only plan I see is to send a boat across the inundation, to make its way into the Grevelingen by Brouvershaven, seek out the fleet, and require some signal by which we may be certified, but I much fear me it will be hard to find a messenger, or men to row him over, could we find one."

"It were sure death," answered nearly a hundred persons in a breath; "they lie in force both at Bommene

* Solitudinem faciunt, pacem vocant.—*Tacitus.*

and Brouvershaven, and they have store of pinnaces and galleys."

"No! no!" cried many more. "No! no! we will not go—none of us! none of us!—did they not crucify Peter Schenck with his head downward, and sew Martin Vanderhagen up in the carcass of a dead horse, whom they caught carrying letters to Boissot? No! none of us will do that—death is nothing; but tortures like those are worse than twenty deaths."

"Then, Heaven have mercy upon us," he replied, "for earth has no hope." And, with the words, he entered the town house and ascended the stairs to the council chamber, where six or eight old men and four or five in the prime of manhood were assembled about a table, covered with scarlet cloth. That was a splendid chamber, adorned with arms, hangings, and fine pictures of the great Flemish masters, and carvings in wood-work, and elaborate gildings, and Venetian mirrors, and soft Turkey carpets; and, notwithstanding all of suffering and sorrow, famine and pestilence, that had so long brooded over that most unhappy town, that chamber had been preserved in all its splendor with a care which appeared to hold it sacred; and it was swept on this night and garnished as if for some high festival.

The men, too, old and young, who were gathered there, perhaps, for the last time, though thin, and wan, and ghastly, with not a hue of color in their sunken cheeks, not a gleam of life in their watery and unmeaning eyes, and scarce strength enough to totter to and fro on their attenuated limbs, were accurately and even richly dressed—the burgomasters in their accustomed suits of black velvet, with huge ruffs about their necks, and massive chains of gold—the rest in rich coats of plate-armor, with gorgets round their necks, and heavy swords buckled on their thighs, too heavy it would seem to be wielded by arms so feeble as those which hung listlessly

by the sides, or were crossed with an air of patient resolution over the bold breasts of the wearers.

It was to these that Adrian von Halen entered with the sad tidings of which he was the bearer, nor did he look to them with any thing of confidence for the assistance which he needed. For how could he expect that any man would expose himself to the almost certain risk of death, protracted not through hours alone, but days and nights of excruciating and insufferable torture?

Still, he laid the matter before them fairly—he told them the whole import of the proclamation, and the terms offered—of the refusal of the besiegers to permit any inquiries concerning the truth of their tidings; of his own resolution, and that of the assembled population—rather to fire the town, and perish in the flames, with all that was dear to them on earth, than to surrender uninformed and blindly. He pointed out the only method of obtaining tidings, and asked if any there would volunteer to be the messenger, in case men could be found to row the boat. Dull looks and gloomy silence only replied to his question—and, when he asked each after each, a cold refusal followed.

Then rose the old man's courage, and he said, "My masters, I am an old man, and have not now many years left to live, even if it were peace. I have outlived all that I loved on earth these many years, except one being, my sweet and gentle Gertrude; had it not been for her I would have laid me down and died long, long ago, upon the grave where sleeps my sainted Rachel. But now the time has come when my death may well be of more use to my country than my life has been, though I have striven ever to advance it in peace and preserve it inviolate in war. I, therefore, will go now, right cheerfully and gladly, if so be, men can be found to man the boat to carry me. Say, gentlemen, and fair citizens, which of you will exchange the sword for the oar, and pull the old

man seaward over the flats?—it is but a gallant boat-race, if ye would only think so."

Still there was no response, for, though there was not one man there who would not have exposed himself cheerfully to death on the breach, or in the daring sally, all shrank aghast from the idea of affronting the barbarity of the Spaniards, exercised as it had been on all who attempted to break out of the beleaguered town; and incurring the penalties denounced against all who should be taken within the lines of the besiegers—penalties which they well knew, from examples too manifestly certain to be doubted, would be unsparingly enforced, without regard to age, or sex, or station.

There was no answer from the magnates of the town—the council was silent, and heart-fallen. Then the old man advanced to the windows which overlooked the great square, and, opening one of them, stepped out upon the balcony, conspicuous in the glare of many torches which were held up by the multitudes below, and once more addressed them.

"Brothers," he said, "there is no need of many words. I will go forth myself, if any six of you will come forward manfully and volunteer to row me over. Moreover, out of my own private coffers, I will give a thousand guilders to each man that will so offer himself, and if he fall in the undertaking, the good town shall provide for his wife and little ones, and his name shall be ennobled forever."

The reply was a laugh!—yes! a laugh! a wild, hysterical and mocking laugh! The proffer of wealth, of money, valueless dross and rubbish in times such as those—of nobility, a mere name and empty trifle, and above all of the town's protection, when there appeared no chance that the town would be in existence twenty-four hours afterward, seemed so fantastical and wild,

that the starved, miserable, desperate wretches laughed —yes! laughed with a shrill, fearful merriment.

"Out on you, wretches! Do you laugh?" cried Adrian severely. "Do you laugh at honor, and manhood, and faith to the last? Laugh, then, when you see your wives and daughters writhing in agony in the despoiler's arms—laugh when you see your infants sprawling upon the points of Spanish pikes—laugh when your houses blaze and their rooftrees fall—laugh in your own death-pangs!—laugh then, but be silent now—and, if ye be cowardly and vile, be at least reverent, and for shame hold your peace!"

The stern rebuke checked them for the moment, but after a little pause there was a cry, "He is mad! old Adrian is mad! Hunger and watching have made him mad. All is over!—let us go pray! To the churches! to the churches!"

And with the cry the multitude dispersed—thereafter, by the order of the burgomasters, proclamation was made, by torch-light and trumpet-sound, through the streets, offering five thousand guilders each to any six men who would undertake to row a boat with Adrian von Halen over the flats between Bommene and Brouvershaven, into the Grevelingen Channel, and put him on board some vessel of the Prince's fleet. But, as before, the reply was silence!

The council were still sitting, although it would have puzzled any one of them to say wherefore, for no proposal had been advanced since Adrian's was rejected; and the magistrates sat round the board silent and utterly cast down, for every hope had fled, and, though none dared do that which each knew that in virtue and honor he ought to do, all were ashamed of their own want of courage; all self-convicted of dastardly, unpatriotic selfishness. And sullen fear, and impenitent remorse, and irresolution, and despair sat upon every brow but that of

Adrian, and he walked to and fro the chamber, chafing, like a caged hyena, at the fate that barred his will, and uttered now and then bitter, and violent, and sarcastic words against his companions, which met but the same reply as the former—the silence, not of scorn, but of dismay and mortal terror.

An hour had perhaps elapsed since the last flourish of the trumpets rang through the streets, and the last cry was heard of the heralds making proclamation, when the sounds of a great uproar in the market-place, shouts, and tumultuous cheering, and loud voices came suddenly up to the ears of the council, filling them with surprise and, as it were, a sort of consternation.

Before, however, they had much time for reflection, the doors of the chamber were thrown wide open by two ushers, the stairs were seen through the apertures, lined by a small party of the governor's halberdiers, and a cry followed of "Place! place for the Lady Gertrude! Place for the noble Lady von Halen!"

The next moment, a tall, fair, well-formed girl, very much emaciated, it is true, and wearing many marks of suffering on her pale face, yet with the traces still distinctly visible of the sublimest and most noble style of beauty, walked with a step singularly majestical and queen-like across the corridor, and paused upon the threshold, for it was contrary to an immutable and inviolate decree of the states that any woman should, under any circumstances or on any pretext, intrude her presence into the precincts of the sacred council-chamber.

She paused, for a moment, on the threshold, and addressed the magnates of the city in a clear, liquid, and unfaltering voice, full of strong, rich harmony, but firmer, deeper, and more resonant than the ordinary tones of woman.

"Burghers," she said, "and noble men of Ziriczee, I

would not be so overbold as thus to force myself into your solemn conclave, but that the sound of your proclamation has reached my ears, and the cries, and groans, and sufferings of my fellow-citizens pierced even to my heart. I have heard what my great and glorious father has offered to do in behalf of this calamitous and lamentable city, and how the city has failed to enable him to make good his offer. But I thank the great and all-merciful God, whose every deed is one of wisdom and mercy, that, through this very poverty and lack of spirit in the men of Ziriczee, he has worked out a deliverance for his people. Lo! burgomasters, and thou, father and governor, I, Gertrude von Halen, have succeeded better with our stout mariners than your wisdom and valor, or your most liberal terms of nobility, and name, and guerdon. I proffered myself to go forth as messenger to the good Prince of Orange, and lo! I have got not six, but sixty stout oarsmen to waft me over the inundation, were there means to employ them. Give me, then, my credentials, noble sirs, and let me begone, for the night wears on rapidly, and it will much concern us whether we reach Brouvershaven in the mirk morning, or after the sun shall have arisen."

"Thou, Gertrude!" exclaimed the old man, a tear starting to his eye; "thou, child of my sainted Rachel, never, never!"

And the unanimous voice of the council replied, "No! no! we will not have thee for our messenger—no! no! it is too perilous!"

"But if ye will hear reason," answered the dauntless girl, "I will show you at once why you will have me. To me it will be a gain so great and manifest, that, were it not for the good it shall work for the city, it were but selfish to propose it. If no one go forth to discover this thing which ye would learn, very clear is it that within three days, at the farthest, the city must needs yield at

discretion—what then should I gain by remaining here—three days of agony, famine, and sorrow, and despair, and no hope or chance of safety—three days with a choice, at the end, of death or dishonor. Now, on the other hand, if I go forth as I propose, the chances are great in our favor that, steered by old Dirck Vander Bosch, and the oars manned by six sturdy Zealanders from the Seven Wolden, we escape safely to the fleet, where I shall be out of reach of any arm that Spain can thrust out to seize me—and this is the only thing that grieves me, that I should seem to fly, and shun bearing my part of the sufferings of my fellow citizens and friends—if we escape not, and be taken—" she paused and cast up her large serene blue eyes to heaven with an expression of seraphic resignation, mixed with the fortitude of a dying martyr, and ere she continued her father interrupted her.

"Well! Gertrude, if you be taken—"

"Still," in her turn she interrupted him, "there is the choice between death and dishonor."

"The Spaniards leave no choice!" answered the old man, with a fearful expression of horror and hatred on his marked features.

"They cannot but do so—they who are lords of their own souls, and fear not to die, never need fear dishonor. I have conversed with our good minister, and am informed thoroughly—and of this be sure, Adrian von Halen, that no dishonor or disgrace shall e'er befall the girl who bears thine unblemished name. For the rest, a Holland maiden's breast can meet a dagger's edge as boldly as a Roman matron's. But God, I feel and know, will bless my undertaking, and I shall yet succeed and save all of you—now speed me on my way; for the fast race-boat, which won the prize last year, lies manned and ready in the canal hard by our garden, and Vander Bosch

is grumbling before this, I am sure, that we are not already under way."

Overpowered by her determination, and convinced in part by her reasoning, they offered no more opposition to her will, but made out instantly her missives to the prince, and rising one and all accompanied the noble and heroic girl to the place of embarkation.

The boat, a long, light, narrow skiff, very low in the water, lay by the little garden dock, in a cut from the canal which joins the water-gate of Ziriczee to the river falling into the Grevelingen Channel at Brouvershaven, and was fully manned by six powerful, wild-looking Zealanders, with their faces all seamed and scarred by the wounds which they had received in the terrible naval encounter by which the maritime states had for the time won the sovereignty of the sea, and displaying their indomitable resolution and utter hatred of the Spanish yoke by the badges which they had adopted and wore in their caps, crescents of silver with the motto in embroidery, "Turks rather than Papists." Old Vander Bosch, the pilot, the most famous in those waters, having made up his mind to incur the risk for the sake of his patron's daughter, was now all anxiety to be off, and cut all leave-taking and parting admonitions very short by his continued grumbling.

But he could not prevent old Adrian from clasping his good and noble child to his heart, and whispering in her ear, "Remember, Gertrude, should you succeed in reaching the prince's fleet in safety, and should you never see me any more, which would be nothing strange, it is my last wish that you should give your hand, as you have given your heart long ago, to young Fleureant von Alleyne. Bear thou my greeting to him. God speed you, girl, and bless you."

And the next moment she was wrapped in a huge boat-cloak of blue serge, with a rough fur cap covering her

luxuriant golden hair, and reclining in the stern sheets of the skiff, while the crew plied their long oars powerfully but noiselessly in the muffled row-locks, making the light boat fly over the stagnant waters of the canal with a motion as elegant and steady as that of a swallow on the wing.

The water-gate was opened silently, and the boat shot out into the open country, all deluged now for leagues on leagues of distance with the foul stagnant waters which lay rotting, motionless, and tideless, over the devastated fields. The night was very dark and misty, and for an hour or more they pulled rapidly and uninterrupted, except by the hoarse clang of the mighty flocks of aquatic fowl which rose at times in myriads from some shoal place, or floating reed-bed, through the dull channel of the little river, half stream and half canal, the muddy banks of which peered out at intervals above the surface of the flood, with here and there a stunted willow pining and fading from excess of the very moisture, which it so dearly loves in moderation.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, a hoarse, gurgling sound began to be heard, as of a strong but sullen current, and the accelerated motion of the boat, which now floated rapidly on the waters, indicated that they were approaching something like a sluice, or waterfall.

"In with the bow oar, Oost," whispered the old pilot; "catch hold of yon clump of bullrushes, and then get out upon the bank and crawl as silently as may be along the water's edge to the sluice, and see there that all is clear, and then bring us back tidings as quickly as may be."

His orders were obeyed as soon as they were uttered; the boat was made fast to the shore, the tall Zealander stepped out upon the bank, and, throwing himself flat on his face in the mud and ooze, stole forward with a

motion as guarded and as silent as that of a serpent winding upon its prey. Ten minutes had perhaps passed and Vander Bosch was beginning to grow impatient, when a little plash was heard close by the spot where they were lying, and the man, Oost, raised his head from the other side of the bank, but did not rise to his feet.

"Come, come," said the pilot, somewhat roughly, and rather too loud for caution, "we are losing time sadly —step aboard, man; is all clear?"

"Hush! hush, Dirck!" answered Oost. "Be quiet, and pass me out the cross-bow and quarrels, they are under the bow thwart. The water is running over the sluices merrily enough to carry three times our burthen, but here have the cunning Dons posted a sentinel on the platform close beside it. There he is pacing up and down, with his long firelock and his match ready lighted, humming the war-song of the Cid. But give me the cross-bow, and I'll soon put a stop to his music."

Without a word, Dirck handed him the weapons, and he returned as silently as he had come, and for a few moments no sound reached their ears—but by and by there came a sudden harsh clang on the still night-air, followed by one deep groan, and a sullen plunge in the water.

The heart of Gertrude bounded fearfully, and then a death-like sickness came over her, and she felt that she must faint—but at the moment old Vander Bosch cried aloud, "Well done! well done! Oost has settled his hash! Give way, men, quick, give way."

And the long oars dipped into the water, and the spray flashed from them, and in an instant the boat was whirling like a bubble on the swift sullen waters that gurgled through the cut which had been made in the bank to admit the inundation to the meadows.

The momentary bustle dispelled the sense of sickness and suffocation, and the next moment the skiff shot past

the little platform, now vacant of its hapless watcher, and shot through the narrow chasm in the bank, Oost stepping silently into his place, and resuming his seat without checking the speed of the little vessel, just as it entered the shallower waters of the artificial lake.

"There is no time to lose, Direk," he said; "they will be relieving that fellow before an hour, and ten to one they will fancy that he has deserted, and will be cracking off their muskets and alarming the garrisons."

"It can't be helped, Oost. It can't be helped, man," answered the old pilot, replenishing his pipe and striking a light, for he had not dared to smoke while in the canal for fear of detection. "We are in for it now, and all we have got to do is to pull our best, and keep a course for the Brouvershaven mouth, there is no other place where we can cross the bank and get out to sea—all will be safe if we can make it before daylight. So take a pull all round at the black bottle of Scheidam, and then pass it this way to me, and give way jollily."

All night they pulled steadily and the light boat made rapid way through the water, wherever it was deep enough to float her, but there were many banks and shoals, and the channels were so intricate and difficult to find, and they had to put back so many times, and to make so many circuitous deviations from their course, that the skies began to brighten, and the mist to clear away, long ere they reached the neighborhood of Brouvershaven.

At length, though it was still quite dark, except where in the east the sky was dappled with a few tiny gray streaks, it became perfectly clear, and they might see the waters stretching out on every side of them, dusky but bright as a shadowed mirror, with here and there black patches of seaweed, or bare spots of elevated mud, or vast flocks of aquatic birds breaking their gloomy sheen. Beyond this, on all sides, was visible the low range of sand hills which

divided the inundation from the sea, looming up black against the transparent sky, with here and there a Spanish watch-fire sparkling cheerfully out of the shadows, and showing them the position of the out-posts of their foes. Directly ahead of them, at about eight miles' distance, were burning, perfectly distinct and visible, the lights of the fort at Brouvershaven, which had been stormed a few days before the investment of Ziriczee, and filled with a Spanish garrison.

"This is bad, Mistress Gertrude. I fear this is very bad—it will be broad day before we get off the batteries, and unless there comes in a sea-mist with this wind, which is blowing up a little fresh, I do not see how we shall clear them. They have boats too! It looks very bad."

"But will there not be a mist? I thought there always was a mist in the morning."

"Not always, lady, not always, and I am afraid there will be none to-day. Look how hard and dry the day breaks yonder. If it is as clear below down to the water-line, as it is there above the hills, it is all over with us; but I cannot see, and until I can see I must say nothing. But keep a good heart nevertheless. Give way, my merry men, give way, this is the great deep, and there is water enough and more. Give way! give way!"

Thus they went on, closing gradually with the lights of Brouvershaven, and drawing toward the river again, into which it was necessary that they should pass before they could gain the open sea. It was now gray and glimmering daylight, not wanting above half an hour of daybreak.

"Hold water," exclaimed Vander Bosch; "now, Oost, look out ahead, man—where is the sluice?—is it beside the second or third windmill?"

"The third—the third, to be sure," cried Oost, as the boat lost its way for an instant; "steer straight upon

that—the channel is deep all the way, but very narrow," and with the words he was again bending to his oar, when the pilot again exclaimed:

"No! no! look out, I say, Oost; your eyes are keener than any of ours here; look out, I say, and tell me what those black things are—there, a mile off, right in our line!"

Oost now shipped his oar and looked out earnestly. "They are boats," he said; "by Heaven! they are boats, but I see no men in them at all—there are three lying together about a cable's length to the east of the channel, and one moored close to the western shore of it. But I can see no men; if there be any men they are all asleep on the thwarts, or in the bottom."

"What in the fiend's name is to be done now?" exclaimed Vander Bosch, evidently very much perplexed.

"Why, steer straight on the single boat—we will out knives, board her before they know we are alongside, and have them all overboard before they can give an alarm. We shall be within a short mile of the sluice then!"

"There is nothing else for it, I believe," said the pilot; "yet it is a great risk—steady now and together. See, see, there comes the sun, and now we open Brouvershaven mouth," he added, fixing a long eager glance on the horizon at the *embouchure* of the little river, which might now be seen falling into the sea on the horizon.

"Aye! aye! and God be praised there comes the mist—we shall do! we shall do yet, I trust—give way! cheerily now, give way. If the mist comes in before we clear the sluice we are but lost men!"

Speedily they shot on, and gallantly over the stagnant lake; and now they neared the boat, a large flat barge which lay close to the channel, with a Spanish flag furled round a staff in the stern, but no signs of any men on board. The other three boats, which lay moored to stakes at about three hundred yards' distance, were sharp

fast-looking skiffs; but their crews too, if they had any on board, were buried in sleep.

They were now within twenty fathoms of the barge, when the pilot made a signal to the four bowmen who laid in their oars and drew their short heavy cutlasses, and the long two-edged knives which they used in the right hand.

"Into her at once," he whispered, "as I lay her along-side—there is not a moment to lose—kill all as quickly as may be."

"Good God! but this is very horrible!—must this thing be? Oh, spare them, if it be possible, my good Dirck, spare them!"

"It is not possible lady. Go you down into the bottom of the boat. Nay! it must be so. Cover her with the cloak, Jan Stein! Ha! I see a sail out seaward—two—four—eight! By the light of heaven! it must be the prince, and he is not a league beyond the forts—cheerily now! on board them!"

As he spoke the skiff shot along-side the barge, and in an instant the stout Zealanders sprang on board of her, with their cutlasses flashing in the first sunbeams. A few fierce blows were made at the sleepers, the barge was crowded with men, and replied to only by groans of anguish. But anon the rest sprang to their arms, and for a minute or two there was a fierce and furious contest, but it was too unequal, and one by one the sleepers were stabbed and thrown overboard, and as yet no alarm had been given. when the last man, the very last, even as the death-blow reached him, discharged a petronel. On the instant, a loud shout followed from the other boats, and eighteen or twenty men sprang up on their thwarts, and, seeing what was in progress, uttered a long fierce war-cry, began to unmoor the boats very rapidly, and fired half a dozen muskets at the boat, although the distance was too great to allow of their doing any execution.

"In with you now, and give way for your lives!" cried the pilot; "here comes the mist—give way! or we shall never reach the sluice!"

At the same moment, a large sail-boat which lay a quarter of a mile above the sluice in the river, fired a gun and set all her sail to run down and intercept them; and a cannon replied from the fort, which was now a little short of two miles distant, showing that they were hemmed in with foes. Still the old helmsman was confident and undaunted, and Gertrude, now that the bloodshed was at an end, arose from the bottom of the boat, and sat by his side, pale indeed and agitated, but firm and silent, with her head resting on the hilt of a small double-edged dagger, her last desperate resource, which was concealed in the bosom of her robe.

The peril was now fearful, the little skiff of the fugitives lay about half way between the sluice and the boats of the pursuers, which gained on them terribly, rowed as they were by fresh men, exasperated by the slaughter of their comrades and burning for revenge and booty.

The mist too was driving in at a fearful rate before the sea-breeze, threatening to close over them before they should be able to shoot through the sluice into the open stream. The Spaniards too kept up a rapid and continuous fire, the bullets glancing and skipping over the waters round them on every side, though fortunately none took effect on any of the rowers, until the very instant when they whirled through the bubbling sluice-way, when one bullet pierced the brain of Oost that he fell overboard, without a word, a dead man, and another broke the left arm of the steersman, but he steered the boat quietly into the mid-current of the river, and cried out, "God be praised, lady—God be praised—we are safe!—look up, and look about you!"

And Gertrude did look up, as he desired her, but to look about her, she saw at a glance was useless, for the

mist had closed in so thick that no object was visible, even at ten yards' distance. Still in their rear sounded wild, and loud, and near, the shouts of the pursuers, and the quick dash of oars approaching every moment.

Still the boat held her way. "I can steer seaward by the current only, and the foam-wreaths on the water," said the old man, "which not one of these Spanish lubbers can, I'll warrant them. And if this mist holds half an hour, they cannot see us to launch a boat from Brouvershaven, and we shall be safe at sea. Only hold that stroke, men, and we shall leave them merrily."

For half an hour more they continued to row rapidly through the gloom, at times hearing the cries of their enemies close beside them, at times leaving them wide and far behind, owing to the precaution of their own oars being muffled. At last, a clear red glare was belched across the mist, and the howl of a heavy shot hurtled above their heads. Another! and another!

"We are passing the batteries," cried Vander Bosch; "but tush! they cannot hit us. I am glad even that they are firing, for it will tell the confederates, if those be they, that we are coming; and it will scatter the mist-wreathes too, and I have no use for them any longer."

He spoke truly, for in a little while the mist did begin to clear away, and before another half hour had passed the boat was rising and falling over long ridges of bright, foam-crested waves, having now gained the open sea, and the whole atmosphere was clear and sunny, and the mist melting on all sides so rapidly that they could distinguish clearly a dozen large square-rigged vessels clustered together in the offing, with the flag of the maritime provinces flying. But between the boat and these friends was a large pinnace laveering, and seemingly on the look-out, with no colors displayed. She was about half a mile ahead of them and directly in their course, while gaining

on them very fast, though at about the same distance in their rear, were the armed row boats of their pursuers.

"Now," exclaimed Vander Bosch, "if that pinnace be a Spaniard, Mistress Gertrude, we are all but lost Hollanders! and you were better look to your dagger's point —but if she be one of ours, the Dons were better sheer off while they yet have the time!"

"Which do you think she is?—which do you think she is?" exclaimed the girl, now more alarmed than she had been during the whole of that perilous adventure.

"Not a Don, lady!" he replied; but almost as he spoke a puff of white smoke burst from one of her bow-ports, and a broad yellow ensign ran up to her mast-head.

"Thunder and lightning! and ten thousand devils!" shouted the steersman, altering his course on the instant, "we are lost."

Then followed some twenty minutes of rapid, difficult manœuvering, in which the skiff's crew strained every nerve to escape, but in vain. The effect only being to protract the agony and to bring the pursuing boats close up to them, and themselves close under the guns of the pinnace.

At this moment, just as the Spaniards in the leading boat threw out the national flag and set up their war-cry of "St. Jago for Castile," in haughty triumph, the pinnace came to the wind suddenly so as to open her broadside upon them, while Gertrude's skiff passed athward her bows. Down came the Spanish flag in an instant, and up soared the ensign of the confederates, and flash after flash, roar after roar, outspoke her ready cannon, while the waves were lashed into madness by the fierce storm of round and grape shot which swept their surface.

The smoke cleared off, and but one of the Spanish boats was visible, crippled and crawling off as well as she could—the others sunk with all on board of them,—but the survivors attracted not the notice of the pinnace, for Ger-

trude's skiff had hooked on to her channels, and in an instant the heroic girl was on board and in the arms of the gallant Fleureant von Alleyne, her young and brave commander.

My tale is told—the object was accomplished—that night the prince's fleet stood into the shore, and made the appointed signal, and Ziriczee was in consequence surrendered on fair terms, and for once the Spaniards kept to the terms which they granted honorably, and, save a forced contribution, no wrong was done to the citizens. It was not very long before in a safe place the noble Gertrude was clasped in the embrace of her father; nor much longer before she was the happy bride of Fleureant von Alleyne; and though the times in which they lived were perilous, and turbulent, and stormy, I never heard that any storm, or turbulence, or peril disturbed their wedded days, or that either of them ever regretted the termination of the Boat-Race of Brouvershaven.

A BLAZE AT BARNEGAT.

It is a wild drive from Key Port, on New York Bay, through the great pine woods of New Jersey, to Barnegat; and we were, on the whole, a wildish party who set out on it on a dark December night of 1845, after the sun had set. Two wagons, with brisk teams and rollicking drivers, carried us, our traps, our provender, and, last but not least, our heavy guns and ammunition.

Jolly 'Lishe T——n, mine host of the old Pavilion, never was there a better heart, seldom a better shot than thou wert, good 'Lishe T——n! Many a day's fun have we had in good old times, many a night's frolic, but shall never have any more; for that warm heart is cold, and thou art gone where, at least, there is no more shooting. But not the less for the thought of what should or might be, were we on that night gay and joyous; these, and Bill T——r, and one more who shall be nameless, for he is, worse than dead, altered, estranged, a living friend no longer.

At Monmouth we stopped, baited our nags with that most famous of all veterans of the turf, Uncle Tom Laird, and moderately liquored with our friend, Gentleman Joey, the pilot of the unrivalled Fashion; then on, on again, through the dim shades and the tall pines, onward, until toward morning, cold, chilled to the bone, yawning, half asleep, half awake, we stopped in the very heart of the pines, at a low-browed wayside hostelry, with a large pair of stag antlers above the door, and there warmed our exterior, and rejoiced our interior man with copious libations of hot-spiced rum, by such a fire as deponent never saw, save in the pine woods of New Jersey, or in the backwoods of the Penobscot.

Dawn found us at Tom's River, and then, while the rest of the party revelled in gin cocktails, the narrator snoozed luxuriantly in a soft-armed chair until breakfast was on the table, nor, as some of the company averred, fairly awoke then. For it is on record that a portion of the repast, and it was a good one, and justice was done to it, consisted of sausage meat, artfully shaped into flat cakes, fashioned like pork-chops, with segments of bone attached, he, the narrator, Frank, after consuming six, and holding out his plate for the seventh, quietly remarked that pork was very tender at Tom's River, no pork being to the fore. Be that as it may, he woke before they reached Barnegat village, at noon, and told and listened to some passably good yarns, during the ride and during the run across the bay to Perrine's Shooter's Paradise, and, as it afterward appeared, a genteel summer watering-place for New Jersey fashion and beauty, during the bathing season, in a fast-sailing, sloop-rigged sail boat.

The mansion stands on a bleak, barren sand-bank, being the beach between the ocean surf and the famous Bay of Barnegat, not a tree could exist on it, not a brush, not a thistle, nothing but salt rib-grass, musquitoes, fiddler-crabs, and sand-pipers. Yet a fashionable watering-place it is and shall be, as aforesaid, for the brave and fair of the Jerseys. This fact was discovered, and now duly recorded for the first time, by Frank Forrester, thus: When that worthy, having finished his supper and his pipe, having selected his boatman, the redoubted Jesse Spraggs, seen to his guns and ammunition, filled shot-pouches, powder-horns, provision-baskets and liquor flasks, as the law directs, was on his way to his dormitory, he observed chalked on the door thereof, in white characters of a foot long, these hieroglyphics.

4 StAGs—

Whereat, being of an enquiring mind, he demanded an

explanation of the chamber-boy, for the maid was in this instance represented by a tow-headed, brown-visaged, guernsey-shirted, fen-booted urchin of thirteen or fourteen years. The intelligent being turned on his heel and pointed to the opposite door, which bore the corresponding inscription:

4 WIMmINg FolKS,—

observed, with an astute grin, "We keeps 'um apart, you see, with seprit bathin' rooms, the gals in here, and the stags in thar."

From which Frank first discovered that in South Jersey all animals of the male sex, quadruped or biped, are promiscuously known as stags; and, secondly, that in the same literary region, the symbol "4" does not represent, as is elsewhere vainly imagined, the fourth numeral, but the preposition governing the objective case.

He made no reply, but ensconced himself in the bedclothes and slept until three o'clock in the morning, when, after a hurried breakfast, they were off to the bay, in two squads. 'Lishe T——n and Bill T——r, with two baymen, four Egg Harbor pig-boxes, and any given quantity of stools, made tracks for Lovelady's Island, near the outer or upper inlet, and Frank, with his partner, Jesse Spraggs, and Jim Oakley, proceeded further down the bay to the westward, where they ensconced their pig-boxes in a contiguous concave arc, in the slips dug out of the lee side of a sedge bassock, in the following order: To the extreme left, or windward, lay Jim Oakley; next to him Frank's partner; then Frank; and last, not least, to the leeward, the mighty Jesse Spraggs; while without them, at about eighteen yards distance, rode, bobbing and ducking at their anchors, as the swell lifted them and now and again broke over them, a whole flock of wild geese, brant, broad-bills, red-heads, black ducks,

dippers, and the like, deftly carved in wood and balanced with lead, so as to skim the water duck-like.

It was deathly cold, and deathly silent, too, all save the whistle of the wind overhead, for it blew great guns from the north-eastward, and an occasional flap of the wild waves against the shore. It was not yet sunrise, although the skies were beginning to put on a paly yellow, and it was dead low water.

Smoking was strictly prohibited, motion no less so, saving to Jesse Spraggs alone, captain and lookout-man at once of the company. Therefore, as closely as might be under the circumstances, we snuggled ourselves down, each into his own peculiar pig-box, atop of the salt hay which made our beds, and under the drab-colored oiled-cloth and sedge which covered our decks, needful concealment against the keen eyes of the fowl, until the Lord and the turn of the tide should give us luck, and Jesse Spraggs the signal.

To those who know the trick, we speak not, but to those who do not, a word is needed; therefore, in season, it shall be spoken.

The *modus operandi* is this: The boat lies, with the head slightly elevated and inlaid, stern to the bay and the decoys. In the boat the shooter lies feet to the stern, flat on his back, with his gun handy to his grasp, ready to spring to a sitting posture and let drive so soon as the fowl, coming down before the wind, as the mounting tide overflows their feeding-places, and forces them to change their ground, espy his stools, and either hover over them or alight among them. One thing more remains to be stated: when the fowl, skating before the wind, enter the defile, or run, as it might be called, the gauntlet, between a line of boats, stranded as ours were on that morning, and the fleet of decoys, it is absolutely a rule that not a shot must be fired until the headmost

bird has crossed the leeward shooter, and he has given the signal for the volley by his opening shot.

On this eventful morning, all the company, except Frank, shot each with a heavy, double-barrelled, fourteen-pound, ten-gauged gun. He, with two sixteen-pound single-barrels, of five-bore, carrying each a quarter of a pound of BB; wherefore they laughed at him in the beginning; who laughed in the end this history relateth.

Anon, the sky grew amber, roseate, red; the sun rose fiery, the wind rose with him. It grew colder. From time to time the noisy, oft-repeated cry, "ou-ou-otherly, otherly! ou-ou-otherly! otherly, otherly, ou-ou!" from a distance, told where a flock of long-tailed ducks, the old wives of the Jersey shore, were at high jinks; but who cares for them?

Once, "cre-aunk-cre-cre-aunk-aunk-cre-e," a gaggle of brant passed us wild and high, but nought came near our stools. Noon was approaching, and not a shot. We ate hard-boiled eggs, we qualified, as Jesse calls it, we grew sulky, desperate.

"Down! every mother's son of you," came Jesse's hoarse whisper. "Close't for the lives of you, 'aunk-aunk-aunk-e-e-aunk!'" And far to the windward, out of the clouds, came a faint "e-e-aunk" in answer. Nearer and nearer it came still, as Jesse almost rived his throat with the clamor, nearer and quicker, and more evidently responsive.

Now it was like a pack of hounds in full cry; now we could hear the mighty sweep of their circling pinions; and now their crowded phalanx drove into the perilous defile, sweeping right along over our decoys. That morning, like Nelson's crew at Trafalgar, every man did his duty; not a head was raised, not a trigger drawn until the leading gander sailed past Jesse Spraggs, and seemed doubtful whether to circle or alight. "Aunk-

aunk-e-aunk!" It was his last honk in this world, for Jesse's concentrated charge struck him under the pinion and he went down at a long tangent, not striking the water within a hundred yards, and then throwing up the spray as if a stone had cleft it. Two geese fell to his second barrel. Then up sprang Frank, and up went his first single-barrel, a flash, a roar! the air was full of feathers and falling geese, five coming down, instantly killed, to the shot. Before he got up his second, something the heaviest piece, his partner and Jim Oakley got in three barrels, one of Jim's missing, and three geese told that their light pieces were aimed truly. But now Frank had seized his second, and at the very moment, for, confused by the close reports, lots of them wounded, and bothered with their falling kindred, the flock were twirling upward, in a great spiral cloud, like a waterspout, his shot could not but rake them.

"Ba-a-ng! and the distant hills re-bellowed to the roar, and Frank, knocked clear out of his pig-box, was landed high and dry on the sand-bank, but little cared he for that; for ere he kneeled over, he saw the air filled with birds and a smoke of feathers, and as he brought up in a sitting posture, he heard Jesse's joyous cry:

"By Jehosophat! it snows gooses!" and it did well nigh snow them, indeed; for Frank's two barrels brought down twelve birds, and six more fell to the others. Such was the result of my BLAZE AT BARNEGAT.

GENTS VS. GENERALS;

OR

DICK D. AND THE EARL OF DURHAM.

It was in August of the year 1838, memorable for the Canadian rebellion, stimulated by French traitors, such as Papineau, and English radicals, such as Nelson and McKenzie, with some casual aid and countenance from American fillibusterism, which had not then reached the breadth and height which it has since attained, but was content to be called sympathy,—that there arrived in Quebec, seeking pleasure and information now—not profit—though at times he could look as deeply into a ledger, and always as closely into an unpaid account before lugging out his portmonaie, as any other son of the thrifty New England capital,—that there arrived, I say, in Quebec, and dismounted at the hospitable doors of the Albion Hotel, a Boston gent. A very comfortable Boston gent, indeed, was Dick D——; not reckoning himself, or reckoned by others, at a penny short of two hundred and a half of thousands—the owner of a very fine house, in which at stated periods, something like angels' visits—for Dick D—— was never accused of being hospitable—he entertained his set, and his endorsers, and his customers—friends he never had any, nor would have known what to do with them if he had—sumptuously, for he was proud; savorily, for he was fond of good cheer; lavishly, for whenever he gave a spread it was with the end of making a show and being well talked about. He was the head of a thriving house,—business house, I mean,—which he conducted skillfully, ably, and with

credit among men of his own caste—though his own clerks knew him to be extremely pompous, and his poor creditors, when he could afford to bully, a cold-hearted screw. He had been the husband of a very lovely, very intellectual, very superior woman,—who had married him the Lord knows why!—whom he had treated very kindly and with great consideration, because she was the stronger vessel, and he knew it; of whom, while she lived, he was very proud, because she gave him a consideration in the world which on his own account he never could have acquired; and of whose death, when she died, he was, probably, rather glad than otherwise, though he affected to be plunged in the blackest melancholy, because he was just not fool enough to be ignorant that he was ruled, and just dolt enough to be ignorant that he was ruled for his own good. For the rest, he affected a little taste; had a little smattering of *virtu;* pretended to a little literature; had subscribed, I dare say, to the Observatory at Harvard, and asked the Scientific Societies to suppers, at which the hock was better far than the host's society.

In short, Dick D—— was one of that very numerous class of mercantile men, who, because they are great persons on 'Change, suppose necessarily that they must be just as great off 'Change; which, as often as they go out into the great world, they discover to be a teetotal mistake, although I never heard of their remembering it was such, after they had returned, like dogs to their vomit, to Wall or State streets.

Had it not been for his extreme stinginess, and his pretension, he would not have been so bad a fellow, after all—for he liked a good dinner and a good bottle of wine with all his heart; and, as I have said, sometimes gave both, though never to any one who wanted them. However, he was good tempered; could give and take a joke; and though a dolt, as regards the way of the world, was

not utterly ignorant of everything beyond his own line of trade, and unfit for the society of cultivated men.

Well! such as he was, Dick D—— got to Quebec, which was at that time garrisoned with some six thousand of the picked troops of England, including the first battallions of the Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards. Of these splendid infantry—the finest, probably, for discipline, steadiness under arms, magnificence of equipment, size, muscular vigor, and solidity of movement, in the known world—Dick had heard much; and, although his military achievements had been confined to Boston Common, his soul burned with ardor to inspect these world-renowned veterans.

His first question to mine host of the Albion, after ordering dinner, ascertaining of what dishes it would consist, and with what wines it could be lubricated, was, "Well, Mr. ——, and when do the Guards parade?—when can I see the Guards under arms?"

"Very sorry, Sir, Mr. D——; very sorry, Sir, but the Guards never parade. Never under arms, except on field day or at some grand review, Sir. The thirty ——th," naming a very distinguished regiment, "troop the colors, Sir, at seven o'clock to-morrow evening. Very fine sight that, Sir, if you like to see it, Sir."

"No! Sir; no!" replied Dick. "If I can't see the Guards, I don't care to see any of the marching regiments," and Dick turned up his nose, as if he had been an officer of rank, at least; and one who had served in a crack hussar regiment all his days.

Dinner came, and it was a good one; but still Dick was discontented, doleful, and half sulky, and harped so much on the hardship of having travelled from Boston to Quebec, only to be disappointed of seeing the Guards, that at last some sharp young fellows of Dick's party, who were well up to his idiosyncracies and glad enough to get some fun out of him, suggested the propriety of

his applying to the Governor-General to order out the Guards for his inspection.

"'Pon my word," said Dick, stroking his chin, and imbibing a capital glass of Lafitte,—"'Pon my word! not a bad idea at all, my dear fellow. I—I have great mind to write a card. But, a—a—Horace, do you know they say this Lord Durham's a bit of a Tartar? Do you—do you think he'd do it? For 'twouldn't be pleasant to get a refusal to one's note; would it, now?"

"Refusal! My dear Sir, why you don't imagine such a thing, as that the Earl of Durham would refuse you? Refuse the great Mr. Dick D——, of Boston!"

"But I—I don't know him; never had the honor—don't you see?"

"Psha-a-w! That don't matter. He knows you, of course; every one knows Dick D——, of Boston! Come; you are in for it; you must go it, Dick!—Here's a pen and a card; begin—'Mr. Richard'"—

"No! no! hang it, no!" said Dick. "I don't like to put it on that footing; it seems like coming it too strong, putting it on one's own personal standing too much—don't it? No! no! I'll put it on the nationality!—hang me if I don't!"

And he did. For he wrote as follows:

ALBION HOTEL, Aug. 2, 1838.

"An American Genl. having arrived at Quebec, with no other object than to inspect the Foot Guards, and learning, much to his regret and surprise, that the household troops never parade, having no other opportunity of reviewing these noble regiments, presents his compliments to the Governor-General, and would feel it the greatest favor if he would order the battallion under arms, at any time previous to his departure from the city, which will occur on the — proximo, at — o'clock, P. M."

Strange as it may appear, this singular card was actually and indeed sent to the proudest, most arrogant, haughtiest and most irritable peer that ever filled a vice-regal chair. Stranger still, it produced its effect!

The Earl was in his drawing room, after a grand dinner, of which Sir J. H——n, the very distinguished officer who at that time commanded the corps in question, had partaken, with several other guests, military and civilian, when this precious missive entered and was handed to his lordship.

It so happened that, at this moment, a large part of the provincials being supposed disaffected and on the point of rebellion, and a large part of the borderers within the States being avowedly sympathizers, it was held advisable to conciliate Americans to the utmost, and the Yankees, discovering this, made the most of it. There was not, I believe, in that year, one Yankee Militia General, between Flood Creek and the Aroostook River, who did not review some royal regiment—who was not received with all the honors of war.

In this instance, Dick had forgotten to cross his *t*; hence his note, instead, as poor Dick, to do him justice, had intended it, of "American gentleman," read "American General;" and Durham, merely tossing the note across to the commander, with a grim smile, said: "This concerns you, not me. Here's another of these wretched American militia generals come to Quebec. Upon my soul! I believe nineteen-twentieths of the whole male population of the United States are Generals!—and he wants to see the guards under arms. I suppose you must turn them out for him."

"Oh! yes, certainly. It will not be much trouble, your Excellency. We'll have them out on the race course, to-morrow. But as the weather is as hot as it is in Sierra Leone, we'd better make it early. The bearskins come very heavy on the poor fellows. Shall we say ten o'clock, your Excellency?"

"Certainly—certainly, Sir John. Send an Orderly round to the Albion with my compliments—the Governor-General's compliments—to the American General—con-

found the fellow, he has not wit to put his name on the card—and his friends," turning to his Aide-de-Camp, in waiting, "and say that the Guards will be under arms at ten, to-morrow morning, on the race course. And, Sir John, as we must do it, we may as well do it well. Suppose you send him a charger properly housed and caparisoned, with one of my Aides and a couple of Orderlies, to his lodgings in the morning."

Huge was Dick's delight that evening, and scarcely less the wonder of the party who had put him up to it, with no possible object but to enjoy his discomfiture, on the reception of the gracious message.

Judge of their wonder, when on the following morning, just as they were smoking their segars in the reading room, after an early breakfast, an Aide-de-Camp pulled up at the door, all white cock-tail feathers, gold lace and aiguillettes, followed by two mounted Orderlies of the First Dragoon Guards, leading a thorough-bred charger, with leopard-skin, demipique, pistol-holsters, and dragoon bridle—all point-device.

A moment's enquiry having elicited from the waiter the name of the gentleman who had sent the note last evening to the Earl of Durham, General D——, of Boston, was immediately invited to make his appearance, and take saddle.

The first he did readily enough—a short, jolly-looking, red-cheeked, little man, in a full suit of spotless black, looking far more like a tailor than a General—which did not, however, either disconcert or surprise the dandy Aide-de-Camp, who probably considered it *de rigueur* that all Militia Generals should be tailors.

The sight of the horse, however, did vastly disconcert Dick, and he would probably have given half he was worth to be out of it. But there was no back out; for he did not know his involuntary imposture, and there was

nothing for it, but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

After all, it was not so bad in reality as it looked. The horse, though he puffed, and caracoled, and snorted a great deal more than Dick thought desirable, was perfectly well drilled, if his rider was not, and as quiet as a dog, in spite of all his sham-fire.

The day was fine, the ride to the race course was very agreeable, the officers were very civil. There was a great deal of hat-taking-off, in which Dick played his part very well; and, as he held his tongue, he acquitted himself satisfactorily.

The drums and fifes struck up, the beautiful evolutions began, about which Dick knew no more than the saddle on which he sat. The horse, however, which was the charger of the General in command, knew his business, if Dick did not, perfectly; and was continually in the right place at the right moment, prancing and nodding to the colors in time to the band, until all the officers, and even Sir John himself, were taken in—for Dick was not a bad rider, as far as hand and seat went, when his first alarm was over, and he let his horse have his own way.

At length, to put the climax on the joke,—had it been one—after having put the regiment through some of the most intricate manœuvres, Sir John rode up to Dick, and taking his sword by the point, offered the hilt to his supposed brother officer.

"Would you not be so kind, General," he said, "as to put the Guards, yourself, through a few more difficult movements?"

"Oh! no, no, Sir John! By no means! No, no; more difficult? no, no. I think they did it very well—very well, indeed. Upon my word! I never saw any men do it better."

And so, with much bowing and hand-shaking, the matter ended—for Dick was by far too knowing to risk

detection by dining at the Grenadier mess to which he was invited in the evening, in the citadel; and it was never discovered, until the writer, with a gay party of friends, met Sir John H——n, late that same autumn, at Saratoga, that the distinguished stranger who had reviewed the Guards on the race course was only a Boston gen*t* instead of a Boston Gen*l*.

NOTE.—Absurd as this appears, it is true to the letter. Dick Derby of Boston was the hero, and Sir John Houston commanded the Grenadiers.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

"But love itself could never pant
For all that beauty sighs to grant,
With half the fervor hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall loose their hold:
Friends meet to part; love laughs at faith,
True foes, once met, are joined 'till death."

BYRON. "The Giaour."

'Twas a clear calm morning in the earliest autumn time, before a single touch of frost had painted the leaves of the maple with its hectic crimson, or robed the hickory in its golden glory. There was a thin yellow haze on the far horizon to the eastward, where the earth met the sky, leagues upon leagues aloof, in a long wavy dark blue line; more like the surface of a rolling but unbroken sea, than of the firmer and more stable element. The atmosphere overhead was of the purest, palest blue, scarce darker than the tint of the aquamarine, with a few fleecy clouds floating at an extreme height, their lower edges just touched with the faintest amber by the first rays of the yet unrisen sun.

It was a lovely sight, that fair and tranquil dawning; and lovely was the scenery it looked upon—the meeting of the first wooded swells of the Rocky Mountains, and the illimitable plain of the wild prairie land. On this side, millions and tens of millions of green acres, waving and rustling with their rich grasses, to the light western breeze, and sparkling with their diamond dewdrops to the young sunbeams—on that, a labyrinth of wild and broken knolls, here thick and tufted with the unpruned umbrage of the virgin forest, there grim and gray with cliff and crag, horrent with pyramid and spire, hewn by the hand of nature out of the hard and herbless granite. And far beyond all, and above all, immeasurable peaks of misty azure, uncertain whether cloud or mountain, looming gigantically up against the morning sky.

At about half a mile's distance from the commencement of the open prairies, and within the maze of knolls, and spurs from the loftier ridges, which I have described, there was a little lap, or hollow, surrounded, as it would seem, on every side by steep and abrupt hillocks covered with heavy timber overspreading a dense undergrowth of matted thicket. Although, however, this small dell appeared at first sight to be a mere isolated basin without inlet or outlet, it was in truth but the expansion of a long and tortuous ravine, through which an impetuous mountain streamlet made its way toward the head-waters of the great Columbia. The roar of many waterfalls came on the ear from many different quarters, and was indeed at this early hour the only sound which disturbed that green solitude. Through the middle of this verdant basin, which could not have contained above a couple of acres, of the freshest emerald verdure, the stream wound its way, bankfull and clear as crystal, and smooth though very swift, the frequent beached foam flakes which danced upon its eddies, showing that not far above it had leaped down from a more elevated level.

On the left bank of this bright water, just as the first sunbeams were beginning to steal up the sky, a picturesque group was assembled about the smouldering embers of a half extinguished camp-fire, which had burned it would seem for some hours untended. That group consisted of four men, and as many horses; the former, the bearded and chivalric rovers of the western wilderness, the wielders of the western rifle, the pioneers of the pathless prairie —the latter, the wild and tameless sons of mares that had never known the saddle or the spur, stallions that had never neighed in stall or stable.

The men had just aroused them from their light and wary slumbers, and were employed in hasty preparations for a day of toil which to them was dearer than the soft Southron's *far niente*, of peril which to them was the blythest pastime. This one was piling on the embers the dry stalks of the stunted artemisia, and kindling them with his breath into a bright and glaring flame, while that one was kneading on a flat white stone rude cakes with a little meal and salt, and water from the brooklet, while sundry collops of the bison's hump arranged on pointed sticks about the embryo fire gave promise of a savory meal. A third was wiping the dew carefully with an oiled rag from the locks and barrels of four short large bored yager rifles; and the fourth was sewing a large patch of buckskin with deer's sinews in lieu of thread, over a yawning rent in his fringed and wampum gartered leggings.

All four were tall, athletic, spare, gaunt men, with frames reduced by constant exercise, constant exposure to all weather, and scanty fare, to little more than bone and brawn and sinew; with faces sunburned and embrowned and winter hardened, yet not devoid of a certain wild nobility of expression, the offspring of perfect freedom and perfect self-reliance; with eyes as keen and piercing, as radiant with clear intuition and pervading

instinct as the wild eagle's; with beards and hair and moustaches, unconscious of the razor or the shears, luxuriant as those of the *preux chevaliers* of olden times, the superb orientals of this degenerate day.

The horses, clean-limbed and wiry, powerfully made and, though low in flesh, hard and full of muscle, with healthy shining coats, long tails, and manes and forelocks floating in untrimmed shagginess over their wild eyes, and sharp thin withers, already decked with their Mexican saddles, and many-colored housings, were busily employed cropping the long rich succulent bottom-grass, with an avidity that showed them old campaigners, as wide awake as Sir Dugald Dalgetty himself, to the expediency of stowing away provant whenever it was to be found abundant.

"Now, boys," exclaimed the hunter, who was officiating as cook, "Our breakfast's fixed. Lets have a quick bite, and to horse—the sun's high now on the prairies, though these knobs hide him from us here like. Come, Jake, hain't you got them rifles clean yet?"

"Clean as a whistle Mike," returned the other, "leastways, here's yourn, and if so be it snaps or makes long fire, I'll stand a shot to-night at sixty paces."

"'Nuff said!" replied Mike Carson, a splendid specimen, by the way, of the Rocky Mountain man, as ever drew a fine bead on a grizzly bear, or set a moccasined foot in a wooden stirrup. "'Nuff said, boy. But I want him to shoot quick and true this day anyhow; for my name arn't Mike Carson, boys, if I don't bring that thieving vagabond Mato-tope's scalp home to-night, dangling from my gun's end. That's all, boys."

"Mato-tope!" cried one, as it would seem in slight wonder, "What's to pay now, Mike?"

"The Mandan Brave!" exclaimed Jake, letting fall the rifle, about which he was busied, on his knee. "You'd best let that be, Mike, I reckon, leastwise unless you reckon to take all of us along with you, and make a

right down scrimmage on't. He never rides with less than half a score of tribemen at his back."

"I won't have none on you," replied the other, gruffly, tightening his girdle, as he spoke, and loosening his long two-edged knife in the scabbard. "My scalp or his'n this time, boys, and no mistake! I'll die or have it, boys. I've said it, boys, and what Mike Carson says is as good as sworn, I tell ye. I'll have it, alone too, if I fetch it out of his lodge, with all his braves about him."

"Why, what's the Mandan done, Mike, to make you so wolfish this fine morning?"

"Done! curse him, hain't I told you that my traps has been stole regular, these three days past; a score of beaver, that was mine, he's got every one on 'em. And yesterday, to cap all, them that warn't no beavers in, he'd been and smashed and stomped to flinders!"

"I don't know, Mike," returned one of the trappers, who had not yet spoken, a tall old man of sixty years and upward, with beard and hair as white as the untrodden snow, but with an eye as quick as the forked lightning, a hardy, weather-beaten face, and a port erect and unbroken, whether on foot or in the saddle. "I don't know—that don't look nat'ral for a chief, no how—let alone such a chief as the great Mandan, as Mato-tope! He's higher deviltries to plan, I reckon, than to steal a few miserable mink and beaver! I guess it's likelier been some o' them ridiculous Assiniboais. 'Taint like a Monitarri brave, no way I can coin it. You had best be sure, Mike Carson. If you take Mato-tope's scalp, there'll be war on the prairie 'n less than no time—I tell you!"

"I am sure, Louis! I railly am sure on't, old man. Didn't I see the tracks of his dark sorrel stallion? His off-side foot afore is a little crook'd like; and he spans three feet more on his jump nor any horse else in these diggins. Didn't I see him, mopin' round, old man,

when I was settin' my traps yesterday? And didn't I watch, too, and don't I know where he sot his'n? They will be on the prairie, soon 'nuff, old man, and that no later than this arternoon, nuther. So there's no need to say no more about it!—For my mind's sot, boys—and when it's sot once, it's sot for good. I don't come to camp this night, without Mato-tope's scalp, no how!"

"Well! well! 'nuff said," answered another, who seemed to be waxing more than a little impatient under this protracted argument. "If Mato-tope 's to be scalped to-day—to-day he'll be scalped, I reckon."

"His scalp 'll be hard taking," repeated the old man, half gloomily, half obstinately, and shaking his head with a prolonged oscillation, as he filled the bowl of an Indian pipe with kinnikinic, and, his light morning meal concluded, began to smoke lazily.

"Hard or soft, I tell you, old man, it's got to be tuk," answered Mike Carson, doggedly, and rising to his feet, he began to overhaul the saddle and housings of his horse, a magnificent iron-gray stallion of exceeding power and great promise of speed. There was not a strap or buckle of all the accoutrements to which he did not look warily and well. One stirrup leather which was frayed somewhat by long use, he exchanged for a fresh thong of the bison's hide; a flaw in his bridle rein he repaired with a splice of buckskin overlapped with deer sinew—that done, and his knife's edge and point examined, his horn and bullet pouch inspected, and his rifle carefully and scientifically loaded, he swung himself deliberately into his easy Spanish saddle, and sat there a moment motionless bending over the bow of his rude demipique with all the grace and self-reliance of a *preux chevalier* of old.

No more words were spoken on the subject, for each one of the trappers perceived that their comrade's mind was made up, and although there was no one of their

number who did not distrust the correctness of Mike Carson's opinion, and disapprove his meditated aggression on a powerful, and hitherto not unfriendly tribe, they knew his temper far too well to think of endeavoring to dissuade him. He had expressed his fixed resolution to slay Mato-tope, and well they knew that he would at least attempt it. He had declined their aid or interference; and well they knew that he would die, rather than now accept it.

Each therefore busied himself in looking after his own scanty baggage, looked to the condition of his weapons, and mounting his powerful and highly-spirited horse, stood ready and prepared for any fortune.

"Where shall we meet to camp to-night, boys?" asked the old hunter, of his band. "The streams are gittin' bare of beaver hereaware; I reckon we'd best make tracks further westward."

"Westward be it," cried Carson, "that suits my day's work well."

"Say we camp at *Fontaine qui bouit*," said another, naming a rendezvous well known in those regions. "There's good grass there, I reckon, and water plenty. And I don't think there has been no band trappin' there this season much."

"Shall we then say *Fontaine qui bouit?*"

There was no dissenting voice raised against this proposition, and, silence being as usual interpreted to mean consent, after brief salutation, the little band departed, each member of it taking a different direction, and riding away silent and alone into the deepest recesses of the hill-country.

Carson struck off from the party at first in a due northerly direction, following up the ravine of the little brook on which they had encamped to its source, at some three or four miles distance, through every variety of wild and woodland scenery.

Having reached the secluded well-head from which it boiled out abundantly, he crossed a steep and rocky ridge, the spur of one of the loftier chains, and after about an hour's riding descended into a wide, level bottom, consisting of rich, rushy meadow land, interspersed here and there with tufts of alder and swamp willow, and having a long line of cottonwood and other larger timber running in a serpentine course down the center of the track, indicating the bed of a large stream or river.

Here the trapper moderated the pace of his horse, and as he rode warily and slowly onward, his quick, clear eye was glancing continually around him in all directions, like that of some wild animal fearful of surprise or danger. Now it would overrun the surface of the deep, miry soil, eager to detect the slightest print of man's or horse's foot, or the faintest track of the deer, the elk, the beaver, or the antelope. For a long time, however, his watchfulness was rewarded by no result, and he was beginning to cast his eagle glances in a wider circle over the great expanse of the horizon, when he caught sight of something which seemed to indicate the rapid passage through the tall grass and stunted artemisias of some large animals.

He gave spurs to his horse, and in three strides drew bridle, and stood still gazing intently on the broad trail, left by the transit at full gallop, of at least a dozen horsemen.

So practised was the hunter's eye, that he did not so much as dismount in order to survey the traces with a closer scrutiny, but, bringing his hand violently down upon his thigh, he exclaimed:

"I thought as much! It is that miserable dog again! that dog Mato-tope, with his accursed band of thieving Manitarris. But Mike's on their trail this time; and we'll see who wins to-day."

Then casting his eye forward over the trail, which ran

in a north-westwardly direction to the bank of the large stream, he set spurs to his gallant gray and galloped fiercely onward.

Within ten minutes he reached the verge of the water-course, a broad, deep, sluggish current, sweeping along bankfull in turbid eddies, fringed to the right hand and the left by a superb treble line of tall and stately timber trees.

At this spot the trail turned due westward, following the course of the river as it rolled through its valley, which narrowed rapidly as it advanced toward a huge rent or chasm in the vast craggy hills which bordered the horizon in that quarter of the compass.

"Jest as I thought," muttered Carson—"arter my traps agin, curse 'em! The lazy, thieving hounds, but I'll fix 'em."

And with the word, he lashed his horse to wilder speed, and soon reached what to his excited mind appeared an absolute confirmation of his surmises. At the very spot where he had set his first trap, the party which he was pursuing had evidently halted, for the ground was poached up and trampled for some space around, and there were some recent traces of the horses, showing that they had been, for some time at least, in a state of quiescence. And there on the muddy river marge lay his stout beaver trap, broken and shattered into small fragments, so as to be utterly incapable of being either used or repaired, among the footprints of moccasins, which his quick eye recognized at once, as being of Manitarri or Mandan manufacture.

One thing, however, he saw not, or if he saw, did not heed. It was the deep trace of a naked human foot stamped deeply into the black mud, close to the water's edge. It was a larger print than that of any of the moccasined feet, strong made and long, and with the toes turned outward, as never were the toes of any In-

dian foot. But this Carson saw not, nor remarked; nor is it probable that, excited as he was, and predetermined to find evidences of the Indian's guilt in all that should meet his eye—nor is it, I say, probable that, had he seen it, he would have suffered its mute testimony in anywise to invalidate his preconceived opinion.

Another half hour of sharp riding brought him, still following the Indian trail, which ran along the river's course, to an abrupt turn in the stream, where, chained fast to a huge oak tree, he had left his second trap on the previous night.

Again the Indian sign gave token of a halt, again the Mandan had dismounted and trodden the ground all about the trap, which in this case was not broken.

It was clear, however, at a glance, from the tracks of the beaver's struggles, from some blood gouts in the sand, and several tufts of fur scattered around in the vicinity, that the trap had done its duty, and had been plundered.

"Ah ha! I have you now in fact—cursed redskin!" growled the trapper. But as he spoke his eye fell upon something which glittered dully among the trampled herbage close to the trap. He leaped down and seized it. It was a bullet, which must have fallen from the pouch of the robber. He examined it carefully; it bore, as is not unusual among the hunters of the West, the peculiar mark of its owner, which was in this case a little cross composed of six small punctures.

"Ha! that is Joe Whiteneck's mark," said Carson, musing for a moment. "How could the redskins have got Joe's bullet? But that's neither here nor there. I'll bother with this trail no longer. I'll ride right straight away to where I saw he'd sot his traps last night, and make clean work of them, and then ride in the brush nigh at hand to the last, and shoot him from the cover. He'll never steal no more traps of Mike Carson."

And with his heart full of fury he dashed away headlong to the gorge in the mountains, through which the river, there pent up into a mere thread of water and chafed into a wild torrent, roared and raved on its course toward the great Columbia.

Within an hour after he had disappeared in the chasm, the old trapper who had so much distrusted the right of Carson's charge against the Mandan, came slowly riding down the self-same trail, pausing at each of the spots, where the Indians had halted, and where Carson pausing likewise, had filled his prejudiced mind with false conclusions, and convinced himself of the truth of a lie.

The old man's calmer temper instantly grasped the truth. "Aye! aye!" he said, as he dismounted and examined the sign more closely than the rage of the other had permitted him to do—"Aye! aye! it's jest as I thought. The traps has been stole and broke by some white vagabond or other, and the Mandans are on the thief's track to hunt him up. But Carson's too mad, I'm afeard, to take count of the true sign. I'll away arter and try if I can't hinder bloodshed."

And he too galloped off on Carson's trail at the best speed of his horse. But whenever, in the annals of the world, did he who would prevent, anticipate or outstrip him who would commit injury or crime?

Some two hours later in the day Carson might have been seen dismounted in a deep, darksome dingle, amid crags and hills so steep as well nigh to exclude the beams of the noonday sun; he was standing over a trap in which a live beaver was still struggling wildly, with a gleam of fierce and angry satisfaction in his keen blue eye, a curse of satisfied hatred on his well-cut firm lip.

It was the trap of the Manitarri chief, Mato-tope.

While he stood there, the tramp of several horses came on his ear. In an instant he sprang to his saddle, gathered the reins in his hand, poised and cocked his rifle.

In another the Mandan chief came at a quick trot through the bushes, followed by six or seven other chiefs well armed and mounted.

As quick as light the avenging rifle of the wild hunter rose to his shoulder, his keen eye glanced along the barrel, the trigger yielded to the unerring finger, the piece flashed, and the first indication to the Mandan chief that a foe was near him was the sharp crack of the heavy yager.

Strangely enough it fell out, that in the very point of time in which the hunter's piece was discharged, the Indian's horse rose high to leap a fallen tree, and throwing up its head received the bullet intended for its rider's heart, full in its brain. As it was, horse and man went down amid an appalling yell from the other Indians.

Carson replied by a wild whoop, and setting spurs to his good gray, galloped off at speed, beginning with all the coolness of a hunter to reload his weapon even at that wild speed.

But a second yell, fiercer and shriller than the first, and the thick beating clang of many hoofs, announced that he was pursued, and a moment afterward some six or eight full round reports from the smooth-bore fusees of the Indians followed, and as many bullets whistled in close propinquity to the undaunted hunter. One, indeed, struck his wolf-skin cap from his tangled locks, another grazed his shoulder, and a third inflicted a long superficial gash on the white stallion's quarter.

Carson rose high in his stirrups, flourished aloft his now reloaded rifle, and replied with the hideous shout well known to all western warriors, white or red, as the death halloo, for he doubted nothing that he had slain his enemy.

But what was his dismay, his almost terrified astonishment, when he beheld his mortal foe, the hated Matotope, mounted on a fresh horse, his own unrivalled chest-

nut, and thundering on his traces, followed by all his band, yelling and whooping out their savage scorn and hatred of the White Thief!

Curbing his horse with a shock so violent that he almost threw him upon his haunches, he again raised his rifle; again his steady finger pulled the trigger, but this time no bright flash, no sharp crack followed.

Despair! an Indian bullet of the last volley, had carried the cock clean away, and left the weapon useless. With a fierce curse, a bitter, snarling imprecation, he dashed the broken rifle to the earth; shook his fist in impotent malignity at his triumphant enemies; turned, and fled—for his life!

For his life! for his life! up the steep mountain side he spurred furiously, and gallantly the gray responded—through the deep tangled thickets he crashed at mad speed; among the giant trunks he glanced like a meteor, over vast fallen trees he bounded like a stag, across wild and stony gorges he soared like an eagle. Hours passed like minutes, but still, whenever he cast back his eye he might see Mato-tope close behind him.

But still at every bound he shook off another and another of his foes, till at length but the chief and one tribesman were in sight.

These also had thrown away their rifles, finding the speed of their pursuit encumbered by them. The contest was no longer so uneven. Could he have distanced that staunch tribesman, he would have set his life upon the cast, and hand to hand and knife to knife, fought it out with the chief, confident and fearless.

They were now galloping at mad speed over a vast and level track of table land, on the head of a huge mountain, cumbered with blocks of stone, and stunted evergreens; and now, his speed diminished and his wonted bottom deteriorated by his wound, the gray horse began to fail, and stride by stride, yard by yard, the chestnut

gained on him. His nose has passed his tail, his quarter! now it is level with Mike Carson's knee; now they are side by side. The riders' knives are out, they are red already. The wild yells of the Indian, the stern huzzas of the white hunter, and the cries of the tortured beaver, dashed to and fro in his steel trap swinging from Carson's saddle, are blent in horrid discord.

And still during that deadly struggle the high mettled steeds thundered onwards with speed unabated, their reins loose, and their heads free, for the riders' left arms are interlinked in the dread grapple, and their right hands are plying with terrible effect the keen and deadly knife.

They crashed through a sudden thicket, they plunged down a steep descent, they—horror! Carson's bold face is blank with dismay in an instant—his eyeballs have a frantic glare—can it be terror? His right hand has forgotten to stab, and clutches in desperation a limb above his head, protruding from the stem of the last tree, but it cracks—it yields, impotent to save!

They are plunging headlong three hundred feet sheer down a precipice of naked granite.

Their horses' fore-feet have already crossed the verge; the stones are rushing down amid smoke and dust and fire flashing from the flint, a hundred feet below them—the hawks and crows are starting from the tree tops a hundred feet lower yet.

It is lost! lost!

Carson's eyes glared, but his teeth were set, and he plunged down silent, mute in his horrible despair.

Not so the Indian. Fury and triumph flashed from his tawny features, and the appalling yell which burst from his lips, as he sheathed his keen knife in the white hunter's breast, after they had crossed the dread brink, had more of vengeful joy than of terror in its tones.

They rushed headlong down—they were lost to sight!

The wild scream of the tortured horses, and the fierce

yell of Mato-tope, rang piercingly upon the tribeman's ear, as he reined up his horse hard on the perilous brink —a heavy crash rose dull and heavy from the abyss, and then, silence! A moment afterwards the voice of the torrent moving among the rocks at the base of the precipice, and the melancholy gale in the tree tops were alone audible.

At sunset the old trapper stood, too late, gazing at the crag's foot on a pile of blood and mutilated flesh and bones crushed and almost indistinguishable. Two horses, and one human carcass. It was Mike Carson's! The Indian's body was removed—carried away by his comrades doubtless; and the white hunter's senseless head was scalped and gory, and his clenched hands, dismembered by the savage knife, showed how tenaciously and bull-dog like, he had clung to his mortal foe with those cold fingers, riveted, never again to open, in THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

THE AMERICAN BITTERN.

In the old days of chivalry and knighthood, when the glory of falconry had not yet faded from earth, like several of his congeners, the heron, especially, and the curlew, which, according to the old rhyme,

> "Be she white or be she black,
> Carries twelvepence on her back,"

an enormous price at a time when a sixpence was the value of a fat wether sheep, the bittern stood high, if not highest, in the estimation both of the epicure and the gentle falconer.

Loud was the cheery whoop, and heartfelt the gratulation, when from some reed-bed in the oozy meadow, beside the silver-winding Trent or royal-towered Thames, flushed by the yelping spaniels, the long-necked hermit fisher would display his broad vans, mottled like the richest tortoise-shell, with bands and wavy lines, and variegated blotches of black and chocolate brown, and bright ferruginous and cinereous gray, and yellow ochre; and stretching his long green legs far behind him, soar with his harsh, discordant, clanging cry, into the empyrean, a worthy quarry for the bravest hawk that ever fleshed his singles in the fowl of game, and one to test his power of wing, his valiant courage, were he the bravest peregrine that ever built his eyrie amid the rocky fastnesses of Hoy, or the best jerfalcon that was ever brought from Norroway, to minister to the sports of chivalry and beauty.

Loud was the clank of flagon and of beaker, and prodigal the red wine flowed, when at high noon, where peers and paladins and princes feasted, even at Arthur's table

round, where Lancelo de Lac looked love into the sympathizing eyes of peerless Guenivere, with heronshaw and peacock, cygnet and venison, the bittern held the place of pride, and valiant knights took on themselves

"Empryzes of great pith and moment."

and cast their pledges down, plighting their vows before "St. George, the Bittern, and the Ladies."

But now, like many another first-rate dainty and delicacy, long admired, the bittern, with his congener, the heron, though both still well esteemed by a few wise and judicious *gourmets,* has fallen, for the most part, into disrepute.

In England, toward Christmas-time especially, when, like the snipe and woodcock of that country, the bittern feeds along the penetrable margins of the unfrozen streams and rivulets, which remain open all the winter long, and becomes extremely fat, there is rejoicing when the game-keeper produces, with a grin of triumph, the far-famed "bog-bumper"; and he is incontinently manufactured, with other ingredients known to the wise, into a mighty pasty, manducated by appreciative grinders of purposely invited guests, and washed down by appropriate libations of Beaune or Clos Vougeot.

In America, it is difficult to say wherefore, this fine bird is the object of an absurd and unjust prejudice; it is known generally by an obscene and disgusting appellation; it is shot mercilessly and wantonly by the fowler, if he meets it in the marshes. I say wantonly, because with no end or object of utility or reason, and it is then cast away, like the vilest carrion; and the sportsman who has the rare judgment to insist on its being cooked and eaten, like wild fowl, with cayenne pepper, port wine, and lime-juice, is looked upon as a foul-feeder, at least, if not as the variety of the *genus homo* who is supposed habitually to keep a cold clergyman on his sideboard, as

a choice dainty, and to luxuriate in the delights of "long-pig."*

Bittern shooting can scarcely, as a general rule, be followed as a sport in the United States, for, although the bird, as aforesaid, is common, it is not, generally speaking, numerous; the only exception to this rule being, in so far as I know, the marsh islands in the great south bay of Long Island, where it is extremely abundant.

In these hassocks, as they are often called, it is not easy to shoot them, as they will not readily or willingly take wing, running with great speed in a crouching posture among the long coarse grass, and not exposing any portion of their long lanky forms to the aim of the gunner.

At any high tides, however, when these island meadows are submerged, they may be successfully hunted, in the same manner as the great clapper-rail, or big meadow hen, by means of boats pulled or, in very shoal water, shoved with pushing poles over the flats. Before these they cannot avoid rising, and as they do so, heavily, with a slow and laborious flapping, they present an easy and obvious mark, even to tyros; and by good marksmen are certainly slaughtered with No. 4 or 5 shot, from an ordinary fowling-piece. At the *Riviere aux Canards*, in Upper Canada, or the Newark Salt Meadows, and in the marshes along the margins of the Hackensack river, as also, in former times, at the English neighborhood, I have occasionally had good sport with these great aquatic birds, while in pursuit of English snipe; but it would scarcely pay, even in these favored localities, to go out especially bittern-shooting. They will lie well to setters, which are used to point them steadily, and springers give tongue to them keenly, and flush them with ardor; these two facts marking them as legitimately game.

The bittern is a very beautiful bird, about twenty-seven

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* Cannibal for human flesh.

inches in length, by three feet four inches in extent from tip of wing to wing; its upper parts are beautifully mottled and variegated, like the finest tortoise-shell; its under parts are of a pale, ochreous yellow, streaked, especially on the long feathers in front of the neck, with longitudinal black lines. It has a pendulous crest, on the nape of the neck, which, when wounded or irritated, it erects fiercely; its eyes are of a clear, fierce golden hue, almost as bright and dauntless as those of the eagle; its legs are yellowish-green; the toes armed with long pectinated claws, which our ancestors, in their wisdom, were wont to carry, when they could get them, in their waistcoat pockets, as a specific and antidote against rheumatism, when shooting in the aguish marshes which he affects as his local habitation and his home.

On the whole, he is the handsomest and noblest of the aquatic waders, if we except the lovely snow-white egret, and the yet more beautiful and rarer scarlet ibis, of the south; and is as bold and brave as he is succulent and savory when fat and smoking on the board. Hence I invariably shoot him when I can; and never pick him up, until I am well assured he "has shuffled off his mortal coil"; for he will fight to the last against man, dog, or devil; and his beak is both sharp and strong, and strikes like a Moorish assagay at the eye of his assailant. Hence I avoid him. *Verbum sap.*

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The blood-hound's deep resounding bay
Came swelling up the rocky way.

—LADY OF THE LAKE.

"Tayho! Tayho!"

And straightway to the cry responded the long-drawn mellow notes of the huge French horns which were in those days used by every yeoman pricker, as the peculiar and time-honored instrument of the stag-hunt, the *mots* of which were as familiar to every hunter's ear as so many spoken words of his vernacular.

It was the gray dawn of a lovely summer morning in the latter part of July, and although the moorcocks were crowing sharp and shrill from every rocky knoll or purple eminence of the wild moors, now waving far and wide with the redolent luxuriance of their amethyst garniture, for the heather was in its full flush of bloom; although the thrush and black-birds were caroling in emulous joy, at the very top of their voices, from every brake and thicket which feathered the wild banks of the hill-burns, the sun had not lifted a portion of his disc above the huge, round-topped fells which formed the horizon to the north and westward of my scene. That scene was the slope of a long hill—

"A gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity—the last,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs."

The hills above and somewhat farther off to the southward and eastward, are clothed and crowned with oak woods of magnificence and size so unusual, and kept with such marked evidence of care and culture that no one could doubt, even if it were not proved by the gray turrets of an old baronial manor, and the spire of a tall clock-house shooting up high over the tops of the forest giants, that they were the appendages and ornaments of some one of those ancient homes of England, which, full of elegancies and graces of the present, remind us so pleasantly of the ruder, though not less homely, hospitalities of the past.

The immediate summit of the slope I have mentioned is bare, yet conspicuous for a single tree, the only one of its kind existing for many miles in that district, a single white pine, tall enough for the mast of some huge admiral, and as such visible, it is said, from points in the four northern provinces of England, and the two southernmost of Scotland, whence it is known far and wide, in many a border lay and legend, as the one-tree hill on Reedswood.* Below the brow of this inland promontory, for such indeed it is, which is covered with beautiful, short, mossy grass, as firm and soft as the greensward of a modern race-course, and used as one vast pasture of two hundred acres, lies a vast tract of coppice, principally of oak and birch, but interspersed with expanses of waving heather, where the soil is too shallow to support a larger growth, and dotted here and there with bold, gray crags, which have cropped out above the surface, and amongst these, few and far between, some glorious old, gnarled hawthorns, which may well have furnished May-wreaths to the yellow-haired daughters of the Saxon before the mailed foot of the imperious Norman had dinted the green turf of England. This coppice overspread the

*In Northumberland, a few miles from the Scottish border.

whole declivity and base of the hill, until it melted into the broad, rich meadows, which, with a few scattered woods of small size, and here and there a patch of yellow wheat, or a fragrant bean-field, filled all the bottom of the great strath or valley, down to the banks of a large stream, beyond which the land rose steeply, first in rough moorland pastures, divided by dry stone walls, then in round, heathery swells, then in great broad-backed purple fells, and beyond all, faintly traceable in the blue haze of distance, in the vast ridges of the Cheviots and the hills of Tevydale. Along the base of the hill-side, parting it from the meadows, ran a tall, oak park-paling, made of rudely-split planks, not any where less than five feet in height, through which access was given to the valley by heavy gates of the same material, from two or three winding wood-roads into the shadowy lanes of the lovely lower country.

Such was the scene, o'er which there arose before the sun, startling the hill echoes far and near, and silencing the grouse-cock on the moors, and the song-birds in the brake and thicket by their tumultuous din, the shouts and fanfares that told the hunt was up.

"Tayho! Tayho!"

Tara-tara-tara-tantara-ra-taratantara-tantara-ra-ra-rah. Which, being interpreted into verbal dog-talk, is conceived to say: "Gone away! gone away! gone away! away! away! away!" and is immediately understood as such, not by the well-mounted sportsman only, but by what Scott calls, himself no unskilled woodsman, "the dauntless trackers of the deer," who rush full-mouthed to the cheery clangor, filling all earth and ether with the musical discords of their sweet chidings.

The spot whence the first loud, manly shout "Tayho" resounded, was almost within the shadow of the one tree, where, as from a station commanding the whole view of the covert, which a powerful pack of the famous Talbot

bloodhounds, numbering not less than forty couple, were in the act of drawing, a group was collected, gallantly apparelled, gallantly mounted, and all intent, like the noble steeds they bestrode, eyes, ears, and souls erect, on the gallant sport of the day.

Those were the days of broad-leaved hats and floating plumes, of velvet justaucorps, rich on the seams with embroideries of gold and silver, of the martial jack-boot, and the knightly spur on the heel, and the knightly sword on the thigh, and thus were our bold foresters accoutred for such a chase as is never heard tell of in these times of racing hounds and flying thoroughbreds, when the life of a fox is counted by the minutes he can live with a breast-high scent before the flyers, and the value of a hunter by the seconds he can go in the first flight with a dozen horseman's stone upon his back.

Things then were otherwise; the fox was unkennelled, or the stag unharbored at daybreak, and killed, if the scent lay well, sooner or later, before sunset, runs were reckoned by hours, hounds picked up for their staunchness, not their fleetness, horses bought not for their speed, but for their stoutness, and the longest, steadiest last rider, not the most daring or the foremost, won the palm of the chase, were it brush or antler, when the game fox was run into, or the gallant stag turned to bay.

The gentlemen who were gathered on the broad, bare brow of the one-tree hill were in all twelve or thirteen in number, all, at first sight, men of gentle blood and generous education, although as there ever is, ever must be in every company, whether of men or inferior animals, there was one to whom every eye, even of the unknown stranger or the ignorant peasant, would have naturally turned as evidently and undoubtedly the superior of the party, both in birth and breeding; he mingled nevertheless with the rest on the most perfect terms not of equality only, but of intimate familiar intercourse and friendship.

No terms of ceremonial, no titles of rank or territorial influence, but simple Christian names passed between those gay and joyous youths; nor was there anything in the habit of the wearers, or the mounting of the riders, to indicate the slightest difference in their positions of social well-being and well-doing. One youth, however, who answered to the name of Gerald, and sometimes to the patrimonial Howard, was so far the handsomer both in form and feature, the statelier in stature, the gracefuller in gesture, the manlier in bearing, the firmer and easier of seat and hand on his hunter, that any one would have been prompt to say almost at a glance, there is the man of all this gentle and generous group, whom, if war waken its clangor in the land, if external perils threaten its coast, or internal trouble shake its state, foreign wars or domestic strife will alike find the foremost, whether in his seat with the senate, or in his saddle on the field, wielding with equal force and skill the statesman's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword; all honored him, indeed, and he deserved that all should honor him.

I have omitted, not forgotten or neglected, to mention as first and fairest of that fair company, a bevy of half a dozen fair and graceful girls, not like the gentlemen, all of one cast, but as was evident, not so much from the difference of their grace and beauty, though in these also there was a difference, as from the relative difference of positions which they maintained, four remaining somewhat in the rear of the other two, and not mingling unless first addressed in the conversation, and from some distinction in the costliness and material of their attire.

A mounted chamberlain, with four or five grooms, who stood still farther aloof, in the rear of the ladies in waiting, and two or three glittering pages standing afoot among the latter, in full tide of gallantry and flirtation, their coursers held by the grooms in attendance, made up the party. From which must always be excepted the

huntsman, the verdurer, and eight or ten yeoman prickers, in laced green jerkins, with round velvet caps, like those worn by the whippers-in of the present day, and huge French-horns over their left shoulders, who were seen from time to time appearing, disappearing, and reappearing in the glades and dingles of the hill-side covert and heard now rating the untimely and fallacious challenge of some wayward and willful puppy, now cheering the earnest and trusty whipper of some redoubted veteran of the pack, as he half-opened on a scent of yester-even.

The hounds had been in the coppice above an hour, and two-thirds of its length had already been drawn blank, the gentlemen were beginning to exchange anxious and wistful glances, and two or three had already consulted more than once or twice their ponderous, old-fashioned repeaters, and now the elder, shorter and fairer of the two damsels, giving the whip lightly to her chestnut palfry, cantered up to the side of Gerald Howard, followed by her companion, whose dark redundance of half-dishevelled nut-brown tresses fell down from beneath a velvet cap, with a long drooping plume, on each side of a face of the most exquisite oval, with a high brow, long, jet-black eyelashes, showing in the cold relief against her pure, colorless cheeks, for her eyes were downcast, and an expression of the highest intellect, which is ever found in woman, mingled with all a woman's tenderness and softness. She was something above the middle hight, with a figure of rare symmetry, exquisitely rounded, and sat her horse at once most femininely and most firmly, without the least indication of manliness in her seat or demeanor, yet with a certain air of at-homeness in her position and posture, that showed she could ride as well, perhaps as boldly, as the best man among them.

"Ah! Gerald, Gerald," said the elder girl, laughingly, as she tapped him on the arm with the silver butt of her

riding whip, "is this your faith to fair ladies, and especially to this fairest Kate, that you deluded us from our soft beds, at this untimely hour, with promises to unharbor us a stag of ten within so many minutes, all for the pleasure of our eyes, and the delectation of our hearts; and here have we been sitting on this lone hill-side two hours and upwards, to the great craving of our appetites, and the faintness of our hearts, yearning, as the queen's good puritans would have it, after creature comfort. Out on you! out on you for a false knight, as I believe not, for my part, that there is one horn or hoof from the east to the west on the hill-side, no, not from the 'throstle's nest' to the 'thorny brae.'"

"Ah! sister mine, art so incredulous, but I will wager you or ere the Talbots reach that great gray stone, with the birch boughs moving over it like the plumes, as our bright Kate would say, of a dead warrior's helmet over his cold brow, we will have a stag afoot, ay, and a stag of ten." And instantly raising his voice to a quicker and clearer note, "see now!" he cried, "see now!" as a suberb, dark-colored animal, not lower than a yearling colt at the forehand, leaped with a bound as agile as if he was aided by wings, on the cope-stone of the dry stone wall, which bounded the hither side of the hill coppice, with vast, branching antlers, tossed as if in defiance, and a swan-like neck swollen with pride and anger. He stood there an instant, self-poised, self-balanced, "like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," uttered a hoarse, bellowing cry, peculiar to the animal in his season, and then sailing forth in a long, easy curve, alighted on the springy turf, whose enamelled surface he scarce dinted, and then swept up the gentle slope almost toward the admiring group on the brow, but in a diagonally curved line that would carry him in the long run to the south-west of them, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards.

"Tayho! Tayho!" burst in a clear and hearty shout from the exited lips of Gerald Howard. And instantly from every part of the hill-side, from the 'throstle's nest' to the 'thorny brae,' from ten well-blown French horns burst the wild call. "Tara-tara, tara-tantara-ra-tara-tantara-tantara-ra-ra-rah, Gone away, gone away, gone away, away, away!" and the fierce rally of the mighty Talbots broke into tongue at once through the whole breadth and length of the oak coppice, as they came pouring up the hills, making the heather bend and the coppice crash before them like those famed Spartan hounds of Hercules and Cadmus,

> "When in the woods of Crete they bayed the bear,
> So flewed, so randed, and their heads were hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit but matched in mouth like bells
> Each under each."

At fifty separate spots they leaped the wall nearly abreast, but four were in may be a spear's length the leaders, and they laying their heads right at the noble quarry, which was still full in view, came straining up the hill, making all ring around them with their deep-mouthed thunder. The rest topped the wall one by one, in view too, and on a breast-high scent came steaming up the rich grass slope on converging lines, so that as they passed the attentive group to the westward, within a hundred yards, the pack had got altogether within, perhaps another hundred yards of his haunches, running so that a large carpet might have covered the whole forty couple, and raving with such a din of harmonious discords, such shrill and fisavage trebles of the fierce bitch hounds, such a deep diapasone of the old veteran dogs, such sweet and attuned chidings of the whole, that not an ear but must have listened with delight, not a heart

but must have bounded with rapture at the exulting sounds.

And ever and anon there rung up from the wildwood the deep, mellow blasts of the French horns, blent with jangled cries of Talbots into a strange and indescribable clangor and crepitation, at once most peculiar and most entrancing.

At the same moment the sun burst into view above the eastern hills, and pouring down a great flood of golden lustre over the whole glowing scene, kindled up everything into life and light, tinging with ruddy light the dappled sides of the noble beast as he swept by them, now within fifty yards, for he had circled around them, wantoning and bounding to and fro, perfectly unconcerned by the nearer presence of his pursuers, and seemingly desirous to display the miracles of his speed and beauty to the fair eyes that admired him, enlivened the dappled hides of the many-colored, glossy pack, burnishing the sleek and satin coats of the noble coursers, until they glowed with almost metallic splendor, flashing upon the rich laces, the bright buckles and the polished sword-hilts of the hunters, and gilding the bridle-bits and brazen horns of the verdurers and yeomen prickers, until the whole hill-side was glittering with a thousand gay hues and salient lights, filling the mind with memories of fairy-land and magic marvels.

Hitherto the little group on the brow of the one-tree hill had stood motionless, while the gay, animated scene had revolved around them, a glittering circle wheeling around the stationary center; but now, when the servants of the chase, huntsmen and verdurers, prickers and all, streamed up the long hill at their best pace, all wheeled around the tree and its gay company, swelling the din with the flare and braying of their horns, the gallant stag appeared to comprehend that a fresh band of enemies were added to his first pursuers, for he half turned

his head to gaze on them, half paused for a moment to snuff the air, with nostrils pridefully elated, and flanks heaving, not with weariness as yet, but with contempt and scorn, then with a toss of his antlers, and a loud snort of indignation, set his head fair to the northwest, full for the hills of Scotland, and went away at long, sweeping bounds that seemed to divide the green slope, by leaps of eight yards each, soared back again over the rough stone wall, and went crashing through the thickets, straight for the tall oak palings and the river, as if he were bound for some distant well-known point, on a right line as the crow flies.

And now for the gentlemen the chase was begun, and Gerald Howard led it, like their leader as he was in all things, and the rest followed him like men as they were, and brave ones, but to the ladies it was ended so soon as they had breathed their palfries down the slope to the stone wall and the woodside at an easy canter; and they returned to the hill-top, where they found viands and refreshments spread on the grass; and long they lingered there watching the hunt recede, and the sounds of the chase die away in the far distance. But it was long ere the sights and sounds were lost all and wholly to their eyes and ears, for the quarry still drove on, as straight as the crow flies, due northward—due northward the chase followed.

They saw the gallant stag swoop over the oak-pales as if they were no obstable, they saw the yelping pack crash and climb after him; then they saw Gerald Howard on his tall coal-black barbe soar over it unhindered, but all the rest turned right or left to gate or gap, or ere they might follow him. The valley was crossed as by a whirlwind, the river swam by hart, hound, and hunter, unhesitating and unheeding, and far beyond up the green moorland pasture, over the stone-walls, now disappearing over the hill-tops into the misty hollows, now glinting

up again into the light of some yet more distant stretch of purple heath; and still the chidings of the hounds, and still the wild bursts of the French horns fell faintly on the ears, as the wind freshened from the westward, but at length sound and sight failed them, and when silence had sunk still and solitude reigned almost perfect over the late-peopled slope of thorny brae and the one-tree hill, the gay bevy of dames and damsels returned homeward, something the more serious if not the sadder for the parting, to await the gathering of their partners to the gay evening meal.

Long they waited, late it grew, the evening meal was over, the close of night had come, the lights in the bower and hall were kindled, the gates were locked and barred, long ere the first of the belated foresters returned soiled and splashed, way-worn and weary, with the jaded and harassed hounds, and horses almost dead from the exhaustion of the day. At midnight, of the field, all the men save one were collected, though two or three came in on foot, and yet more on borrowed horses, their own good steeds left in the morass or on the moorland, to feed the kites and the hill-foxes; of the pack all save two mustered at the kennel gates in such plight as the toil they had borne permitted.

The man missing was Sir Gerald Howard, the master of the pack, the two hounds were its two leaders, Hercules and Hardheart, of whom no rider had ever yet seen the speed slacken or the heart fail.

The old verdurer, who gave out the last, reported Gerald Howard going well when he saw him last, with the stag and two Talbots of all in full view, and this many miles into Scotland within the pleasant vale of Teviotdale, with the great Scottish hills, grim and gray, towering up before him, and the night closing fast on those dim solitudes.

It was late on the next day when Sir Gerald Howard

was seen riding up the road on the same steed he had backed so gallantly, still weary and worn, though recruiting, with the huge antlers at his saddle-bow, but no brave Talbots at his heel.

He had ridden far into the darkness, still guided by the baying of the staunch hounds; and when he could see to ride no longer, had obtained timely succor and refreshment from a stout borderer of Teviot-side. At daylight mounted a fresh horse, a garron of the country, to renew the chase; but it was now soon ended. Scarce had he gone a mile on the straight line they had run throughout, ere he found Hardheart stiff and cold on the mountain heather, and not a hundred yards yet onward, ere the great stag lay before him, not a hair of his hide injured, and Hercules beside him, with his head upon his haunches, where he had breathed his last, powerless to blood the brave quarry he had so nobly conquered.

Sixty miles had they run on that summer's day from point; they had died together, and in their graves they were not confounded, for a double tomb was scooped in the corrie or hollow of the mountain-side, wherein they were found, and above it was piled a rough, gray column, whereupon may be seen rudely sculptured this true epitaph,

Hercules killed Hart O'Grease,
And Hart O'Grease killed Hurcules.

For, reader mine, this is a real and true tale, and I, who tell it you, have sat upon the stone, and tempered my cup of Farintosh from the little rill beside it, with the wild peak of the Maiden's Pass before me, the dark Cheviots at my right, the blue hights of the Great Moor looming away almost immeasurably to the westward, and no companions near me save the red grouse of the heather, and the curlew of the morass, nothing to while away the time that my weary setters slept in the noonday sun, save this old-time tradition.

LONG JAKES, THE PRAIRIE MAN.

Known to no other land.—Scott.

Our hero is emphatically, and peculiarly, a man—a man, at an epoch when manhood is on the decay throughout the world; when individuality and personal characteristics and personal influence are yielding everywhere to the pre-eminence of masses.

A man of energy, and iron will, and daring spirit, tameless, enthusiastic, ardent, adventurous, chivalric, free—a man made of the stuff which fills the mould of heroes.

It is good for a land to have such men among her children; for it is in the hearts of such men that burns the deathless love of liberty and country, when selfish greed and the base love of gain have quenched it in the sordid bosom of the burgher—that throbs the innate chivalry of nature, long after that grand feeling has become a byword and a mockery on the lips of the truckling trader.

As soon shalt thou tame the ocean eagle, and call him fluttering from your dovecotes to pick crumbs from your hands; as soon shalt thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, and compel him to harrow the valleys after thee, as thou shalt win Long Jakes from the snre rifle and swift courser, and lure him to the desk and the pen, or teach him that the trickeries of trade are nobler than the darings of manhood.

A lie has gone forth through the world, during these lazy days of peace: the traffickers of the nations have waxed wanton and vainglorious; and in the insolent sublimity of their petty successes they have imagined themselves princes, boasted themselves the rulers of the universe, proclaimed it loudly that henceforth utility alone

should govern, that wealth alone and trade should sway the mind of empires, and chivalry and honor be to all men, a mockery and a wind-blast.

This lie it is, which has prevailed so far, and alarmed so thoroughly the minds of wise and thinking men, that there are many even of the best and most religious who would even welcome war with all its havoc, all its horrors, as the sole thing that can wipe away this loathsome and corrupting blight from the hearts of men; the sole thing which can create even a passing elevation in the minds of the multitude, which can lead them to suppose that men have higher capabilities than that of hoarding money; and that there are successes of more importance to mankind than those of thriving bankers; interests of greater moment than the spinning of cotton, or the boiling of molasses—that there are such things, in a word, as truth, and honor; as patriotism and glory; and that the whole aim and intention of man's life, and the world's existence is not, as some would have us to believe, mere selfishness and mammon.

There are spirits in the world—and it is good and wholesome that these overgrown traders should sometimes be reminded of it—spirits of bookmen toiling in solitude beside the midnight lamp; spirits of hardy and adventurous sailors furrowing the trackless ocean with their daring keels; spirits of bold and fiery hunters roving the wild interminable prairies on steeds as proud and independent as their riders; the slightest word, the most casual deed of whom is in the eye of the philosopher of vaster influence for good or evil, of wider import to the weal or woe of nations, than all the collected gains of the united merchants of every age and clime and country, from the days of Tarshish and of Tyre, to those of New York and Liverpool.

And when society shall have become rotten to the core, when the evils of advanced civilization shall have outrun

its advantages, when wealth shall have begotten luxury, and luxury sloth, and sloth effeminacy, baseness, cowardice, dishonor—such things have ever been from the earliest of recorded ages; and such things shall be again as surely as we are now speculating on them—when the world shall be plunged in the night of sensuality and selfishness, wallowing in the mire of gold-worship, the purifying leaven which shall be found to save that weltering mass from absolute and utter putrefaction, will be found, not in the manufacturers of Manchester or Lowell, not in the merchants of New York or New Orleans, of Liverpool or London, but in the Cossacks of the Eastern, the hunters of the Western wilderness.

When hardiness and manhood shall be names of things forgotten in great cities, when liberty and patriotism shall be by-words, when chastity of women, honor of men shall be doubted and disbelieved in the society of the rich, the noble, and the proud; they will still dwell, untainted household gods, in the wigwam of the wild hunter; still ride, constant companions, with the free, simple rover of the desert.

Oh! if there be one thing great and glorious to behold, one thing which makes the blood thrill in the veins, and the hair bristle on the brows with strange excitement but to hear of, it is that iron energy of will, that perfect independence, that proud self-confidence of soul which makes one individual man a match for hundreds of the spirit-fettered, soulless slaves to the world's opinion, of the men machines, into which it is the work of society to convert what should be immortal souls, and independent men.

It is this natural and inborn admiration for self-upheld and self-relying singleness of character, for the majesty of individual manhood, which makes the olden legends of knight-errantry and strange chivalric valor so dear to every heart, not of the ardent boy alone or of the romantic

maiden, but of the gravest and wisest of mankind. It is this natural love for freedom and adventure, which makes us turn away palled and cloyed from the narrative of vast deeds achieved, great honors won by masses, to the rare accidents of private heroism, of single self-denial or self sacrifice, as to clear planets blazing out with glory unquenched and unquenchable from the confused and misty light of a whole galaxy of crowded constellations.

It is this instinctive love of the wild, the spirited, the daring; this throbbing of the heart at acts of generous hardihood; this thrilling of the nerves at tales of dangers incurred dauntlessly, of accidents by flood or field, of "hair breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," which the base utilitarian jargon of the day, the sordid pseudo philosophy of political economists and world-regenerators, would eradicate from our souls, as visionary and unprofitable, vain, fruitless and fantastic.

Should they succeed, they will have robbed humanity of its best attribute, its brightest jewel; they will have abolished patriotism; abolished liberty; abolished manhood, which is truth and honor; they will have eradicated the love of woman, the love of country, and the love of God, which are that chivalry, against which they cry war unto the knife.

But they will not succeed; while there are yet free plains and bold mountains left to which the few grand spirits of the world may fly for freedom—freedom not from galling rule of autocratic Cæsars, but from the tyranny of trade; not from the despotism of individual manhood, but from the soul-enslaving, thought-destroying empire of majorities and masses; not from the chains of cruel kings or the inquisition of fanatic priests, but from the more oppressive fetters of general opinion, the more intolerable scrutiny of the argus-eyed, all-seeing public.

These are the causes politic, which, joined to causes

natural, have created in this our every-day world, in this most utilitarian, money-making age, in this most practical and money-loving country, a race peculiar to America, her own appropriate and independent sons, known to no other land—the men of the prairies.

It is no hatred of their fellow-men, no loathing of the decencies, the comforts, the affections, the courtesies of civilized life, that makes these wild and dauntless spirits fly from the smoke of a settlement, as though it reeked with pestilence—it is the glorious, the free, the untrammelled sense of individual will and independent power, of manhood self-sufficient, which prompts them at the expense of all domestic ties, of all soft luxuries and fond endearments, to possess their own souls, with the desert for their dwelling place, and the blue sheen of God's heaven for their roof-tree. Great and earnest spirits are invaribly struck with this strange peculiarity, this natural want in every bosom, a want eradicated only by the false training of city life, and what is called, I fear falsely, civilized society. Hark to the grand lines of a great thinker, of one to whom the air of courts was native, of one who had himself, as he writes "in turn run through all that is beautiful and new," only to cry at last

> The town was entered. Oh! eternity!
> "God made the country and man made the town,"
> So Cowper says—and I begin to be
> Of his opinion, when I see cast down
> Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,
> All walls men know, and many never known,
> And, pondering on the present and the past,
> To deem the woods shall be our home at last—

only to record his opinion, and that not in wantonness of the poetic word, or in that spirit of wild and bitter paradox which is found running through some of his most powerful outpourings, but in grave and serious

earnest, that the happiest life on earth is that of the backwoodsman who

> Enjoys the lonely vigorous harmless days,
> Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze—

only to cry aloud, "Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place," and to reject in very weariness all the advantages of rank and orders and renown, for independence of soul, for freedom from the tyranny of custom, for the pure and simple excitements of the boundless woodland and the everlasting sea.

In this consideration, it is worthy of remark that while hundreds of native foresters, of Indians, more especially, have been taken from the rudeness of a savage to the luxurious charms of a civilized life, no one of whom, it is believed, has ever failed to return on the very first occasion to his darling independence, to the wild, hard realities of his free hunter life—hundreds of rich men, nobly born, cultivated, polished, learned, have deliberately cast away the trammels of a society which had become intolerable to them, because its requisitions were as insatiable as its objects were unreal, and betaken themselves to the forest and the prairie, where they might feel themselves indeed men, and not the mere fractional atoms of a great mass of human matter; and it is well established that no one of these men has ever waxed so weary of his solitude and self-dominion as to return a willing slave to the caprices of fashion, and the dogmas of depraved society.

A young French renegado told a great writer that he never was alone galloping a fleet horse in the desert without experiencing a feeling nearly akin to rapture. That feeling was not in the fleet horse, it was not in the lonely desert, it was not even in the solitude—it was in this—that he burned with the triumphant sense of absolute and irresistible freedom; of self-sufficiency to any possible

emergency; of perfect empire over himself, his horse, and all around him.

Such is the feeling that led Columbus across the pathless ocean to the shores of a new world; that spurred Cortez to found new empires; that drove Balboa to a wild peak of Darien, thence to descry new oceans; and such is the feeling, although they probably have neither analyzed nor could describe it, that prompts hundreds and hundreds of fiery, restless souls to roam the prairies on untiring steeds, incurring endless toils, immeasurable perils, relying for their daily food on the rifle or the lasso, in search of that which is to them content and happiness, the wildest liberty, the fiercest excitement.

Hitherto, I have spoken of a class—now look upon a specimen, the very picture and model of a man.

Look on that sinewy and nervous frame, taller than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals; and so muscular and brawny that the activity to do, the capacity to bear, is increased tenfold; is inured by all extremities of cold and heat, gaunt famine and distracting thirst, to laugh at vicissitudes and sufferings which would be certain death to the hardiest inhabitants of cities. Look on that bold, frank, sun-burned face, with its keen and pervading eye, farsighted as the soaring eagle's, and its expression of indomitable courage, and proud reliance in those inborn or acquired faculties which never yet have failed him in emergency. Look on the graceful ease of hand and leg, as he sits on the wild horse of the prairie, with as much negligent abandonment, as you fair reader, recline on your embroidered ottoman. His, you may see, has been no manége schooling; no riding-house manœuvering has given him the delicate quick finger, feeling the mouth of his fierce steed by the slightest touch of the slackened rein; has given him that seat so firm and yet so easy, from which you might as well expect to see him

shaken, as the piled rocks upon the far horizon to topple down before the breeze of summer.

Again, what shall you see more perfect, even to its smallest details, than all his clothing and equipment, the uniform and weapons of the wilderness; what can the mind conceive more picturesque, and at the same time more effective? One glance of the eye discovers that here is no holiday furbishing, no mummery masking, no military vamping and padding, horse-millinery of modern days. Everything here is real, useful, yet how showy, and how more than romantic.

The broad brimmed sombrero, well suited to guard the eyes alike from the overpowering splendor of the level sunbeams, on those interminable plains where neither tree nor hillock intervenes to break their intolerable fervor; and from the driving hail and sleet of winter, when those wide wastes are one vast expanse of immaculate snow, and the storm wind careers in unchecked fury over their drear inhospitable surface—the bare and muscular neck, the scarlet hunting shirt, with that black kerchief negligently knotted beneath its falling collar—the gay blanket cloak strapped to the cantle of the high Spanish saddle, the twisted coils of the deadly lariat hanging in loose wreaths from the pommel—the breeches, moccasins and leggins all wrought of the finest buckskin, garted and fringed with the best of Indian skill—the massive spur and heavy wooden stirrup of the Mexican ranchero —the buffalo-horn exquisitely carved and filled with the choicest rifle powder—the hollow alligator's tooth, its appropriate charger, swinging by a cord of sinews from the shoulder belt—the otter skin pouch full of all implements of gunnery; and in the girdle the tremendous two-edged knife—most fatal arm for hand to hand encounter since the short stabbing sword and buckler of the Roman made him the master of a world—nor is this all, for in his right hand swings easily a weapon, unknown to the world-con-

quering Roman, against which the steel coats and levelled lances of Normandy's resistless cavaliers would have been weaker and of less avail than straws and parchment, in western hands the queen of weapons, the sure and deadly rifle. The soaring falcon is not more certain of the heron who cowers before him in mid-heaven, blinded through dread of his unerring swoop, than are the hand and the eye of the prairie man of any beast of chase, of any enemy, who is so luckless as to bide his aim within three-hundred yards, upon those level hunting grounds.

Then for the beast, which he bestrides! loftier and more graceful coursers you shall see in the training stables, and on the courses of the South and East; more swanlike necks, and coats more smooth and satin-like; cleaner legs, slenderer pasterns; but where shall you find limbs strung to hardier endurance, nostrils expanded with a fiercer joy to cry ha! ha! amid the trumpets, or a more keen and vicious spark of evil in the untamed and fearless eye?

Match him, at Oakland's or on the Union Course, against your Bostons and your Fashions, and they shall gallop away from him, over the beaten track, as though he were but standing still; and leave him distanced in the rear, while they canter, hard held, and snatching at their bits, before the applauding judge's stand! Match them against the wild horse of the wilderness, over his boundless plains, cumbered with rocky masses here, there torn and gullied by the torrent rains of autumn, here matted with the stiff stems of the ragged artemisia, there deep and boggy, and fitter for the curlew's wing than for the horse's hoof—match them there, not for a single stretch of four miles, not for a thrice repeated match of sixteen, but for the savage and incessant gallop, day in and day out, scant of water, ignorant of the taste of grain, unconscious of the currycomb or whisk, wet by the dews of evening, parched by the heats of noon, chilled

by the frosts of autumnal night, and your unrivalled champions of the turf shall droop their graceful heads on the first day, shall stumble in the thorny brake, shall flounder on the swampy level, shall pine and die, and feed the vultures of the prairie, while the wild desert-born is neighing leagues aloof, in the fullness of his exulting triumph.

Look at him! what point lacks he, that a horse should have, for speed, or courage, or endurance? True, he is low in stature, true he is cross-made somewhat; but mark the points of power; the ample chest, giving free scope to laboring lungs; the vast muscles of the quarters, those equine propellers; the sinewy volume of the forearm; the short cannon bone; the strong and well framed pastern, the high, round, solid hoof! If he be not stout and hardy, look not to shapes for hardihood and courage. Then mark the full, clear, limpid eye, with a touch still of that wildness in its light, that belongs of nature to every bird or beast whose home is on the ocean or the desert—the broad flat brow, with its snip of white, relieving the rich brown of its uncurried hide; the basin face, indicative of his ancestry, the barb or the arab;—the nostrils wide, deep, crimson colored!

Look at him, as he bows his proud head, with the abundant honors of his untrimmed mane and floating forelock, with angry snuff and snort, and stamps impatient of delay, while the keen eye of his master riveted on some point, leagues away, in the blue distance is reading signs of sport, or peril—no matter which—since both to him are excitement, rapture!

Look at him, and then say could there be fitter steed for fitter rider?

Centuries have rolled away since his first ancestors trampled those grassy solitudes, and filled the prairie winds, untainted yet by any breath of horses, with the long clamors of their warlike neighings.

The blood of the Moorish barb throbs in his generous veins, transmitted through the Andalusian strain, not the least legacy to Spain of her Saracen invaders!—His great, great, grandsire, perchance bore the mail-clad weight of Fernando Soto, when he leaped ashore from his horse-galley, "very gallant in polished armor, and gay with silk upon silk," on the young forest shores of Florida; when the echoes of the woods and the wilderness were awakened by the rejoicing clangor of Castilian trumpets; and the old war cry of St. Jago Espanoles! was mingled with the war-whoops of the Seminole and Cherokee.

If it were so, as chivalrous a spirit fires the heart, although that heart throb under so rude a covering as the coarse blanket-shirt, of him who now reins the desert-born son, as panted under the steel corslet of him who backed, centuries ago, the Andalusian sire.

Hard was the chase that made the wild horse of the desert the slave of man's caprice. Oft pursued, never taken, the brown prairie colt had baffled all the best horses of the keenest hunters, 'till Long Jakes set his eye upon him, and swore he should be his; and when was that oath broken?

Hard was the chase from early morn, when half a league aloof the hunter's falcon eye descried him feeding with a small herd in a grassy valley; through the fierce noon; 'till night was nigh at hand, and the evening star was shining clear on the horizon's edge.

Miles had flown away with minutes; all forms of country had been crossed; the deep and miry swamp, the rough and broken hill-side, the long interminable level, had quaked, or clattered, or sounded dull and hollow, beneath the rapid hoof-tramps. Thick, thorny brakes had been traversed at unabated speed, broad rivers had been swum, and dangerous ravines had been cleared at a reckless bound.

Long since the wild herd had been scattered—long since the stout horse of the hunter—he had been once an officer's charger—had driven through the terrified and neighing squadron; the fatal lariat of the hunter might have been cast with sure effect at any one of a dozen chargers, each well worth an Earl's ransom. But the brown stallion only, despising any meaner quarry, Jakes followed, staunch and certain as the Scottish sleuth hound. He passed a snow-white mare, which was taken the next year and sold in St. Louis for five hundred dollars, which now bears a noble soldier on the far banks of the Rio Grande —I warrant me she was not far behind in that dragoon charge which won Arista's cannon! He passed a strawberry roan, which he took afterward himself, and sold to the scion of a high English race, who, smitten with the passion of the desert, journeyed beyond the Rocky Mountains under Jakes' guidance; and that roan, I have heard them say, has led the Queen's hounds, daily, over the rich green meads and thorny bull-fences of merry England! He passed an iron gray, which he has hunted since in vain a dozen times from morn to dewy eve! He passed them all disdainful—his eye still riveted upon the proud head, and unflagging gallop of the brown stallion, though half he feared he should but lose his labor.

Day fleeted rapidly, and his own horse was laboring sorely; the heaving of his flanks was terribly perceptible; he answered every spur-prick with a sob or a groan; and still the wild horse seemed fresh and unwearied, although so closely had Jakes pressed him, that he was but a short lance's length ahead of him; nor, toil howe'er he might, could he increase that distance.

Night was already gray upon the plain, and Jakes was almost despairing; when, as will often happen, chance, and a chance too well nigh fatal, brought about that, which skill, and daring, and almost superhuman perseverance had failed to accomplish.

They had toiled up a steep and craggy hillock; Jake's charger rolling now at long stride, as if about to fall, and the brown horse at length giving some tokens of fatigue. The brown has reached the hill crest, has crossed it, and on the instant disappeared beyond it; with a wild cry, half neigh half shriek, amid a cloud of dust and rubbish.

The hunter knew that there lay a precipice before him; but knew it too late to hinder his own horse from plunging over headlong. He could not have stopped his wild career if he would; perhaps he would not if he could, so hot was the passion of the Nimrod in his heart.

Well was it for him that he did not essay it—had he drawn in his rein, he must have checked the impetus by which alone he could be saved from immediate death; and that he perceived by instinct.

Two seconds after the brown colt had cleared it, Jakes also crossed the summit. It was a broken, abrupt crag of limestone, with a steep fall of twenty feet. With a wild cheer, his spurs home to the rowel heads, his reins gathered firmly in a hand as elastic as a steel cross-bow, his head thrown backward almost to his horse's croup, he charged it.

Another second, and, with his own horse dead under him, he was floundering in a heap of sand and rubbish, at the base of the precipice, within ten feet of his quarry; which stunned and shaken, though uninjured, had not as yet recovered its legs after the fall.

Even in that dread moment Long Jakes' right hand forgot not its cunning; the fatal lariat was unslung in a second from the dead horse's saddle-bow; was whirled with a practised finger about the hunter's head; and sent hurtling through the night air, unerring.

Throttled and choked, the wild horse was subdued—a blanket bound across his eyes, the iron curb thrust into his untamed jaws; the Mexican saddle belted upon his brawny back; and as, at length, he staggered, permitted,

to his feet, the indomitable centaur was bestriding him with curb, and spur, and thong, never to quit his back, 'till the desert horse should confess his rider.

Within a week the initials stamped upon his quarter, and his trained paces and obedient mouth proclaimed the victory won: and never did a horse so hardly conquered, so nobly bear his victor.

The lamb is not more gentle, the spaniel more obedient to his own lord's command, than the steed of the prairie to the voice of his formidable captor.

Many times has he saved his life, by his sagacity and speed; many times has he won the first honors of the chase; many times has he borne him to the rescue of human life, and once of female honor.

The prairie has roared behind him, one furnace of devouring flame, yet he has still outstripped the lightning speed of that destroying element; a host of savages, with bow and spear and rifle, have barred his rider's passage, yet through that host he has borne him unwounded.

Hurrah! then, for the prairie horse; Hurrah! for the Prairie Rider! both children of the wilderness! both nobler, stronger, braver, and more faithful, than the pale offspring of society! both

Are America's peculiar sons,
Known to no other land!

SNIPE SHOOTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The time had arrived when, as must be the case with the best friends, Harry and I were doomed to part, though but for a brief season, the special aim and object of my trip across the broad Atlantic, being no other than to see America in all its length and breadth, though long delayed at Harry's strong solicitation, and the magnificent sport I had enjoyed under his auspices on the broad marshes of New Jersey, and in the devious woodlands of fair Warwick, was now to be accomplished, and one cold winter's afternoon I stepped on board the steamboat Mohican, for Stonington and Boston, whence I intended to visit in detail the eastern portion of the New England States; and crossing by the gorges of the Kennebec, to pass the spring and summer in the rich provinces of Canada. It was my firm intent on my leaving my friend's hospitable roof, to have gone quite up to Aroostook, and taken there a snow-shoe tramp after the moose and cariboo. But many causes fell out to the prevention of my plan, not the least of which was the exceeding mildness of the winter, and consequent want of snow sufficiently deep to render the sport either profitable or exciting. The cold months of this year were therefore passed in absolute inaction, at least as regards field-sports. The double gun and Yager rifle which honest Timothy had with his own hands packed in double cases, duly secured by painted sail-cloth covers, saw not the light of day! The brace of clean-limbed, active setters, which, after much debate and consultation, I had at length picked up, my choice sanctioned by Harry's most oracular approbation, one from that paragon of breakers, Mike Sanford, second of that name renowned throughout New Jersey, the other from his English rival, Dilke, truly,

though differing in their methods, both Arcadians, had no more glorious exercise than trotting many a weary mile behind the well-horsed mails of the New England States, without which pleasurable interruptions to their hybernal slumbers, they would undoubtedly have rivalled Falstaff or Fat Tom in magnitude, before the breaking up of winter. Though undiversified by my beloved field-sports, the winter wore away, however, and that, be it said, not tediously, the tardy spring, less tardy in this instance than its wont, did break; and on the fourteenth day of April I started on my route toward the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham, the same route, too, by which the then renowned and gallant Arnold led his detachment of back woodsmen into a hostile country. Greatly had I been misinformed concerning that same road, for beautiful, although it be, yea! beautiful exceedingly, running along the wild and wooded gorge of the broad, bright Kennebec, up to its junction with Dead river, I must say, that as a road it is most execrable. Though barely eighty miles from my starting post, it occupied me two full days to reach the forks of the Kennebec, thence I advanced another day, forty miles further through pine forests, over mountain hights, skirting fair wood-embosomed lakes, dragged in a sleigh actually

Through brush, through briar,
Through mud, through mire,

to the Lines, where, in a miserable hovel, I was constrained to linger six-and-thirty most immortal hours, and no food save sour bread and smoked fish stewed in rancid oil, until horses should arrive to take me onward from St. Francis. And when they did arrive, heavens! what a cortege. We proceeded. No less than three *charettes*, or small two-wheeled Canadian carts, dragged by three lamentable carcasses, at which the hungriest pack of hounds on earth would have turned up their noses,

conveyed me and my baggage twelve miles in six hours to the mail-house. There, thanks to the kind foresight of a friend in Quebec, I was met by a capital relay of fleet, strong horses, with a good saddle-horse for myself, furnished by Mr. Colway, the prince of postmasters, who, having settled many years ago at the then desolate St. Joseph's, has now long reaped the fruits of his industrious energy, a happy home, a thriving farm, the goodwill and respect of all around him; and, more than all, the grateful love of the French habitants, who look up to their *Monsieure Jem* with feelings nigh akin to the old feudal loyalty, better deserved, too, by the kind-hearted, sturdy, and frank Englishman, than by the courtilest Frank that ever owned a seigneury. Heavens! how delicious seemed that smoking sirloin which graced his hospitable board; plum pudding, too, for it was Easter Monday; and a ripe Cheshire cheese, with no contemptible commodity of old Jamaica to hold these solids in solution. Dinner concluded, my good host informed me that canoes were ready; for lo! the great Chaudiere, adown whose broad and cultured vale I had for some miles past been journeying, swollen by the unusually early thaw, had laid the whole road under water. The wind was fresh and cold, and dead against us, and I was glad to wrap my box-coat close about me, to pull my fur cap over my shivering ears, and to crouch down beside the dogs in the boat's bottom. Anon a dense snow-squall came on, hiding the banks on either hand, and pelting us unmercifully with its sharp, sleety arrows; still, with their measured chant, timed to the dip of their sturdy paddles, the boatmen plied their arms; and the sun had not yet sunk behind the western hills, when gladly I quaffed in the clean, comfortable tavern at St. Mary's, a jorum of hot brandy toddy, and speedily thereafter turned into a sweet, well-aired bed, the first I had slept in for many a night, which weariness alone had rendered wakeless. On

the next morning we were up bright and early, and yet so bad was the high road, the snow lying thereon in places five feet deep, with ruts cut down quite to the level of the soil, that though but thirty miles of distance, it was five hours after noon before I reached Point Levi, and saw the battled hights of that superb Cape Diamond, which years will not efface from my remembrance, towering above the mist which shrouded the irregular gables, the narrow streets, and busy quays of the lower town, with the gigantic flood of the St. Lawrence, turbid and vexed by isles of floating ice, wheeling in solemn majesty beneath it. Once arrived at the hospitable mansion of my friend, the cheerful fireside, and hearty welcome, the genuine old English comforts unseen for many a day, but unforgotten, effaced all recollections in a twinkling of the fatigues and disagreements of a spring journey by the Kennebec, which has become now, tedious as it was at the time, and toilsome, one of the many, many passages in life concerning which we feel the deep truth and philosophy of the sweet Mantuan's sentiment,

Olim et hac meminsse juvabit.

Where all was new and beautiful and famous, and oh, how wonderfully beautiful are all the environs of that American Gibraltar, it must not be imagined that my thoughts turned instantly toward field-sports. Many delightful days were given to society, many to visiting the mighty, a thousand times more mighty than I had fancied them, fortifications of the strong Hill Town, the citadel with its unrivalled panoramic view, the Plains of Abraham, rich with the memories of those whose names are history, and all the sublime scenery around them. But anon, when, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, the snow which lay so deep when I arrived in every vale and hollow, vanished as if by magic; when the trees, which not three days before had been bare and dry and

sapless, burst out as if stricken by some beneficent enchanter's wand, into bright, tender greenery; when the incessant chorus of the vernal frogs was blended with the weak but cheerful strain of the American robin; when the winds began to breathe with a soft, balmy whisper, and the sun to wax very warm at mid-day; then did the innate passion stir up the inward man, and I began to query concerning the spring sports of Canada. Not much, however, did I learn to encourage me in the pursuit, a few unhappy woodcock, which, I blush while I write, the Canadian sportsmen blush not to slaughter, when they should be most safe from violence, just in the act of mating, and some rare, scattered snipe, to be found at far intervals by some land-runnel or snow-swollen steamlet in the bare open fields, were all the hopes held out to me by the sage heads of the Quebec sporting world. "Had you been three months later," they all held to the same tale, "we could have shown you such snipe shooting as the world cannot show besides. You may kill sixty couple any day in July or August, at Chateau Richer, on Crane Island; but now it's of no use at all; you may walk all day and get a wretched couple, or two couple at the best!" "But why?" I still persisted, "Why? Don't the birds come on here in spring flocks?" "Only in straggling whisps, five or six at a time, wild, watchful, scattered, making no stay among us." "True, in the fields I can believe you readily; but in the marshes, at this Chateau Richer, which you speak of?" "None are ever killed there in the spring." "But why not? Did you ever go there in spring? Did anybody ever go?" "No; no one ever goes in spring; it was no use," etc., and so on in all the plentitude of my self-wisdom, and, as I fancied, of experience, I convinced myself that the reason no birds were killed in spring was simply that no one went to kill them; and that I should find all the marshes full, and do great things. To this notable con-

clusion I partially succeeded in bringing a young friend of mine, a good shot and staunch walker and highly promising, although young sportsman. So we two, very quietly determining to give the old shots a lesson, set forth one lovely afternoon to introduce spring snipe-shooting on the St. Lawrence. After a hearty luncheon on mutton-chops and right good ale, we chartered a *marche-donc*, a two-wheeled vehicle not much unlike to a New England chaise or New York gig, save that it has no head, and in lieu of a dashboard a horizontal strip of wood six or seven inches wide, whereon the driver sits, encouraging his active, stout and docile cob by the two talismanic words whence comes the title of the vehicle. Into this we ensconced ourselves, with gun-cases and carpet-bags, and due provision of tea, sugar, brandy, and bottled porter; and then, my two setters and friend Aleck's spaniels, Tip senior and Tip junior, trotting along behind us, followed by a most heterogeneous group of turnspits, mastiffs, terriers, and curs of low degree, through the sweet suburb of St. Roche, away we went across the long bridge over the St. Charles river, through Beaufort, with its handsome church midway the opposite hill, towards the sublime fall of the Montmorenci. Here, for a while, we paused to gratify ourselves with a sight never too often to be seen, of that most lovely cataract, and to refresh our good, chunky little horse, who had trotted along most unremittingly, with three stout men and their baggage, at a rate of full ten miles the hour. After a little stay we started, and I shall not inflict upon my reader, if happily I find one, the hundred times repeated description of the falls, and as the sketch which I took on the spot pertains in nowise to snipe-shooting, I omit it, intent on reaching Chateau Richer in time to get an hour or two of shooting before sunset. The road was very lovely, the season and the evening exquisite. Ten miles we drove along the marge of the magnificent

St. Lawrence, his broad and sea-like waters rippling and sparkling to our right, with a fair verge of cultured fields, meadows, and garden grounds, and here and there an orchard lying between them and the road; while to our left a steep and abrupt bank, fringed with dense underwood, overhung us, a thousand small, transparent torrents brawling and gurgling down its flanks, were lost in the mighty river. Hundreds of whitewashed cottages, gable end to the road, looked out upon the meadows and the gorgeous stream, and many an elm tree, centuries old, drooped with its newly-budding garlands over the winding wheel-track. In short, the whole road is a village, a long, long, straggling village; every house clean and tidy to a wonder, with whitewashed walls and white blinds to the well-glazed casements, and neatly-painted stands with flowers, moss roses and fine clove carnations adorning every window; the peasant maids, with their black, roguish eyes and broad-leafed hats of home-made straw, the short, full petticoats of homespun, laughing and courtesying to the strangers from every open door.

But to return to our shooting. At about four o'clock we reached the beginning of the marshes. The road swept off toward the hills, which here receded from the river, enclosing a wide tract of flat alluvial land, a mile or two in length by perhaps half that width—the inner edge of this area fenced off and cultivated; the outer, next the river, unenclosed, intersected by many creeks, and streamlets, now full and glittering to the sunshine, for the flood tide was running, and overflowed at times—being the famous snipe ground. At the far end of this our driver told us we should find easily the house of *Pierre Dubois*, with whom we were to pass the night, and we resolved to beat it faithfully to-night, that so we might learn the best spots and choicest haunts of our predestined victims against to-morrow's dawn. Well,

out we jumped and loaded, pulled up our fen boots to mid-thigh, whistled our dogs to heel, climbed the Canadian palings (no easy task, by the way) which intervened between the high road and the marsh; and strode on, confident of sport, and in anticipation gloriously triumphant over the old slow coaches of Quebec.

Scarcely, however, had I made three steps across the last fence ere I saw that the laugh was against us. From the very nature of the ground, it was at the first glance self-evident not only that there could be no snipe on it now, but that it never could be spring snipe ground. It is, as I have said, a flat alluvial sweep of land, intersected by innumerable streamlets, filled to the brink and over it at high tides, but at low water forming deep channelled gulleys through the soft greasy mud, ten or twelve feet at least beneath the level of the meadows. This flat is covered during the summer by a luxuriant crop of soft and tender grass, rarely rising above six inches from the soil—watered by all the runs of which I have spoken, and overflowed in the vicinity of these, and all along the beach, at every tide. In consequence the snipe, which come on from the remote north immediately after getting off their young, alight on this and similar levels by myriads at a time toward the latter days of July, and remain there in swarms, fat, lazy and reluctant to get up, till the autumnal frosts, which begin early in September, drive them down to more southern latitudes. During the winter, on the contrary, these meadows are covered with snow, which, thawed partially at every rising of the tide, is again congealed by the excessive cold, the moment that the ebb commences, into a sheet of solid ice. The grass is utterly killed down, and the roots are so much affected that it requires a more than ordinary degree of heat and sunshine to regenerate the stricken verdure. At a glance, then, when I set foot on it, and saw the whole wide range of meadow overspread with the

dead yellow filaments which had been grass last summer, without one blade erect, or covered enough anywhere to have shielded a grasshopper, I saw that our cake was dough. There was, however, nothing for it but to persevere. Our route bedward and supperward lay straight ahead, and having come, I thought it quite as well to see the thing well out; so on I strode, most manfully, bearing my gun half cocked in the hollow of my arm, with the forefinger of my right upon the trigger guard, as if I had expected at each step to hear the shrill "skeap! skeap!" Waving my setters to the right and left, as heads up and sterns down they scoured the greasy flat, and whistling to them cheerily when they stood still and stared in my face, as if to ask why in the world I had brought them there, bye-and-bye I reached one of the channelled runs which I have described, full and flooded, for the tide was now well up. Knowing nothing about the nature of the ground, seeing all around me a dead level, and quite forgetting the great rise and fall of the tide, I never suspected above eighteen inches of water, and, confident in my fen boots, in I strode fearlessly. For about ten or twelve paces it was quite shallow, not at the most above my ankles, but very dark and muddy. Well, I had not a thought of danger, and on I was just stepping, when by strange luck one of the setters, which so far had been following steadily at my heels, disappeared for a few seconds, then rising to the top swam a dozen strokes or two and landed, whereat I sagely turned about, walked up the runnel, crossed it with ease two hundred yards above, and proceeded with my beat. The following morning, however, going over the same beat when the tide was out, I found to my astonishment my foot-steps at the brink of a ravine (for such it was) twelve feet at least in depth, and twice that distance over. Had I got in I must have lost my gun, and not improbably my life; for though a light and active swimmer, I had on huge fen

boots, which would have dragged me down, and the soil was so slippery and greasy as to yield neither hand nor foothold. Of this I knew not anything, and I accordingly strode on, beating the outer margin of the meadow with all diligence, while Aleck, with his spaniels, was making good the landward side, until I reached the broader channel of the St. Anne's, which does not cut itself a gorge like all the smaller rivulets, but bringing down a copious limestone deposit, has actually overspread the mud with a shelly coat of petrification, and spreads out over a broad bed with a hard bottom, making a loud and brawling murmur as it crosses the nearly level marshes. Having thus finished our beat, we headed up to the road, weary enough, and anxious for our supper. On reaching the main road we asked the first *habitant* we met for *Pierre Dubois*, and were directed half a mile ahead to *Pierre Dubois le petit*. We reached the house and cursed our stars to find that no *marche-donc* was there, and that we must hark back again to a mile beyond the spot where we had first enquired, to find the residence of *Pierre Dubois le grand*. Away we went again, and this time went too far, and found that we had got to the house of *Dubois fils* instead of *Dubois pere ;* and at length, when utterly worn out and nearly dead, we got to the right place, were pleased to learn that all the people for two miles along the road—or twenty for aught I know —were called *Dubois;* and instead of holding ourselves unlucky, we ought to have been marvellously thankful that we had found the place at all. Once landed at our quarters, we lost no time in pulling off our fen boots, and replacing them and our heavy shooting jackets by easy slippers and loose dressing gowns—ushered as we had been, into a large, low, whitewashed room, with two large beds decked with check curtains, festooned to huge posts of black walnut. A three-legged table in the middle of the room, and two or three huge long-backed

chairs completed the furniture, if we except sundry strips of rag carpet, a dozen tawdry prints of saints, a crucifix at the head of either bed, and a small pot of holy water in a narrow niche beside the door. Before the latticed window stood the eternal flower stand, with its choicest freight of roses and carnations, and on the table, before many minutes had elapsed, was laid a snow-white cloth with boiled and poached eggs, hot dry toast, fried bacon and fresh butter; the teapot duly scalded was brought next, and we ourselves, with all the skill we learned at Cambridge, prepared the highly flavored brew. We supped, smoked our cigars, discussed a jorum of hot brandy punch, and, having seen our quadruped companions well supped and provided with clean straw, turned in. Before we closed our eyes, however, we settled our proceedings for the morrow; of snipe it was most clear there was no hope; duck, however, it was said, by dint of creeping through the gulleys, might be slain on the shore; we resolved, therefore, to take an early breakfast, to beat along the verge of the St. Lawrence for ten miles farther, killing what ducks we might, and then to mount our *marche-donc*, visit the falls of the St. Anne's, a splendid cataract, far embosomed in the hills and little known—comparatively speaking—and thence hurry home for a late dinner! Our plan devised, we slept upon it, rose early and fed heartily, started upon our final tramp with the first peep of dawn, picked up a duck or two—but nothing to make up for our delinquences—drove onward, and saw many things which I cannot here describe. Suffice it to say, however, that while we killed no game, and got marvellously quizzed and gibed in Quebec, I have not yet regretted my trip to Chateau Richer, although I there learned that there was no spring snipe-shooting on the St. Lawrence.

THE SMELT OF THE RARITAN AND PASSAIC.

Osmerus Neo Cæsereisisis.

The average length of this delicate little fish is about five inches, and seven or eight appears to be the very largest size to which they ever attain. Of several which I have dissected, none exceeded $5^{1}/_{10}$ inches. The measurements and obstructural distinctions of this fish were as follows, and the proportions may be assumed to hold good for fish of any size:

Length, from extremity of the lower jaws to that of the lower lobe of the tail, $5^{1}/_{10}$ inches. From extremity of lower jaws to the end of the post-operculum, hinder gill cover, 1 inch. From extremity of lower jaws to the hinder orbit of the eye, $^{6}/_{10}$ inch. From extremity of lower jaws to the origin of the first dorsal fin, $2^{3}/_{10}$ inches. From extremity of lower jaws to origin of the second dorsal fin, $3^{55}/_{100}$ inches. From extremity of lower jaws to root of tail, $4^{5}/_{10}$ inches.

Fins.—The Passaic Smelt being of the order of abdominal Malacopterygians, family *Salmonidæ*, genus *Osmerus*, or Smelt, has eight fins.

Two dorsal or back fins; two pectorals immediately below the gills; two ventrals under the belly, mid length; one anal below, nearly adjoining the tail; and one caudal appendage, being the tail itself. The first dorsal, distant $2^{5}/_{10}$ inches from the snout, is $^{5}/_{10}$ inch in extent along the back, $^{7}/_{10}$ inch in height, and has eight soft-branched rays, the first of which is double at the base. The second dorsal, distant from the snout $3^{55}/_{100}$ inches, is

of a fatty substance, without rays, about $^{1}/_{10}$ of an inch in extent along the body, and the same height. The two pectorals, distant $1^{1}/_{10}$ inches from the snout, have each thirteen soft-branched rays, and are $^{6}/_{10}$ inch in length, and $^{4}/_{10}$ inch in extent, at their junction with the body. The two ventrals, distant $2^{2}/_{10}$ inches from the snout, have each eight soft-branched rays, and are $^{5}/_{10}$ inch in length, $^{15}/_{100}$ inch in extent at their junction with the body. The anal, distant $3^{3}/_{10}$ inches from the snout, has sixteen soft-branched rays, is $^{4}/_{10}$ inch in depth, and $^{7}/_{10}$ inch in extent along the belly. The caudal fin, or tail, distant from the snout at its root $4^{5}/_{10}$ inches, is in length, from the origin to the extremity of the lower lobe, $1^{1}/_{10}$ inches; from the root to the foot, $^{5}/_{10}$ inch; when widely expanded, it measures $1^{5}/_{10}$ inches in breadth.

It has nineteen perfect, and eight rudimental soft-branched rays—four of the latter connected with the outer edge of the first perfect ray of each fin.

Dental System.—The dental system of this little fish of prey is formidable, and closely allied to that of its congeners, the trout and other *Salmonidæ*, to which family it is known to belong by this very peculiarity, by the propulsion of the second fatty dorsal fin, and some other peculiarities. On its upper jaws it has two concentric ranges of sharp, re-curved teeth, along the lips or labials and on the palatial bones, those in front being the longest and most formidable, presenting the instruments of capture with which this fish secures its prey. The lower jaw, which projects at the snout considerably beyond the upper, has also a line of small teeth along the whole circumference of the labials, and its tongue has a central range of long, hooked tusks, the two at the point being by far the largest. The tongue is hinged to the spine by a short bone, toothed on both margins.

The orbit of the eye is $^{225}/_{1000}$ of an inch in diameter.

The smelt has seventy-three scales, of an irregular oval form, so that the general appearance gives the effect of narrow lozenges, rather than the ordinary shape of scales.

The general color is brilliant, iridescent silver slightly shaded with greenish-blue along the back. The head and gill covers are bright with pearly reflections. The pectorals, ventrals, and anal are silvery-white. The caudal and dorsal dusky, the rays being dark colored.

The smelt of the Passaic is undoubtedly a carnivorous fish of prey, though like the salmon, little is known of the nature of its food, as its stomach is always empty when taken. Unlike the Eastern or regular American smelt, *Osmerus Veriolescens* of DeKay, this fish is never known to take bait. The other is commonly taken everywhere to the eastward with bait through the ice. Both varieties will rise freely to a small scarlet Ibis fly with a tinsel body.

The smelt is a regular anadromous fish of the salmon family, full grown and perfect, running up to the shallow pebbly streams, wherein to deposit its ovum until they shall be hatched in the warm and ærated waters, as is proved by the fact that the males are full of milt and the females of roe ready for expulsion on their entry into our rivers. Of the spots where they deposit their ovum as well as of the nature, size, and appearance of their young fry, as of the time when the latter descend to the salt water, we are as yet profoundly ignorant. I hope, however, by examination of the smallest fry of some of the pebbly feeders of the Passaic, which I presume to be their spawning places, that I may be enabled to throw some light on the subject.

Until within a few years, it was believed that the American was identical with the European smelt, even Cuvier holding that to be the case. Le Sueuer, I believe, first made the distinction between the two appar-

ent, and the distinction is sustained by Agassiz and DeKay. Since this distinction was taken, it has been held that there was but one species of smelt known to America, the *Veriolescens*, and although the distinction of our Passaic smelt, which ascends, I believe, only that river and the Raritan, is well known to the fishermen and epicures of the locality, it has not yet found its way into the books.

The size of our fish, its delicacy as an article of food, its lighter color and far more strongly-marked cucumber smell make it closely similar to the English fish, which, according to Yarrel rarely exceeds six and never ten inches.

The Eastern smelt is of a much deeper green, whence its name *Veriolescens*, and I think, rarely falls short of ten inches, and frequently extends to fourteen and even sixteen. Its fins are thus stated by DeKay, *Fauna Neo.* Pectorals 14; Ventrals 9; Anal 15; Dorsal 8; first double at the base.

Those of the English smelt are stated by Richardson, *Fauna Boreali Americana* thus: Fins, Branchiostegous Rays 7–8; Pectorals 14; Dorsal 10; Ventrals 8; Anal 16; Caudal 20.

Those of the Passaic smelt, by many examinations and dissections, as recorded in the annexed figures, are as follows:

Branchiostegous Rays—Pectorals 12-2; Dorsal 8, the first double at the base; Ventrals 8; Anal 15; Caudal 20.

I must observe that although in all the specimens dissected by me this year, none have had more than eight rays in the dorsal, or nine if the first duplicate ray be counted as two, one fish, of full seven inches in length, dissected by me in 1849, had ten rays in the dorsal, or eleven, counting the duplicate doubly.

I have some little doubt whether the pectorals of the

Passaic fish properly contain thirteen or only twelve rays; as one is questionable whether it be not a single duplicate ray. Certainly it has not fourteen, and I am inclined to state it at twelve.

It will be seen, therefore, that the smelt of the Passaic and Raritan rivers differs manifestly from the English Smelt, in those obstructural distinctions which, being permanent, are admitted to determine specific differences. It also differs unmistakably from the large American Eastern Smelt, *Osmerus Veriolescens*.

Believing it, therefore, to constitute a new undescribed specific variety, peculiar to the waters of this State, I would respectfully designate it, if such should prove to be the fact, *Osmerus Neo Cæsereisisis*, the Smelt of New Jersey.

SIR PETER DE BÉARN;

OR,

THE BEAR'S VENGEANCE OF BIGORRE.

The autumnal woods were brown, and golden and rich purple on the mountain sides; the vineyards in the vales were filled with merry throngs of vintagers, culling the ruby clusters and revelling amid their light and jolly labors; but on the tops of the distant hills shone the perpetual crown of snow, which, though so evanescent and unstable, clings eternally to the bald temples of the mighty Pyrenees, defying wind or earthquake to rob them of their sovereign emblem. For it was in fair France, in the province which at that time was called Bigorre, now the department of High Pyrenees, and in the early part of the delightful month of September, that two travellers were journeying leisurely along the road toward the city of Tarbes. Two travellers, I say, for although the party consisted of nearly a dozen men, with two or three sumpter mules and led horses, there were but two who seemed to be of any rank or consequence. The principal of these, so far as appearance indicated superiority, was a tall, handsome, powerfully made man, of perhaps fifty years, mounted upon a vigorous and active horse of great bone and strength, which had apparently seen harder service than that of the road or the hunting field; for on his quarter there was a large scar, left evidently by a severe wound, since the flesh all around it was seamed and corrugated, and the hair about the edges of the bare spot was white as snow. Yet the action of the noble animal was in no wise impaired by the injury, nor was his

courage in the least affected, if one might judge from the challenge of his clear, tremulous neighing, from his bright, fearless eye, and the high-spirited dmeanor with which he chafed against the bit.

The rider, although past the middle age, was erect, and sat firmly and gracefully in his saddle with a decided military air that harmonized well with his dress and aspect, which, both of them, were those of a gentleman and soldier; and in those days the words were synonymous. He did not, it is true, wear any armor, nor indeed any weapons, except a long, straight, cross-handed sword, the insignia, as it might be termed, of his class. But the black velvet cap of maintenance bordered with costly fur, the pourpoint of fine Spanish cloth, the tight fitting and long pointed shoes, and above all, the gilded spurs which he wore, indicated his knighthood as distinctly as did the tonsured crown and loose robe of his companion proclaim him a churchman, though he seemed not to be a monk of any of the four regular orders of priesthood.

This was an active, pleasant-looking person, well made and by no means deficient in muscular strength, though he was somewhat under the middle height and a little inclined to corpulence. The ring of hair encircling his tonsured crown, which was as smooth and white as Parian marble, was very soft and handsome, of a dark auburn brown, and was arranged with much care in a series of close crispy curls, as was the beautiful and glossy beard which fell down in silky tresses, like a woman's ringlets, below his collar bone. His forehead was very fine, broad and expansive, though not particularly high, and much developed at those points where phrenologists have placed the organs of imagination, His dark eyes were, if possible, yet finer and more expressive; full of quick life and fire; at times, when their possessor was absorbed in thought, wearing that deep and searching character which gives the idea of looking forward into the endless

future for something more permanent and real than may be found on earth; at times, when any legend of high deeds or martial daring was recited, flashing with all the soul-fraught fire of chivalry, and again melting into the sweetest and most sentimental tenderness, at any narrative of that true love the course of which, in tale or history—ay, and in human life's cold, hard reality!—did never yet run smooth.

His nose was small and neatly chiselled, and although along his full lips, and in the florid coloring of his cheeks, there might be some indication of sensual appetites, and sensual propensities somewhat too much indulged, yet was the whole aspect of the face unusually comely, pleasant and prepossessing.

Any one at all skilled in physiognomy would have pronounced him at once a shrewd, quick-witted man, with an abundant share of that most uncommon quality of mind which, I suppose on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is styled common sense, combined with a brilliant fancy, a romantic and poetical temperament, a great love for adventure, a thoroughly good and amiable disposition, a temper rather choleric and hasty, and a very reasonable appreciation of the good things of this life, though tempered and subdued by sincere and practical piety.

And he would have pronounced him truly enough—for inasmuch as we can judge from his quaint and at times highly eloquent compositions, such would appear to have been the character of the renowned Jean Froissart.

The worthy churchman was mounted, not as was usual with his order, on a dull mule or plodding ass, but on a stout, active, round-barrelled, short-legged hackney, with a high, rainbow crest, a small head, well set on, and a gay, mettlesome carriage, which bore good testimony both to its generous breeding and carefully preserved condition.

The monk's seat on this unclerical and gallant palfrey

was, like the animal itself, far more adapted to the tilt-yard or the hunting field than to the cloister, being if anything easier and more graceful than that of the cavalier who rode beside him, while his hand, pliant and light, yielding to every motion, yet controlling every effort, showed him to be a perfect and accomplished horseman.

For the last mile or two of their road the companions had ridden along in silence, for the heat of the day was sultry and oppressive; and, having stopped for a few moments, half an hour or so before, at a little wayside hostelry, half the distance between the river Lisse and the village of Terra Cimitat, they had found the cold larded capon which was served to them for luncheon so appetizing, and the flagons of Bordeaux wine which were produced to moisten it so racy, that after remounting their horses they both felt more disposed to somnolent and silent rumination than to the lays or legends by which the earlier part of their ride had been enlivened.

It was now nearly noon, and the road which they had been following hitherto, at no point very broad or easy, skirted on the one side by a thick forest, the property of the Lord De Barbaran, and on the other by a strong, rapid stream, was becoming at every step wilder, more intricate, and indeed almost perilous.

The forest, which had hitherto been confined to the left hand of the road only, lying in scattered masses over the rugged slopes which formed the lower steps of the great Pyrenees, extended now in one vast, continuous range, farther than the eye could reach on the opposite side likewise, beyond the river, which at this spot had become a wild and furious torrent, roaring and foaming along, fifty feet at least below the horse-track, among huge blocks of granite and vast boulders. The hills into which the path had for the last hour or two been gradually advancing now thrust their bare, craggy foreheads

and dark, leafy shoulders forward in many a sudden angle, as if they would have blocked up altogether the narrow glen through which the chafing waters found their way seaward from their ice-cold and mountain springs.

The nature of the forest, too, changed constantly; and now, instead of the deciduous trees, some wearing still their lightsome garb of summer greenery, some clad in every shade, from dark dun and russet to bright orange and chrome yellow, the flanks of the gorge were overhung with gigantic pines and cedars, casting a brown and gloomy shadow, the veritable *umbrarum horrorem* of the classic poet, from their vault-like boughs over the road, which even at noon to-day was steeped in glimmering and misty twilight.

They had just entered this dim pass, when the knight touched his horse sharply with the spur and checked it with the heavy curb, as it made a blunder and was near coming down on the broken road.

"By my faith!" said the knight, with a smile, as he recovered the animal skillfully, "I believe, Sir John, that we two, and my good horse here, have all been well nigh asleep these two hours. Now look about you; what think you of this country? This is the pass of Larre, of which I dare say you have heard tell."

"It is, indeed," replied the churchman, "a wild and romantic pass as I have seen in all my voyagings. Now right glad am I that in this strange and perilous country I have the escort of so famous and so brave a knight. Otherwise truly should I have thought myself in some great danger."

"I know not about that," returned the other. "The Count de Foix lies with so strong a force of lances at Orthes, and is so prompt and active in punishing marauders and avenging the least evil done to his vassals, whether in Béarn, Bigorre, or Armagnac, there is of a

truth less peril here in this wild country than in the Beauovisis or the Isle of France, from the free companies. But if the people speak truly hereabout, these woods be frequented by beings more dangerous to men than any mortal enemy."

"How so, Sir Espaign du Lyon?" exclaimed the monk, pricking up his ears delightedly at this hint of a legend which he, perchance, might embody in his history. "Tell me, I pray you, of your courtesy, what do they say here of the gloomy woodlands. They are, I trow, dark and remote and wild enough for any dreadful and superhuman things to befall in them. Tell me, I do beseech you, have they tales of the wood-gods here, the Fauns and Sylvans, and the great god Pan, and perchance the wild goddess Diana, with all her nymphs and demoiselles? Or be they darker tales, such as the gloomy Germans hold in the great forests far beyond the Rhine, of forest-fiends, and water-elves, and gnomes, and all things malignant and appalling? I pray you tell me, fair sir; nothing beguiles a long and lonely ride like some gay or wondrous legend."

"Nay! good Sir John," replied the knight, laughing, "you are too hard for me, who am but a plain and somewhat unlettered soldier, with all your clerkly lore; for in truth I never heard either of this god Pan, or of the beautiful goddess Diana and her demoiselles. Who were they I beseech you?"

"Oh! tale for tale, Sir knight!" replied the monk, bursting into a loud and merry laugh, which wakened up all the woodland echoes with its clear, ringing mirth. "Tell me the legends of these woods, and what has befallen here of marvellous or terrible, and I will in my turn, to requite you, inform you of those gods and goddesses of whom you would know something, though it is true some say that they have now forsaken the earth altogether, though others hold that since the advent of our

blessed Lord and Saviour these deities of the old Pagan temples may have degenerated, if they were not such before, into mere fiends and demons."

"I will be blithe to hear tell of them," answered Sir Espaign, "but in the meantime, for I would do you pleasure insomuch as I am able, seeing that every one is bound to do so much as in him lies for you, who have done so much for chivalry and knighthood, by your immoral histories; in the meantime I will relate to you what fell out here to Sir Peter de Béarn, the brother of our good Count de Foix, whom you are voyaging even now to visit—a very gallant knight and one of whom I doubt not that you have heard many honorable deeds."

"I shall be much beholden to your valor," said the churchman, "and I pray you to begin straightway, seeing that I am not a little impatient in my desire to learn what manner of things these may be."

"Nay, nay;" said the knight, "I will pray you to moderate your impatience somewhat, for there be places in which it is not good to converse of such things, seeing it is said that the speaking of these beings, whatsoever they may be, gives them some power upon us to torment, or at the least to mock and mislead believers."

"I cannot believe that, Sir Espaign," answered Froissart, "nor will I ever think willingly that the innocent and right of heart are abandoned over by our good God and the blessed Virgin to such delusions as you dread. It is but the bloody minded, the unchaste, the evil in ambition, or the weak and wavering in faith, over whom the powers of darkness have dominion. But if not now, when will you tell me?"

"About two miles hence," answered the knight, "there is a little glade in the woodland, with a small chapel consecrated to our dear lady of Montgaillard, and a well of most holy water; thither, if it please you, we will ride onward, quickening our pace a little, and when

there we will lie by for a while during the heat and sultriness of the noon-day; for though the sunbeams cannot pierce through the evergreen branches overhead, there is not a breath of air stirring in these green caverns, and the atmosphere is as close and stifling as if it came out of the mouth of an oven. Our horses, as you see, are all in a lather of white foam, for all so slowly as we have ridden since we came into these wild hills; and the flies, too, are goading them almost to madness. There by the well it will be a little cooler, if I mistake not, for there is a sort of glade or wind-row at right angles to this road, running directly up to the great gray rock on the hill's brow, which you were looking at awhile since, and if there be a breath of wind stirring anywhere it is sure to be up there in the crags, and it generally draws down, as if through a funnel, into this valley. There, if it seem good to you, we will halt for a little space and rest our horses, and as the water of the holy well is singularly pure and cold, we can refresh ourselves at the same time and taste a cup of that excellent old wine which I made my esquire put in his wallet at Panniers."

"By my faith! it is excellently well thought of," said the monk, laughingly. "You are as good a caterer, Sir Espaign, as though you had been bred the sompnour of a Cistercian convent. I like your plan very much, for we have not very far to go, I fancy, to Tarbes; and it will be far pleasanter to ride in the sweet moonlight than in this sultry heat."

"I' faith will it; and if it be a thought late or so when we arrive at Tarbes, there is a capital hotel at the Star, where we can be received well at any hour. Come, let us ride on, and when we are sitting in the shade by the chapel I will tell you all about Sir Peter de Béarn and the bear of Bigorre."

And with the words the comrades clapped spurs to

their horses and cantered for a little better than a mile of distance through the dark woods, till, as they turned the angle made by a sudden winding of the road, a broad gleam of sunshine fell through a transverse opening in the tree tops and lay bright and cheerful on the green turf which laughed like an emerald in the rays, a dew-drop yet unexhaled glittering upon every leaflet; so late had the shadows slept on that sequestered lawn.

"Here we are—here we are, at last," exclaimed Sir Espaign du Lyon; "alight from your hackney, Sir John, and Damien or Raoul will lead him down into yon quiet reach of the river and let him cool his feet in the pure water. Now is not this a fair and tranquil spot, in the midst of these dark, grim pine woods?"

"Indeed it is," said Froissart, gazing with a serene and well pleased eye over the little glade of soft and mossy turf, surrounded with a belt of shrubbery and thicket, among which glanced the dark leaves of the polished holly, the white stems of the silvery birch, mingled with waving tufts of the tasselled fern, and many a perfumed herb, and many a flaunting wild flower. At the extreme end of this sheltered nook, leaning, as it were, against a gray, mossy crag, which formed the background of the picture, crowned with the purple spike of the mountain heather and the abundant bloom of the gum cistus, stood the small chapel of our Lady of Montgaillard, a mere open shrine, with a back and two side walls connecting three squat, heavy pillars, whence sprung the intersecting arches which composed the roof of the little building. In it, however was an altar with crucifix, and candlestick, and fount of holy water, and a well executed picture of the Madonna, executed apparently by some Spanish artist; and beside it, partially covered by a low, Gothic canopy, wrought in gray sandstone, was the cold, limpid well, which probably had induced the selection of the spot for its sacred purpose. "Indeed

it is a very sweet spot, and nestling here, as it does, so pure, and calm and holy, so full of present quietude, so rich in promised stores of future blessedness, in the midst of the hard and stubborn rocks, under the shadow of the black and death-like evergreens, and hard by yon roaring and tumultuous river, it reminded me, Sir Espaign du Lyon—I say it reminds me very much of the one soft and tender spot, redeeming half his offences here below and nourishing one spark, at least, of heavenly hope for the future, that may be found in the heart of the most worldly minded and hard hearted worshiper of the earth and its idols! Let us go in and pray for grace, that our souls may be moved within us and made soft unto salvation."

The kinght made no reply, but giving the rein of his war-horse into the hand of his esquire—for he had dismounted already and was standing in a posture of quiet attention, listening to the eloquent thoughts of the churchman—followed him into the little shrine, and kneeling one at each side of the altar, they put up their prayers unto Him whose promise has declared that when two or three are gathered together in His name, he will grant their requests.

What was the purport of their prayers is known to them alone, and to him who knoweth all things. It may be—it is like enough—that they were fantastical and strange; for men in those days of almost primitive simplicity were wont to do wild deeds and utter uncouth prayers for things which, had they gained them, would doubtless have been counted loss to them, not profit; but at least they were fervent, and sincere, and humble—more so, I fear, than many which are offered now in the full congregations of our churches boasting a purer dispensation—offered by gorgeously apparelled votaries, who sometimes, it may well be dreaded, bow down the knee, not of the heart, but of the body; and that too, it may be, to win

the world's admiration, rather than His compassion, unto whom all hearts are open and all desires are known.

After a little while, at all events, they arose from their knees and came out upon the green before the arched doorway, with faces cheerfully composed, but neither grim with pharisaical austerity, nor sleek with puritanical hypocrisy; and filled, as it were, with a quiet inward mirth, laid themselves down upon the greensward near the holy well and addressed themselves to the good things on which they had evoked a blessing. After the monk had swallowed a long, cool draught of the Bordeaux wine, moderately tempered with the pure element, he heaved a long sigh, indicative of the satisfaction which his parched throat had derived from the beverage, and then, not unmindful of what had passed before, asked his friend for the story he had promised him, and he, nothing loth, set down the wine cup which he too had just drained and spoke as follows:—

SIR ESPAIGN DU LYON'S TALE.

"You must know," he began, "that Sir Peter de Béarn, the bastard brother of our good Count de Foix, is as magnificent a knight, and as gallant, and as courteous, and withal as renowned a man-at-arms, as stout, and as adventurous and hardy, and as ready to imperil life and limb in every honorable deed of daring, as any other knight in Christendom. He was beloved too by the Count, his brother, beyond measure, and exalted by him to the highest place in his court, and he found favor, in a word, with all men.

"Moreover, he was pre-eminently blessed with one of the fairest and most virtuous wives in all France, gentle and lowly minded, holy, and pure, and loving him exceedingly, yea! with the whole of her heart.

"This lady was the Countess Florence de Biscaye,

daughter of the late Count, who was cousin to King Don Pedro of Castile, surnamed the cruel, whom Henry of Trastamara slew—and his soul may God assoilzie, for though he was a fierce and cruel tyrant, he was as brave a knight as ever spurred a horse to battle; and had not Bertrand du Guesclin—shame to his knighthood and his name therefor! turned him upon his back in the death struggle, that journey would have ended otherwise; for his knee was upon King Henry's chest, and his dagger at his throat, when the French constable set on him, for all that he had promised him fair play!

"But to return; Don Pedro caused them to strike off the head of this old Count de Biscaye; and, as they say, for no good cause at all; and if he could have laid his hands upon the lady, her had he locked up in a dungeon while she lived, or perchance slain her likewise. But, as it was, she escaped hitherward across the mountains, that he could only seize her lands, and hold all their revenues in such sort that she had none of them, while he was alive to retain them.

"And for this cause she fled hither into Béarn, as I have told you, as any one naturally desires to fly from death, for it was told her, when, by the death of her father, she became Countess of Biscaye—'Save yourself, lady, for if Don Pedro lay hands on you, he will put you to death, since surely he is much enraged against you, that you should say he strangled his queen in her bed, the sister of the duke of Bourbon and the King of France; and the more so, because your evidence is more readily believed than that of any other, for you were of her bedchamber.'

"Then fled the fair Florence hither into Béarn, and came to Orthes, the court of the great Count, and it chanced when she arrived that he was without the gates of the town in a green meadow which is called the *près aux chevaliers*, looking on as his knights and esquires

were managing their horses, and running at the ring, and some of them jousting one with the other with blunt lances and hurling javelins in the Moresco fashion. And when she saw the Count, who was standing by himself with a merlin on his fist, and a fine Spanish greyhound at his heel, she alighted down from her palfrey, and threw herself at his feet, and would have clasped him by the knees and kissed the hem of his pourpoint, but that he would not suffer her, and said:

"'In God's name, and for your knighthood's sake, most mighty and gentle sir, grant me your favor and protection, seeing that I am a most forlorn and hapless damsel, the daughter of the good Count of Biscaye, whom that discourteous gentleman and felon knight, Don Pedro of Castile, has done to death most foully and despitefully, and now would slay me too if he could lay his hands upon me; and hath seized all my lands and revenues even now, that I have nothing wherewithal to live. Wherefore, most noble Count de Foix, to thee have I betaken me in this my tribulation, since all men say thou art affectionate and kind to distressed damsels; and now, I pray thee, have compassion on me, and suffer me to tarry at thy court, and place me with some noble lady that my respect may continue good, and as beseems a highborn lady, who is kinswoman to great princes, and for no fault of her own, disherited of lands and home and country.'

"Then the Count, who had heard attentively all that she said unto him, raised up the Lady Florence, and kissed her on the brow, and upon either cheek, and said to her:—

"'Gentle and peerless damsel, I pray you have no fear, but trust it to my honor to provide all things for you suitably to your rank, and to the grievous sorrows which have so undeservedly befallen you. For surely no true knight or courteous gentleman could see so beautiful and virtuous a maiden, in grief and distress so poignant,

and not do all that in him lay to assuage her sufferings, and console her. And I swear to you, by my sword, and the unblemished bearings of my house, that in all things you shall be unto me as a dear and honored sister.'

"And he detained her at his court, and placed her with the Baroness de la Karasse, one of the greatest ladies in the country, and as he promised provided her with all things suited to her rank, and caused her to be styled and honored by all his courtiers as the Countess of Biscaye, for he cared nothing, like a generous, munificent and valorous prince as indeed he was, for all the threatenings and fury of Don Pedro of Castile.

"Now at this time, Sir Peter de Béarn was a young knight, exceeding courtly and well favored, and if he lacked the imposing presence, and grand majestic bearing of his brother—for he was slender rather than stout, and very graceful in his form and manners, and fair in face and fresh colored, with long-curled amber hair, and large amorous gray eyes—he was perhaps even more beautiful to look upon, and more acceptable to youthful demoiselles and ladies, who are wont ever to be taken with handsome forms and pleasant features, especially when they are joined to high and noble spirits and great renown and skill in manly exercises.

"And in all these things, though he was not above the middle height, and slender and small-boned, Sir Peter de Béarn was excellently skilled and famous. In the tilt-yard he had not an equal, for in the management of the lance and horse, wherein skill naturalizes strength, he was so singularly happy that the stoutest and most ponderous champions could rarely keep their saddles when opposed to his prowess; and with the battle-axe and double-handed sword he would deal blows that no one could imagine to be given by a frame so delicate and spare. In the chase, too, and the mystery of rivers, and those gentle arts in which all real cavaliers are proud to

excel—no one excelled Sir Peter, nor yet in carousing at the board, or treading the gay measures in the ball, or singing with his rich, manly voice to lute or gittern.

"And so it fell out, before long, that the sweet Countess Florence and the fair knight of Béarn were *en amours* together, but in all purity and honor and the proud faith of high and holy love.

"And when the Count de Foix heard of it, he called Peter to him and said to him—

"'How is this, Peter of Béarn? and wherefore have you kept it back from me that you are *en amours* with this bright Lady Florence of Biscaye, and that she looks smilingly upon your suit? Peter, this was not well; for I have ever dealt with you as a right royal and a gentle brother, and have not, that I know, at any time refused you anything that I had to give, when you asked me. Wherefore, then, have you now put no trust in me, and doubted that I would gladly bring about this marriage for you, and it may be recover her lands for you likewise from the King Don Pedro? Speak now, I pray you, and let me know your mind, that there may be no more mistakes between us.'

"'Gentle sir,' replied Sir Peter, 'and very noble brother, it was not, on my faith! from any doubt of your kind aid or distrust in your favor, still less from any fear of your opposition, that I cared not to speak with you before, but that I knew not altogether whether the Lady Florence favored me, and wishing to be loved by her that should be my wife, not for my brother's glory but for myself alone, I judged it best to abide until I should be satisfied, and then to submit myself to your decision. Had you not spoken to me this day, then before night had I addressed you in the same matter.'

"'You wish, then, to have her for your wife, Peter,' said the Count, 'and you believe that she has kindly looked on you already.'

"'I do wish that, gentle brother, more than I wish for life, or anything, save honor,' answered the knight, 'and I do believe what you say to be quite true.'

"'Then set your heart at rest, Peter,' said the Count, 'for I will speak with her to-day, and surely I believe that I can win her for you. And as for those broad lands of hers in Biscaye, we will see if Pedro will not yield them with good grace, and if he will not, then must we buckle on our harness, and give our steeds a breathing in his own realm of Spain. Nay! no thanks, brother, none; seeing it is not lightly for mine own advantage that all my house should be increased in wealth, and renown and power.'

"So generous a prince was Gaston, our good Lord of Foix, and so attentive a protector ever to all brave men in his following, whether his kinsmen, or the knights and barons of his train. And you may well believe, Sir John, that when the Count took up the wooing his brother's suit would prosper, seeing that this alone was wanting; for the young lady had regarded the good knight with favor, and seen, too, how devotedly he bore himself toward her, and what a paragon of grace and beauty he esteemed her; and when the Count asked her fair hand for Peter de Béarn, she was right glad, though she concealed her gladness with all maiden modesty, and refused not, nor gave a half-consent, but referred herself at once to the Count's good pleasure. And much pleased was he that she did so, and laid his hand straightway on the cross of his sword, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and sware a mighty oath before our blessed lady and his patron saint, that she should never rue the day, for he would win her back her lands from Don Pedro, if not by favor, then by force, knight-like and under shield.

"And it was never heard of him that he brake such an oath as that, nor did he in this instance; for in a little space he so dealt with Don Pedro, that he gave up

the lady's lands, and she was wedded to Sir Peter de Béarn, and bore him two fair and goodly children, a son and a daughter; and a more beautiful or graceful couple were never seen on earth than Sir Peter and his sweet Spanish bride; nor was there ever a more happy wedding, for she adorned her beauty but for him, and pointed all her gentle wit only to give him pleasure; and he, who had before been very gay and debonair among the ladies, and given, as men said, to loving *par amours*, regarded only her, whether of dames or damsels, and loved her the more fervently, it seemed, as he loved her the longer. Alas! it was a pity that such true love should be so ended!

"For it fell out upon a time, whether by the ill-will and artifice of the foul fiend himself, or how else I know not, that there was seen often in the woods of Béarn and Bigorre, and sometimes beyond the mountains, in the cork forests of Biscaye, where at that season Sir Peter dwelt in his castle of Languedudon, which he held in behalf of his fair wife, the Countess Florence, a bear of mighty bulk and fierceness.

"This bear had been hunted many times, but no man ever yet had skill or strength to wound it, but, on the contrary, not a few hunters, with their hounds, had fallen a prey to its indomitable strength and fury.

"And it destroyed the poor men's flocks and cattle, so that they no more dared to pasture them abroad, for no force of men or dogs availed anything to deter him, nor when they kindled fires beside their watch, did these scare him off, as is the case in general with creatures of his kind, but he would stalk into their encampment and carry off now a fat wether, and now a yearling heifer, and now and then a shepherd or herdsman, even as he would, and go off to his fastnesses, and none might hinder or oppose him.

"And all the country round was filled with a great

terror, so that the people said, 'Of a surety this is no common bear, but it must needs be some fiend or devil that has put on this shape to afflict us, and it may be to punish our transgressions. For clearly it is nothing mortal, since neither arms nor valor may avail anything against it.'

"Now, at this time it happened that Sir Peter de Béarn was hunting in the woods beyond the mountains, when he fell in with this wondrous bear; but whether he had especially gone forth to rid the country of this plague, or whether he fell in with it by chance, I know not—for some tell the story one way, some the other—but I would willingly say nothing but that which is true altogether. Three days, it is said, he hunted him, and still his dogs came up many times and assaulted the wild beast, and still were beaten off, and many of them slain or wounded, so that albeit they were of the very best breed in the world, both Spanish greyhounds and choice English mastiffs from beyond the sea, they might not face him any more. But for all this, neither the knight himself nor any of his merry men might come up with him, either to shoot with the crossbow or to push at him with boar-spear, until the morning of the third day. For so keen was Sir Peter de Béarn in pursuit, that he would not return home at all, but called off his dogs when the night fell, and still encamped with his foresters and hunters in the woods wherever darkness found them.

"But it was noticed that the bear no more came to their fires at night, nor attacked them; and therefore men argued that the beast, or the fiend, rather, which informed him, knew that his time was come, and that this gallant knight was fated to be his slayer.

"How this was, I know not; but if it were so, it was a very grievous and sad fate for him, as you shall know hereafter.

"On the third morning the knight arose with the dawn, and laid on his hounds upon the track where he had called them off last night, and that was in these woods above us on the hill, beyond that gray craggy peak, for he had run all the way hither from near Arranz, in Biscaye. But on this morning he did not hunt him far before he turned to bay, and guided by the fell hubbub, and the wild howlings of the terrified and tortured dogs, and the infernal roarings of the monster, Sir Peter came up with him and found him in a dense thicket, where it would have been difficult to move, but that the conflict of the savage beast had crushed down the underwood, and shattered the gnarled branches, and even uprooted many of the lesser trees.

"The bear, as I have heard tell by those who saw it, stood up erect upon his haunches, with the hounds baying round him at a distance—for none dared to come near him any more, and four of the best and bravest, that might almost have matched a lion, lay dead and foully mangled under his gory claws.

"But when the knight saw this, he was very wroth, and alighted from his horse and said, 'Ha! ha! have I found thee at last? Now, by our lady of Bigorre! I swear that one of us two shall rue this day forever!"

"Methinks it was a pity that he swore that oath, but you shall judge when I have told you more. There he alighted, as I said, and for all that his men, some of whom were old hunters, very sage and crafty, advised him to let alone the brute, for surely they never had beheld his like before, he made at him with a stout hunting spear of three cubits length, with a broad steel head of two spans, and the bear never stirred, either to fly or to attack him, until he thrust the head into his breast, striving to reach the heart; but in a moment, as the bear felt the steel piercing his shaggy coat and cutting into the flesh, he seized the shaft with his paws and broke it

off right easily, though it was all of tough ash wood, banded and linked with iron. Then uttering a fearful roar he seized the knight in his arms and hugged him, and they fell down together upon the dead leaves of the last winter all slippery with gore and foam, and oh! but it was a fell and fearful struggle. Then might you have beheld the foam, churned from the tushes of the brute, fly up into the air white as snow, and the red blood gush out in fountains, for the good knight had got out his dagger, and stabbed ever at the beast's throat and paws, and mangled him so sorely that at the last he let go his hold, and the knight got clear of him and regained his feet, which else he never would have done, for his men were so terrified that they stood mute and as if thunder-stricken round about, and dared not even offer to assist him.

"But when they saw him, that he was afoot once again, they returned thanks to God for his safety, and besought him that he would now desist, for he had done enough for one day; but then Sir Peter drew his sword of the best Bordeaux steel, and nothing heeding their advice, advanced on the bear a second time with great rage, on account of the loss of his dogs, and because the first time he had foiled him. He combatted him a long time with much bodily peril, and with great difficulty he at length slew him; and when he returned home, which he did, straightway, to his own castle of Languedudon in Biscaye, he had the bear carried with him, and every-body was astonished at the enormous size of the beast, and the great valor of the knight who had slain it.

"And when the Lady Florence heard the bugles and saw the spears of his train, and the dust of their horses' feet from the turrets, she ran down into the court to meet him, for she was very glad that he had returned to her, for she was fond of him, and constant in her love, and ever grieved when they were parted.

"Then, when he saw her, he sprang down from his horse, and she clapped her hands and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, for, as I tell you, she was very glad. But in a moment, when she saw the carcass of the bear, she let go of her husband's neck and turned very pale and fainted, and was carried to her chamber. And this was the cause of her fainting—that she remembered, when she saw the bear, that once her father hunted this same bear, and during the chase a voice cried out to him, though he saw no one, 'Thou huntest me, yet I wish thee no ill; yet shalt thou die a miserable death.'

"This is what the lady remembered, when she saw the bear, and, moreover, that Don Pedro, within a month or so, beheaded her father without any cause, and she was sure that something would befall her husband more fearful yet and strange, for that he had not hunted only, but slain this enchanted monster. And for three days she continued very ill at ease, but she would tell no one what ailed her; but on the third day she said to her husband:

"'My dear lord and well-beloved husband, I never shall be well again any more till I have made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. Give me leave, therefore, to go thither, and to carry my son Peter and my daughter Adrienne with me, I beseech you.'

"And Sir Peter complied, for he loved her tenderly and sought in all things to gratify her. But she packed up, unobserved by any one, all her gems and her plate and set out on her pilgrimage, and that done, she went to visit her cousins, King Henry and his Queen, of Castile, who reigns now in Don Pedro's stead; and there she still abides, and neither will return herself nor send the children, dreading some terrible calamity, which she maintains must still befall Sir Peter.

"And yet much evil has befallen him already, for beside that he has lost his lovely wife and goodly children

and all her revenues, except the fourth part only, which she pays him still, the same night that he slew the bear he was seized with a frightful malady or madness, which leads men to believe it was, in very truth, a thing possessed of a devil which he slew. For every night, now, as soon as he is asleep, he rises up and takes his arms, and draws his sword and begins to skirmish through the house, as though he were in actual combat and would slay any one whom he should encounter; but when he wakes he knows naught of it and tells any one who mentions it to him that he lies! Sometimes, indeed, they leave neither sword nor arms in his chamber, when he makes such a noise and clatter, as if all the devils in hell were there, that they judge it best to leave the arms there and avoid him till the fit passes over.

"This ill already has befallen him, and thus hath he lost all that he holds dearest in the world; but all this is as nothing to that which shall befall him yet, from the bear's vengeance, if his lady thinks aright; and it would seem, by what has passed even now, that she had some more knowledge than she dared avow. It is a pity of Sir Peter, for he is a good knight and gallant, if there was ever one in all the world justly renowned and famous. And now, Sir John, I have told you the story of Sir Peter de Béarn; it is a well-known fact—what think you of it?"

The monk mused long before he made any answer, and when he did reply it was pensively and almost sadly. "I do believe," he said, "everything you have told me. We find, in ancient authors, how gods and goddesses formerly changed men into beasts, according to their pleasure, and women into birds. This bear, therefore, might have been a knight hunting in the forest of Biscaye, when he, perchance, angered some god or goddess, who changed him into a bear, to do penance, as Sir Acteon of Thessaly was transformed also into a stag!"

"Sir Acteon of Thessaly!" replied Sir Espaign du Lyon. "My good sir, do relate it; I shall be very glad to listen to you."

"It is too long to tell you now," said Froissart, "for it is growing very late, and the sun will soon set. We will, therefore, if you please, get to our saddles now, and when we reach the Star inn at Tarbes, I will recount the tale over a flask of wine, which I trust may be as good as this which I have now finished."

"I think you are quite right," returned Sir Espaign. "I did not take note how the time flew; but you must not forget to tell it me at Tarbes."

"Surely I will not," answered Froissart, "for you have pleased me very much by your recital, and I owe it to you to give you, if I may, like pleasure."

LIVINGSTONE'S DOOM.

It was into a desolate and gloomy tract that the young Laird of Livingstone dashed, when the last of his band fell in the short fatal conflict over the grave of his murdered victim. As his strong, high-blood charger swept over the mountain brook which separated the lone church-yard from the broad pastures, with scarce an effort, and stretched gallantly away over the gentle slope, confident in the speed and vigor of the fine animal that bore him, maddened by rage and indignation at the idea that his stout troopers, picked veterans of the Scottish life-guard, should have met an end so inglorious, he turned his body half round in his saddle, and shaking his hand with a swearing and angry gesture against the six or eight men who had started to pursue, he gave vent to his excited feelings in a loud shout of scorn and stern, contemptuous defiance. It was well for him then, that not a musket remained loaded in the hands of those who followed him, for there were two or three among them, keen and unerring marksmen, and he was still within fair carbine distance, and there was not one man of that fierce, persecuted party, who would not have esteemed it a good deed, and acceptable unto the Lord of Hosts, to shoot him like a dog, whose hands, as they said, were purpled with the blood of the saints, and his raiment red with the same. He drove the spurs into the flanks of the proud charger, who answered with a snort and gleam of his vicious eye, that told of the untamed and gallant spirit he had derived from a long train of desert sires. On, he swept—on! unchecked, and free, and fearless, skimming the long ascent with all the ease, and almost all the fleetness of the swallow chasing its insect prey, sweeping

across the brooks and water-courses that crossed his course at intervals, as if they were mere furrows in the soil, and charging the rough, free-stone walls with vigorous and exulting joy. The rider turned when he had won the first mile of the hill, and as he looked back on the men who followed him, scattered and foiled, and breathless, yet breasting still the slope with stubborn resolution, and giving vent to their thirst for vengeance in a deep solemn shout, a curl of scorn drew up his chiselled lip, as he muttered to himself, "Fools—blind, presumptuous fools!—as if their clumsy feet made but to trample their deep, clayey furrows, could vie with thy fleet hoofs—my matchless Barbary; for not a pant is in thy clear, slow breathing, not a foam-spot upon thy curb, not even a shade of moisture on thy sleek, velvet coat." He paused, however, for a moment as he spoke, and gazed half wistfully around him; before him lay the steep and purple moors, and to his right, the ridges, steep and precipitous, and pathless, of the wild Rutlands—he drew his rein up shortly, and wheeling to his left hand, struck into a gallop, once again crossing the hill obliquely toward the lower country, and the road by which he had marched upward, but after riding some ten minutes, he crossed the top of a small hillock, and gaining a full view of the open country, saw, what he had quite forgotten, a broad, fierce, brawling river in the valley, at two or three miles distance. "Ha!" he said, striking his hand passionately on his thigh, "ha! curses on it!—it had escaped my notice, and long ere this, be sure of it, the only bridge is guarded by a mob of these dog puritans!—why, the whole nest of them will be astir when the news goes abroad, that they have slain eight troopers of Graham's Guard!—and not a ford in that infernal stream, 'till I can reach the Preakin hollow. Well! here goes, for the mountain—thank Heaven, no foot of man can gain upon black Barbary, over these open fields, and ere I reach the

heather, they will be miles behind me!" And, with the word, he wheeled his horse again, and rode back up the hill in the direction which he had first taken. In doing this, the line of his course was turned back somewhat, not actually toward the furious foes who were pursuing, but in a direction transverse to that which they had taken, so that he saw them clearly, so clearly that he could mark the sullen, dogged air of each grim visage, and note the bitter rage which paled their embrowned countenances. But it was not this only that he noted, for, half way now between the chased and the footmen, who were still in resolute chase, he might perceive four peasants mounted upon the horses which they had caught after the fall of his dragoons, spurring them fiercely up the hill, and shouting in anticipated triumph. The sight awoke him instantly to a more fit appreciation of his danger, and, wasting no more time, he set his horse's head straight for the moors, and without looking back at all, rode as directly as the crow flies over all obstacles that came in his way, with the calm nerve and splendid horsemanship that marked the perfect cavalier. A nearer, wilder yell, than any that had yet fallen on his ear, pealed wildly down the void; he momentarily turned his head, and saw that the parties had united, and that, whereas the men who had first taken the chargers of the slain soldiers, were mere clanish rustics, Hackstoun, of Rathillet, and three of his companions, all, evidently from their bearing in the saddle, old troopers and experienced horsemen, had mounted in their place, and had already fearfully diminished the space that intervened between them and himself, their destined victim. Another mile had been already traversed, and only one remained ere he should reach the rough and broken heather—on he spurred—on! and with fiery energy, and the black charger gloriously repaid his master's confidence, by its redoubled speed. On! he went; on!—and now he reached the wall,

the last that intervened between the pasture and the moors. It was a strong, tall barrier, of sharp, dry limestone, at least six feet in height, with a broad, rugged ditch, on the near side. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a gay smile, "ha! I am safe, then—not a horse, save mine, can clear it!" and, as he spoke, he pulled his horse deliberately up, that he might catch his wind before attempting the great leap, and looked quite coolly down the hill toward the men who followed, now, having lost a little ground in the last gallop, about half a mile behind him. They saw him pull up suddenly, and knowing the ground themselves accurately, and the formidable height of the boundary wall, perceived at once that he declined the leap—again, a wild, triumphant yell pealed from their lips, and again he shook his gauntleted hand at their threatenings, and answered with a shout clearer, higher, and more triumphant than their own. Then, setting himself firmly in the saddle, he gathered his reins up lightly, pricked the good war-horse with the spur, and charged the wall with cool determination.

With flashing eye, and distended nostril, the good horse charged it—with a long, easy stroke he rose into the air, swung over it, and was lost in a moment to the sight of the pursuers. But not ten bounds had the horse made beyond it, before the Laird perceived that to gallop in that rough and broken soil, was useless! Nay, more, was impossible. His was a mind prompt in expedient, fearless, and daring in a degree no less insolent than cruel, and oppressive. "I will turn back," he said, "and from behind the wall will shoot the two first with my pistols—and then I can cut down the others, if they dare cross on foot!" Another moment, and he had taken post under the shelter of the wall—had drawn both pistols from his holsters, and was examining their priming, when the near tramp of the horses apprized him that the time was come. Doffing his hat, he raised

his eyes above the level of the crossing stone, so carefully that no one of the pursuers witnessed it. He saw Hackstoun within ten paces, and in the very act of putting his horse at the leap, and behind him, at perhaps ten paces farther, a second trooper, heavily spurring a cumbersome bay stallion. In time of peril, thoughts flash, as it were, like lightning on the mind—he knew that Hackstoun's horse, how boldly he might ride soever, could not by any possibility carry him over that huge fence, and calculating on his certain fall, resolved that him he could slay with the sword merely. So, raising himself in his stirrups, he showed himself above the wall, and stretching forth his hand, took a quick aim, and fired. Through the dense smoke he saw the second trooper roll—man and horse—upon the ground; but the next instant, the man leaped to his feet with a loud cry, apparently unhurt, and instantly began to load his long-barrelled fowling piece. Meantime, Hackstoun had dashed his heavy charger at the wall, with a good will to clear it, it is true, and a revengeful heart that would have braved ten times the danger, had he been sure of making good his purpose. But, well although he rode, and daringly, the animal he backed could not accomplish it, but forced unwillingly, by the resolution of his rider, drove at it, cleared the ditch, but striking the top of the wall with its chest, was hurled backward into the chasm by the shock, while Hackstoun was thrown completely over, as if he had been launched from some gigantic engine, and pitching on his head among the heather, lay for the moment stunned and senseless.

"Base dogs," shouted Livingstone, "how dare ye thus pursue a gentleman and soldier?" and, with these words, levelling the second of his pistols at the head of the third horseman, he pulled the trigger with an aim so steady, that the bullet took effect full in the middle of his forehead, and hurled him from the saddle, a dead man, ere he

touched the greensward. The fourth man pulled his horse up instantly, and leaping to the ground, began, like his companion, to make ready his long musket. With a contemptuous laugh, thinking himself now quite safe, Livingstone rode away, picking his way at a brisk trot among the tangled heather, and now and then, where the ground was harder and the heath lower than usual, breaking into a gentle gallop, that speedily set a large space between the fugitive and his pursuers. It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before the men who had paused to aid their companion, were enabled to continue their pursuit. Hackstoun, who had recovered altogether from his temporary hurt, leading the way, and cheering his men onward—but in that space, Livingstone had gained a mile of advantage, and though the nature of the ground favored the footmen, three miles were traversed and the night was fast gathering around before they had got so near to him as to try the effect of their fire-arms. The first report fell on his ears startlingly, but the shrill whistle of the bullet, not following it, he judged, and rightly, that they were yet too distant to aim correctly. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and a ball whistled by his ear, and was succeeded instantly by the full round report of the nearer gun-shot. Just as this happened, he cleared the heather, and gained what seemed a rich flat table rock of slaty lime-stone. Taking advantage of the firmer ground, he dashed his horse into a gallop, but scarcely had he made three bounds, before a shout of warning, as it seemed, so wild and piercing that it made even Livingstone's high blood recoil and curdle, rang from the lips of Hackstoun. At the same moment a fierce gust of wind swept over the bare summit, sending before it a thick mass of driving mist, so dense as to be almost palpable—an atmospheric change, by no means extraordinary on the bleak moors of Scotland. Again, and again the clang of the steed's hoofs on the solid rock was

borne to the ears of Hackstoun. Again and again the fierce Puritan shouted his note of warning. But it was all in vain—once more the heavy horse-tramp sounded—and then, one long appalling shriek, and all was silent. The breeze came up again and whistled away the mist-wreath, and the last gleam of the setting sun broke out of the dim storm-clouds. The Covenanters who had halted at the piercing notes of that long shriek, advanced as the fog melted—advanced two paces only—for right beneath their feet the rock broke off a sheer and perpendicular wall, six hundred feet in depth, of rifted limestone, with a wild torrent at its base—and in the torrent, crushed, maimed, and motionless as the black rocks around them, lay Livingstone and his bold Barbary. That precipice is called to this day, "The Laird's Leap," where the Lord took into his own right hand the vengeance of his persecuted people.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL BALLADS.

NO. I.

JANE McCREA.

It was brilliant autumn time—
  The most brilliant time of all,
When the gorgeous woods are gleaming
  Ere the leaves begin to fall,
When the maple boughs are crimson,
  When the hickory shines like gold,
And the noons are sultry hot,
  And the nights are frosty cold.

When the country has no green,
  Save the sword-grass by the rill,
And the willows in the valley,
  And the pine upon the hill,
When the pippin leaves the bough,
  And the sumach's fruit is red,
And the quail is piping loud
  From the buckwheat where he fed.

When the sky is blue as steel,
  And the river clear as glass,
When the mist is on the mountain,
  And the network on the grass,
When the harvests all are housed,
And the farmer's work is done,
  And the stubbles are deserted
For the fox-hound and the gun.

It was brilliant autumn time
  When the army of the North,
With its cannon, and dragoons,
  And its riflemen came forth;
Through the country all abroad
  There was spread a mighty fear,
Of the Indians in the van,
  And the Hessians in the rear.

There was spread a mighty terror,
  And the bravest souls were faint,
For the shaven chiefs were mustered
  In their scalp-locks and their paint;
And the forest was alive—
  And the tramp of warrior men
Scared the eagle from his eyry,
  And the gray wolf from his den.

For the bold Burgoyne was marching,
  With his thousands marching down,
To do battle with the people,
  To do battle for the crown.
But Starke he lay at Bennington,
  By the Hoosick's waters bright,
And Arnold and his forces
  Gathered thick on Bemis' height.

Fort Edward on the Hudson,
  It was guarded night and day,
By Van Vechten and his woodmen—
  Right sturdy woodmen they!
Fort Edward on the Hudson,
  It was guarded day and night,
Oh! but in the early morning
  It saw a bitter sight!

A bitter sight, and fearful,
And a shameful deed of blood,
All the plain was cleared around,
But the slopes were thick with wood,
And a mighty pine stood there,
On the summit of the hill,
And a bright spring rose beneath it,
With a low and liquid trill—

And a little way below,
All with vine-boughs overrun,
A white-walled cot was sleeping—
There that shameful deed was done!
Oh! it was the blythest morning,
In the brilliant autumn time,
The sun shone never brighter,
When the year was in its prime.

But a maiden fair was weeping
In that cottage day by day,
Wo she was, and worn with watching
For her true-love far away—
He was bearing noble arms,
Noble arms for England's king!
She was waiting, sad and tearful,
Near the pine tree, near the spring!

Weary waiting for his coming—
Yet she feared not; for she knew
That her lover's name would guard her,
That her lover's heart was true.
True he was; nor did forget,
As he marched the wild woods through
Her to whom his troth was plighted,
By the Hudson's waters blue.

He bethought him of the madness
And the fury of the strife;
He bethought him of the peril
To that dear and precious life—
So he called an Indian chief,
In his paint and war-array—
Oh! it was a cursed thought,
And it was a luckless day.

"Go!" he said, "and seek my lady
By Fort Edward, where she lies;
Have her hither to the camp!
She shall prove a worthy prize!"
And he charged him with a letter,
With a letter to his dear,
Bidding her to follow freely,
And that she should nothing fear.

Lightly, brightly, rose the sun—
High his heart, and full of mirth—
Gray and gloomy closed the night—
Steamy mists bedewed the earth—
Thence he never ceased to sorrow
Till his tedious life was o'er—
For that night he thought to see her,
But he never saw her more.

By the pine tree on the hill,
Armed men were at their post,
While the early sun was low,
Watching for the royal host,
Came a rifle's sudden crack!
Rose a wild and fearful yell!
Rushed the Indians from the brake!
Fled the guard, or fought and fell!

Fought and fell! and fiercely o'er them
Rose the hideous death-halloo!
One alone was spared of all—
Wounded he, and pinioned too!
He it was the deed that saw,
As he lay the spring beside—
Had his manly arm been free,
He had saved her, or had died!

Up the hill he saw them lead her,
And she followed free from fear—
And her beauty blazed the brighter,
As she deemed her lover near—
He could read the joyous hope,
Sparkling in her sunny eyes—
Lo! the sudden strife! the rage!
They are battling for the prize!

Guns are brandished—knives are drawn!
Flashed the death-shot, flew the ball!
By the chief, who should have saved her
Did the lovely victim fall.
Fell, and breathed her lover's name,
Blessed him with her latest sigh,
Happier than he surviving,
Happier was she to die.

Then the frantic savage seized her
By the long and flowing hair—
Bared the keen and deadly knife—
Whirled aloft the tresses fair—
Yelled in triumph, and retreated,
Bearing off that trophy dread—
Think of him who sent them forth!
Who received it—reeking red!

He received it, cold as stone,
With a ghastly stupid stare—
Shook not, sighed not, questioned not—
Oh! he knew that yellow hair!
And he never smiled again,
And was never seen to weep—
And he never spoke to name her,
Save when muttering in his sleep!

Yet he did his duty well,
With a chill and cheerless heart;
But he never seemed to know it,
Though he played a soldier's part.
Years he lived—for grief kills not—
But his very life was dead;
Scarcely died he any more,
When the clay was o'er his head!

Would ye farther learn of her?
Visit, then, the fatal spot!
There no monument they raised,
Storied stones they sculptured not;
But the mighty pine is there—
Go, and ye may see it still,
Gray and ghostly, but erect,
On the summit of the hill.

And the little fount wells out,
Cold and clear, beneath its shade,
Cold and clear, as when beside it
Fell that young and lovely maid.
These shall witness for the tale,
How, on that accursed day,
Beauty, innocence, and youth
Died in hapless JANE MCCREA!

NO. II.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

Night upon the Highland hills,
  Night upon the mighty river,
Darkly in the witching calm
  Did the breezeless aspen shiver;
Darkly o'er the shrouded moon
  Were the misty vapors flying,
Sadly down the hollow pass
  Sighed the night air softly dying.

Silence, like a heavy shadow,
  Brooded over Hudson's breast,
Brooded over Beacon hoary,
  Brooded over huge Crow-Nest,
Save, when, as the tide was making,
  Faintly rose its fitful dash,
Save, when, all the echoes waking,
  Rose the leaping sturgeon's flash.

Once, and oft the katydid
  Shrilled upon the mountain side,
Once, and oft, from shoal and shadow,
  Deep the bullfrog's bass replied.
Mute was all beside and solemn—
  Tread of brute, or wild-fowl's flight,
Sounded none i' the stilly woods,
  Sounded none i' the starless night.

Leagues of wilderness and river,
  Countless leagues, lay hushed in sleep,
Scarce a rustle in the trees,
  Scarce a ripple on the deep;
Not a sign was there or token,
  Not a sign of human life,
Yet those woods and waters lonely,
  All with armed foes were rife.

Floated o'er the fortress, northward,
  New-born freedom's clustered stars,
Soon to rank with flags that numbered
  Centuries of glorious scars;
Southward o'er the Vulture's pinion,
  Meteor of a thousand years,
Gleamed old England's red cross glorious,
  Known wherever pilot steers.

Noble foemen, southward, northward!
  Noble foemen! noble cause!
These for loyalty and fame!
  Those for liberty and laws!
Long had been the strife between them,
  Long and hard 't was like to be,
Those the tamers of the forest,
  These the rulers of the sea!

Yet was treason in the camp,
  Where no treason should have been—
But it has been so forever,
  So forever 't will be seen,
That the highest, holiest cause,
  And the purest patriot band,
Number with their good and great
  Still the traitor's heart and hand!

When the Persian myriads quailed,
  Quailed before the hundreds three,
Of the glorious Spartans, one
  Died not at Thermopylæ—
When the consuls yet were new,
  And the Tarquins hardly down,
One in Rome, a Brutus too,
  Sold his country to the crown.

And if man the foulest treason
  Plot against his fellow clay,
How shall we presume to murmur,
  Things whose life is but a day,
When the Lord of Earth and Heaven
  Counted in his chosen fold
Judas, who betrayed his Master
  For the filthy lust of gold?

Mark the bullfrog's startled croak,
  Mark the teal on sudden pinion
Springing from her watery roost—
  What invades their wild dominion?
Lo! with noiseless motion stealing,
  In the shadow of the shore,
Not a star its course revealing,
  Crawls a boat with muffled oar.

Crawls a boat with muffled oar
  Slowly toward an inlet deep,
Where the Long-clove frowns above,
  And dark below the eddies sleep.
Not an eagle's eye could pierce
  That recess of utter gloom,
Suited well for treason's cradle,
  Suited well for a traitor's tomb!

Grated on the rocks the keel,
  Stepped a stately form to land—
Well could rein the dashing war-horse,
  Well could wield the mortal brand—
Nobler spirit, braver hand,
  Warmer heart have never met—
Wo betide the wicked hour
  When ashore his foot he set!

Not a word had yet been spoken,
  For the rowers knew him not,
Knew him not the man who steered him
  To that gloomy, guilty spot.
But there waited one ashore,
  Shrouded in the shades of night,
Shrouded in the thickest covert—
  His were deeds that shun the light.

Yet had he a glorious name—
  Deeds of his i' the face of day
Had outgrown all rival laurels,
  None so daring-bold as they—
By the wild Dead River's course,
  On Megantic's stormy lake,
On the Chaudiere's boiling rapids,
  In morass, ravine and brake—

On the plains of Abram glorious,
  All beneath the battled wall,
That beheld young Wolfe victorious
  In the arms of glory fall—
In the weary, weary march
  Up the wintry Kennebec—
In the fight where fell Montgomery
  By the ramparts of Quebec.

Upon Bemis' bloody height,
And the field of grounded arms,
Foremost he, though not their leader,
Led the men i' the fierce alarms ;
Foremost when the works were taken,
When the Hessian lines were won,
Fell he, horse and man i' the port,
Wounded fell, when his work was done—

But it galled his haughty spirit,
And it rankled in his heart—
Others won the meed of praise,
Only he had played the part—
Fame deferred and rank denied
Turned his very soul to gall—
Pride it was that conquered him—
Pride which made an angel fall.

Heavy debt oppressed him too—
Oh ! but he was sorely tried !
Oh ! that in the battle's hurly,
Young and honored he had died !
But he hedged aside from truth,
Held not honor in his eye—
Pray we, then, for grace to fall not,
Fall not thus, but rather die !

Partly spurred by bitter hate,
Partly driven by sordid need,
He his patriot laurels bartered
Basely for a traitor's meed ;
He, in falling, by his sin
Dragged a loftier spirit down,
Spirit that stooped not to treason,
Would not stoop to win a crown.

No man knows the words they said,
No man knows the villain's suit—
For the knave escaped his doom,
And the martyr perished mute.
No man knows but only this,
That his post he should betray—
Near the sun!—the work not done!—
And they mounted and away.

Hard they galloped up the road;
Up the road through Haverstraw:
Through the village, o'er the bridge;
Their approach the sentry saw—
Challenged loud—advanced his arms—
"Congress" is the countersign—
"Pass—all's well!" the sentry cried—
He is in the foeman's line.

Heavily it smote his heart!
He, a Briton, thus betrayed—
He, who loathed the name of baseness,
Basely thus a prisoner made!
He had risked his person boldly!
He was clad in his martial dress!
He was perilled, oh! how coldly!
By the traitor knave's address.

To a lonely house was he taken,
Never told he what passed there—
Though he tarried till the morning,
Till the sun shone broad and fair.
Then the traitor turned him home,
Turned him home, his treason planned—
Little recked he what fell out,
So the guerdon reached his hand.

Turned and left his victim there,
Cheated by a specious lie!
Left the true and noble-hearted
By a felon's doom to die!
Sent him not in safety back
To the Vulture, whence he came—
But by dastard artifice
Left him to a death of shame.

Oh! but he resisted strongly,
Ere he laid his dress aside!
Oh! but he consented wrongly.
Or he never so had died!
He had passed the farthest post,
He was riding free from fear—
And the foe was far behind,
And the English lines were near—

When, beside a little brook,
Three who lay in ambush nigh,
Bade him stand—he 'lighted down
And they took him for a spy!
Then to Northcastle they led him—
Sheldon's horsemen there they lay
And his hours they were numbered—
They were numbered on that day.

For the papers they were found—
And the traitor he had fled—
And the victim would not lie!
Lie!—no! not to save his head!
Would not lie to save his head—
Would not lie to save his fame!
He had risked his person fairly—
Never risked his soldier name!

Dying, 't was his only fear
  Lest his leader should suppose
That obedience to his orders
  Had betrayed him to his foes—
And the fondest, latest wish
  Of his noble, noble heart
Was to save Sir Henry's soul
  From that unavailing smart.

Then to his doom they led him,
  In a sunny morning's light,
When the muffled drums were beating,
  And the bayonets glancing bright—
To his bitter doom they led him—
  He had asked a soldier's death—
But he saw the shameful tree,
  And the cursed rope beneath—

Back he started— 'Why this shrinking?
  And what shakes thy gallant breast?"
"To my death I go all fearless,
  But the manner I detest!"
To his death he went all fearless
  With a cheerful heart and high
Not an eye of all the host,
  Not an eye but his was dry!

Better, better was it far,
  So like Andrè to be dying,
With his country mourning o'er him,
  And his foemen round him sighing,
Than like Arnold to live on,
  Scorn of his adopted land,
Loathed of every noble heart,
  Shunned of every honest hand!

Heard ye not how England's King,
With his peers in circled state,
Would have made him known to one,
Who in every deed was great?
"No, my liege," the earl replied—
"Rank, and lands, and life, are thine—
But no traitor's touch may sully
This untainted hand of mine."

But the traitor still was brave—
Quailed not he to the old lord's scorn—
Quailed not he to the bravest man
That was e'er of woman born—
Challenged him to the deadly field—
Met him sternly face to face—
Levelled! fired! but erred his ball—
It may be his soul was touched of grace!

Proudly, coldly stood the peer—
Proudly, coldly turned away!
"Stand and fire!" the traitor cried—
"Yours, my lord, is the luck to-day!"
"No! I leave you," sternly spake—
Spake the old and haughty lord—
"Leave you to a fitter doom—
To the hangman and the cord"

NO. III.

THE SURPRISE OF TRENTON.

Eighteen hundred years had passed,
  Lacking only twenty-four,
Since the Saviour, one-begotten,
  Meek the virgin mother bore—
Shepherds on that very night
  In the fields their watch did keep,
While the busy world around
  Silent lay, and bathed in sleep—

When the angel of the Lord
  Came upon them, and a light
Great and glorious shone about
  Through the gloom of the wintry night;
And the heavenly host was heard
  Singing loud o'er field and fen,
"Glory be to God in the Highest,
  Peace on Earth, Good will to men."

Lowly in his cradle-manger
  Then the infant Saviour slept,
While the maiden mother o'er him
  Tears of humble gladness wept;
And the Magi found him there,
  Who had followed from afar,
When they saw it in the East,
  The Redeemer's holy star;

For the star it went before them,
And the wise ones followed on,
Till it stood above the spot,
And their joyous goal was won;
Humbly then they bowed the knee,
Humbly did their gifts unfold,
Gifts of ivory, and aloes,
Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold.

Eighteen hundred years had passed,
Eighteen hundred years and eight,
Since the Saviour, one-begotten,
Bowed him to a felon's fate—
Nailed upon the cursed tree
Suffered then our God and Lord—
Peace to man he came to leave—
"Peace he left not, but a sword!"

Noon it was of Christmas night
On the wintry Delaware,
Sullenly the falling snow
Floated through the murky air,
Sullenly the flooded river
Moaned the whitening shores along,
Sullenly the drifting ice
Groaned and tossed i' the current strong.

Not a star was in the sky,
Not a sound was on the breeze,
Not a voice or stir there was
In the thickly feathered trees—
Only through the heavy gloom
Muttered low the mournful rushing
Of the deep and dismal stream,
Through its icy fetters gushing.

Lonely were the streets of Trenton,
Trenton town by the Delaware—
Quartered there were the British horse!
Quartered the bearded Hessians there!
Deep the snow on the roofs above!
Deep i' the trackless roads below—
Hark to the bell! 't was midnight chime!
Oh! but the strokes were stern and slow!

Not a guard was on his post—
Not a round its circuit made—
What the risk in such a storm?
Where the foe that should invade
Far beyond the flooded stream,
Pennsylvania wilds among.
For the patriot army lay,
Frail, disjointed, and unstrung—

Washington, who late so glorious
Braved in equal arms his king,
Sees the boasted bird victorious
Sadly droop its baffled wing.
"Soldiers, spread the Christmas feast—
Soldiers, fill the bumper fair—
Pass the bottle! pile the hearth!
Cutting cold is the wintry air—

"Let the toast our country be,
From whatever country we!
Sons of German Fatherland!
Britons ever bold and free!
Comrades, troll the jolly stave—
Pass the bottle—fear no wrong!
For the rebel hosts are weak,
And the wintry river strong!

"Tush! they dare not! We who drove them
Weak and weary, faint and few—
Tracked them, weaponless and wounded,
O'er the roads by the bloody dew,
Which to every painful print
Trickled from their shoeless feet—
Tush! the craven dove as soon
Shall the fearless falcon meet!"

Madly raged the jovial route—
Loud the bursts of loyal song
Rang amid the drifting storm,
Rang the snowy fields along!
Little deemed the roistering crew
As their revelry they plied,
What avengers stern and sure
Gathered on the icy tide—

Gathered, soon their glee to mar,
Hearts afire! and hands on hilt!
Redder liquor far than wine
Long ere morning shall be spilt—
Hark the deep and solemn hum,
Louder than the river's flow,
Rising heavier through the night,
Nearer through the drifting snow.

'T is the hum of mustered men—
Barges with their burthen brave
Painfully and long are tossing
On the fierce and freezing wave;
Horse and foot and guns are there,
Struggling through the awful gloom—
Soon their din shall rouse the foe!
Rouse him like the trump of doom!

Firm, as some gigantic oak,
  Stood their chief on the hither shore,
Marking how his comrades true
  Prospered with the laboring oar;
Marking how each barge and boat
  Slowly battled to the strand,
Marking how the serried lines
  Mustered as they came to land!

Calm his high and noble port—
  Calm his mighty face severe—
None had seen it change with doubt,
  None had seen it pale with fear—
And it showed as grandly now,
  In that wild and perilous hour,
Fraught with wisdom half divine,
  Fraught with more than mortal power—

Steadily he stood and gazed—
  Not a cloud upon his brow—
Calmer in the banquet hall
  Never had he been than now!
Yet his fate was on the cast—
  Life! and fame! and country! all!
Sterner game was never played—
  Death or Freedom—win or fall!

Fall he—and his country's hope
  Sets, a sun no more to rise!
Win he—and her dawning light
  Yet may fill the unfathomed skies!
Fall he—and his name must wane,
  Rebel chief of a rebel band!
Win he—it shall live forever,
  Father of his native land!

Silent stood he—grave and mute,
Listening now the distant roar
From the half-heard town, and now
Gazing on the crowded shore—
Crowded with his patriot host,
Burning for the vengeful fray—
Ear, and eye, and heart, erect,
Waiting for the trumpet's bray!

Silent—till the latest boat
Safe had stemmed the wheeling tide,
Till the latest troop was banded,
Heart to heart, and side by side.
Then he turned his eyes aloft,
Moved his lips for a little space,
Mighty though he was, he bowed him
Meekly to the throne of grace.

"God of battles, Lord of might,
Let my country but be free,
To thy mercies I commend me—
Glory to thy Son and Thee!"
Then he waved his arm aloft
With a martial gesture proud—
"Let your march," he said, "be silent,
Till your cannon speak aloud."

Silent was their rapid march
Through the mist of rain and sleet,
For the deep and drifted snow
Gave no sound beneath their feet—
Clashed no musket, beat no drum,
As they fleeted through the gloom,
Liker far, than living men,
To the phantoms of the tomb.

Morn was near, but overcast
In the dim and rayless sky,
Not a gleam foreshowed his coming,
Yet the pallid sun was nigh—
Morn was near—but not a guard
Heard their march or saw them come—
Lo! they form! the very dogs
In the fated town were dumb!

Hark! the bell! the bugle's blast!
Hark! the loud and long alarms!
Beat the drums—but all too late!
All too late they beat to arms!
Forth they rush in disarray,
Forming fast with fearful din—
"Open now, ye mouths of flame!
Pour your crashing volleys in!"

See! the sharp and running flash!
Hark! the long and rattling roll!
There the western muskets blaze!
Every shot a mortal soul!
Vain was then the Hessian's yager—
Vain the English horseman's steel!
Vain the German's hardihood—
Vain the Briton's loyal zeal!

Fast they fall, the best and bravest,
Unavenged and helpless fall,
Rallying their men dismayed,
Campbell bold and gallant Rahl.
Then before that murderous hail,
Thick, incessant, sure as death,
Reel the shattered columns back!
Gasp the dying chiefs for breath!

Lo! 't is o'er! their arms they ground!
All, that brave men can, did they!
Fought, while fight they could! then yielded!
What avails the hopeless fray?
What avails the horse's might,
Though his neck be clothed in thunder?
What the cannon's fiery breath
Riving rock-built forts asunder?

What avails the speed of navies
Rocking on the subject tide?
Nothing! when the Lord of Hosts
Battles on the righteous side.
He who giveth not the race
To the swift—nor to the strong
War's red honor—but alway
Strengthens those who suffer long!

Surely He on Trenton's night
Steeled our mighty champion's heart!
Gave him wisdom, gave him power,
So to play his destined part!
Beat the fiercest down before him,
Turned the bravest back to fly!
Covered aye his head in battle,
That no hair of it should die!

Held him steadfast in the right,
Till his glorious task was o'er,
And no hostile banner waved
On Columbia's hallowed shore—
Till his name was spread abroad,
For a nation's freedom won,
All-honored, from the setting
To the rising of the sun.

NO. IV.

MARION'S FEAST.

"Praise the Lord for the mountains old!
For the rocks and dark ravine,
Where the plunging torrent's might,
Heard afar, is never seen!
Where the herbless crags on high,
Crowned for aye with trackless snow,
Castles built by Nature's hand,
Frown defiance on the foe!

"Praise the Lord for the mountains old!"
Thus did the early Christian's hymn
Soar aloft from the icy crags,
Soar aloft from the cataract's brim.
"Praise the Lord! for freedom sits
On their huge and earth-fast throne,
Like the eagle upward gazing,
Proud, invincible, alone!"

But no mountains were the rampart
Of our sunny southern strand;
Precipice nor torrent held us
Safe from Tarleton's bloody brand;
Not a hill nor hoary rock
Fenced the calm and level scene,
Carolina's woodland plain—
Georgia's soft savannahs green.

Yet as stubbornly and well
Did the sons of freedom stand—
Strove as sternly for the rights
Of that fair and gentle land—
As the bravest mountaineer
Ever plied the broad claymore,
Ever plied the Switzer's halbert
By Luzerne, or Leman's shore.

Crag and cliff may tower aloft—
Crag and cliff have oft been taken!
Forts may thunder—strongest forts
Have by the cannon's breath been shaken!
Where, if not in mountain passes,
Nor in trenched and rampired ground,
Where shall help in time or trouble,
Where shall a nation's strength be found?

Not—oh, not! i' the highland pass!
Not i' the deep and fordless stream!
Not i' the trenched and rampired rock!
Not i' the serried bayonets gleam!
But in the hands and hearts that rally
At the first alarum's sound,
Matters not in hill or valley,
Where the foe may best be found.

Not a rock or hill was there—
Not a trenched or guarded post—
Yet was every wood a fortress—
Every brake had its armed host—
Dim morass of cypress gray—
Upland waste of stunted pine—
Tangled swamp of densest bay,
Thorny brier, and poisonous vine—

Deep bayou and dark lagoon,
  Where the stagnant waters sleep—
Where the cayman waits his prey,
  Where the venomed serpents creep—
Where the rivers slow and sad
  Filter through their oozy banks·
Fenced by walls of verdant gloom,
  Matted canes in serried ranks.

There did Marion's bugle muster
  Many a friend to the buff and blue;
Oh! but their steeds were swift as wind—
  Oh! but their rifles as death were true!
Often, often at dead of night,
  When they heard that bugle ring,
The British host in guarded post
  To their arms in haste would spring.

Seen no foe, their best lie low—
  While the rifle's mortal gleam
Flashes from the nearest covert,
  From the marge of the reedy stream!
Every fern-tuft speeds a death-shot,
  Every bush a marksman hides!
Through their camps at noon of night
  Thus with his men stout Marion rides!

Evening sees a tented plain—
  Evening sees a banner fair—
Whitening to the level sun—
  Waving to the summer air—
Morning sees a pile of ashes,
  Smoking still, though quenched in gore—
Sees a black and shivered staff,
  Whence shall wave no banner more—

Sees the Britons muster boldly—
  Boldly march i' the forest shade—
Watchful eyes in every leaf,
  Ambushed foes in every glade—
March from dawn to the set of sun
  Meeting not a living thing,
Save the heron on the marsh,
  And the wild deer at the spring.

Not a living thing they met
  While the sun was in the sky—
Every lonesome hut forsaken,
  Moss-grown every well and dry—
Not a woodman in the glade,
  Not a fisher by the lake,
Not a plowman in the furrow,
  Not a hunter in the brake.

Not a foeman could they meet,
  While they mustered in their force,
Though they swept the country over
  With their fleet and fearless horse.
But as soon as twilight fell,
  Ere to hoot the owls began,
Over upland, and through swamp,
  Fast and far the summons ran.

Fast and far the rifles rallied
  To the holloa and the horn,
To the foray and the firing,
  As the reapers to the corn—
Fast and far the rifles rallied—
  When the early sun came back,
You might trace their wild career
  By the havoc in their track.

There was care among the chiefs,
  There was doubt among the men—
They were perishing by scores,
  In the forest and the fen!
They were perishing by hundreds—
  Not a foe there was to see,
Not a foe to bide a buffet,
  From the mountain to the sea.

Came the British chiefs to council—
  Rawdon, stately earl was there,
And Tarleton with the fiery eye,
  And the waving lovelocks fair.
Rawdon's brow was black as night,
  And his soul was steeped in gloom,
But Tarleton only dallied
  With his sword-knot and his plume.

But no plan they might devise,
  From his swamp to lure the foe,
And the council all were mute,
  For their hearts were sad and low,
Thinking of the British blood,
  Unavenged, and vainly spilt—
But Tarleton only played the more
  With his sabre's golden hilt.

Then a mighty oath he sware—
  But a mighty oath sware he—
"I will have him to the field,
  If a gentleman he be—
I will have him face to face!
  I will have him blow to blow!
This Marion and his merry men—
  Come weal of it or woe!"

Then he called his gallant cornet—
Not a braver man than he
In the glorious little isle—
In the empress of the sea!
"Saddle, saddle straight," he said,
"Saddle straight your dappled steed,
For I know you well," he said,
"Tried and true i' the hour of need!

"Tarry not to belt your brand,
But unfurl a flag of white—
We have scoured the country through,
From the dawn of day to night—
Now away and scour it thou,
All from sunset unto morn,
Till you find me Marion out,
With his rifles and his horn—

"Tell him Tarleton greets him well,
Bids him fairly to the fight!
To the field and not the wood!
To the day and not the night!
Fit is night for murder foul,
But for gallant deeds the day!
Fit for rapine is the wood,
But the field for open fray!

"If a gentleman he be,
As a gentleman he should,
If a Christian and a soldier,
Let him leave the cursed wood;
And we'll fight the good fight fairly,
For the country and the crown,
With the sun in heaven to see us,
Until one of us go down!"

Staid he not to belt his brand,
  Saddled straight his dappled steed,
Rode away into the wild wood—
  Oh! but he was true at need!
Long ago the sun had set,
  Blacker grew the cypress shade;
Onward, onward still he rode—
  Over upland, and through glade.

Onward, onward still he rode—
  Heard no sound, and saw no sight,
Till the twilight gleams were lost
  In the gloom of utter night.
Sounded then that eldritch horn,
  North, and south, and east, and west,
Not an echo near or far,
  For the bugle blast had rest.

Sudden from the covert deep
  Sprung a hundred forms to life—
Glittered through the murky gloom,
  Rifle, sabre, axe and knife—
But he drew his bridle rein,
  And displayed his flag of white,
Showed them how he sought their chief
  Through the mist of the summer night.

He alighted from his steed,
  And he bade them bind his eyes;
But they came not to the camp
  Till the sun was in the skies.
In a darksome place it was—
  Scarce the blessed morning air
Played among the stirless leaves—
  Scarce the blessed light shone there.

Heavy gloomed the boughs above,
  Heavy cypress, giant pine;
Solid grew the brake around,
  Cane, and bays, and tangled vine—
Stabled there were a hundred steeds,
  A hundred steeds of the noblest strain;
From the branches swung on high
  Gun and sabre, sella and rein.

On the greensward here and there
  Scattered groups of troopers lay,
Burnishing the rusted blade
  Fealty for the coming fray.
Scouring here the rifle-lock,
  Running there the leaden ball,
Dark of aspect, strange of garb,
  Stalwart, meagre, gaunt and tall—

Here a suit of buff and blue—
  There a hunting-shirt of green—
Here a horseman's spur and boot—
  There an Indian moccasin—
But beneath the soldier's garb,
  And beneath the forest gear,
Breathed one soul alive to honor—
  Throbbed one bosom void of fear!

Many a son of proudest sires,
  Rich with the old patrician blood,
In that wild and woodland camp,
  Clad i' the hunter's raiment, stood,
Mustering round their chief adored;
  Gallant partisans as ever
Charged, with patriotic hate,
  Through morass, ravine and river.

Small was he and slight of limb,
Mild of face and soft of speech,
Yet no fiercer spirit ever
Battled in the deadly breach.
Wild his garb as e'er might deck
Lawless rover of the night,
Crimson trews and jerkin green,
Cap of fur and crescent bright!

And the rapier on his thigh,
It had ne'er been seen to shine,
Nor had left its scabbard once,
Though he ever led the line—
Though, the foremost in the charge,
And the latest in retreat,
He was still the lucky leader,
Who had never known defeat.

Then the cornet bowed him low,
And his message straight began,
Though he marvelled at the camp,
And the raiment, and the man.
"Tarleton greets you well," he said,
"Bids you fairly to the fight,
To the field and not the wood,
In the day and not the night!

"Fit the night for murder foul,
But for gallant deeds the day!
Fit for rapine in the wood,
But the field for open fray!
If a gentleman you be,
As a gentleman you should,
If a Christian and a soldier,
You will leave this cursed wood.

"That fight you may the good fight,
For the country and the crown,
With the sun in heaven to see you,
Until one of you go down!
Now my message it is given,
So dispatch me on my way,
For my task it must be done,
Ere the closing of the day!"

Marion turned him on his heel,
And he smiled a merry smile,
And his answer made he thus—
Loudly laughed his men the while—
"Hie thee back to gallant Tarleton,
Greet him soldierly for me—
I have seen him do his devoir,
And that fearlessly and free!

"And if I be a gentleman,
As I surely think to be,
Pray him read, for me, this riddle
Which I riddle now to thee:
Said the lion to the eagle,
As he floated in the sky
With the dundeer in his talons,
'Stoop thy pinion from on high,

"'And come down and fight me here—
Let the dundeer be the prize!'
'Twas the lion ruled the earth,
But the eagle swayed the skies.
As a Christian and a soldier,
I will meet him face to face!
But 'tis I will choose the weapons,
And 'tis I will name the place.

"Let him seek me, if he will,
When the morning skies are bright,
All as I shall seek for him,
In the shadow of the night!
If he love the lightsome day,
He must meet me in the wood—
He shall find me in the field,
If he hold the night as good.

"I have spoken all my riddle—
Now repose thee on the grass,
Thou must taste a soldier's meal,
Then in safety shalt thou pass—
Let the board be spread, my comrades,
And bring forth our choicest fare,
Worthy is the gallant guest,
Worthy our repast to share."

Then the board was spread, in haste,
But their board it was the sod,
Where the merry men had mustered,
And the chargers' hoofs had trod;
And their fare it was but water,
Muddy water from the lake,
And the roots from the morass,
And the berries from the brake.

When the choice repast was ended,
And the courtesies were done,
He turned him to the camp again,
And reached it ere the set of sun.
Tarleton waited for him there,
With his hand upon his hilt,
Which he trusted on the morrow
Should with rebel blood be gilt.

But his hopes they faded all,
When the cornet's tale was told,
Of the leader and his riddle,
Of the troopers and their hold.
"Sure their spirits must be hot,
And determined in the cause,
If their drink be muddy water,
And their food be hips and haws.

"If such fools these rebels be
On such filthy fare to pine,
Were I King George I'd leave them
To their liberty divine!
There is nothing in the land
To be won by so much slaughter,
I would leave the rogues, by Heaven!
To their roots and muddy water!"